

J
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Y

GAGS AND GALS AND TEEN-AGE PALS

100
8

FOR A LAUGH A MINUTE...

Jonesy

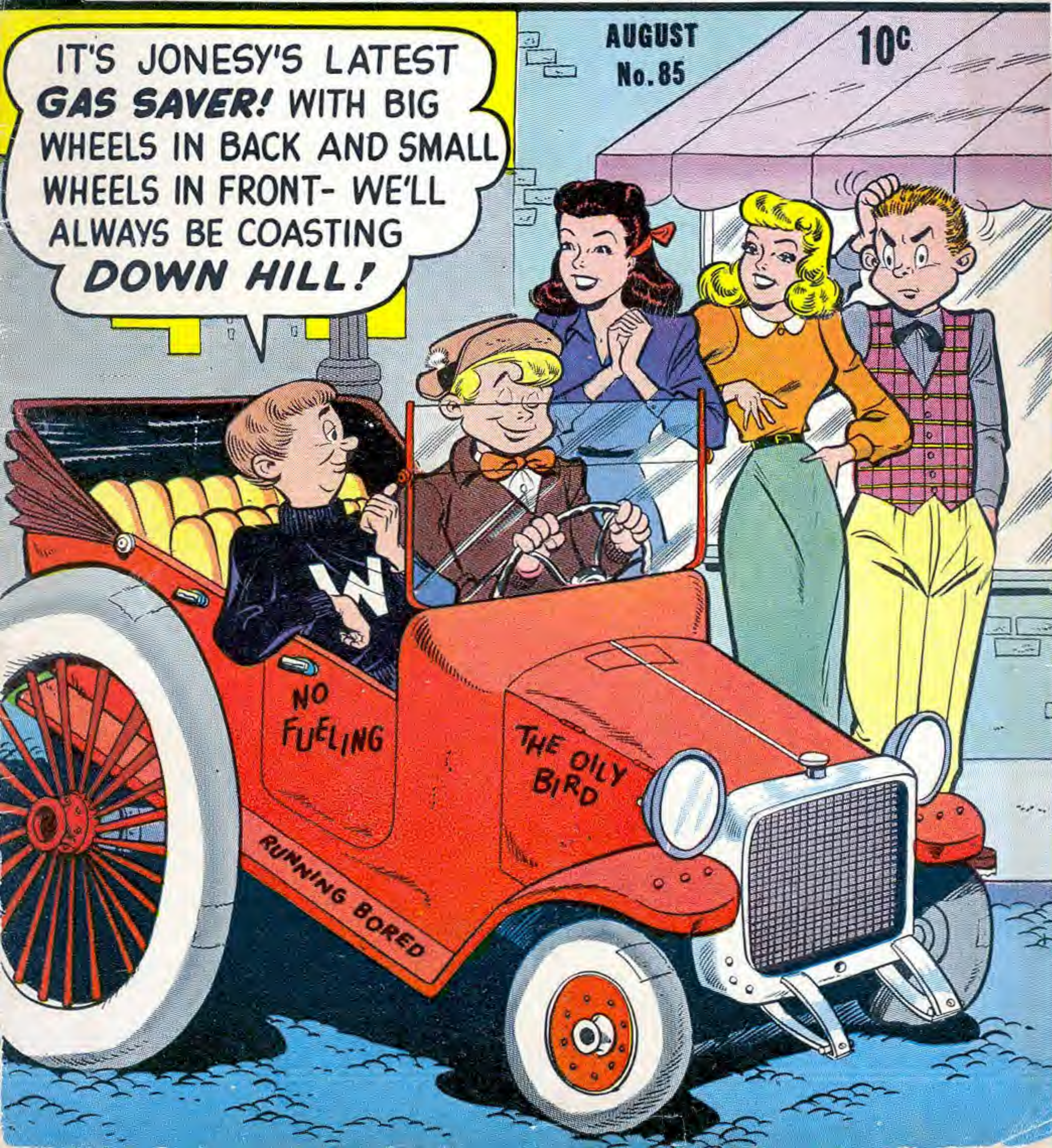
WITS AND HALF-WITS



IT'S JONESY'S LATEST
GAS SAVER! WITH BIG
WHEELS IN BACK AND SMALL
WHEELS IN FRONT- WE'LL
ALWAYS BE COASTING
DOWN HILL!

AUGUST
No. 85

10c



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



JETEX JAVELIN

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the JETEX JAVELIN, \$2.75, a total cost of \$2.70.

Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98! (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.).

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

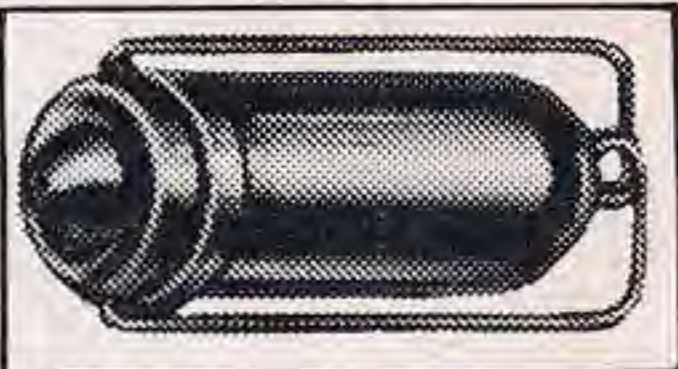
GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable.

NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



Guaranteed to give you Fun-filled Flights!

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of your neighborhood with this real JET airplane. The JETEX JAVELIN is a colorful, sleek-looking 14 inches of greased lightning. It will fly 1,000 feet! Go at a scale speed of 600 miles per hour! It takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and then goes into a long glide and comes to a beautiful landing.

The JETEX JAVELIN is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane uses the modern stressed skin construction which gives more strength and durability for its weight than any other type of construction. With ordinary care, it will make hundreds of fun filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX JAVELIN, Dept. 1210

RUSH!

410 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush the JETEX JAVELIN and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price

JETEX JAVELIN 410 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

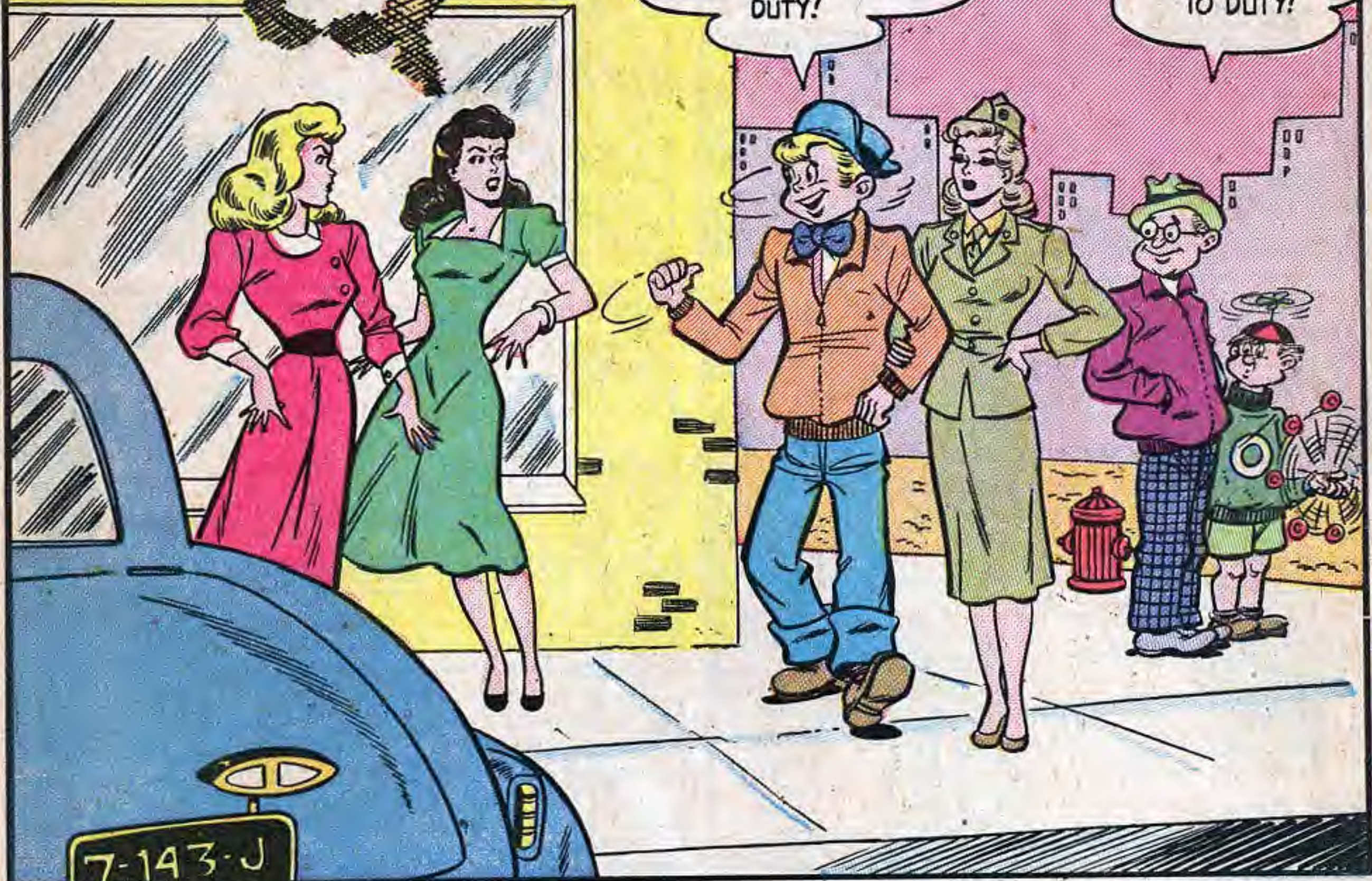
JONESY

in 'DUTY CALLS'

BURN

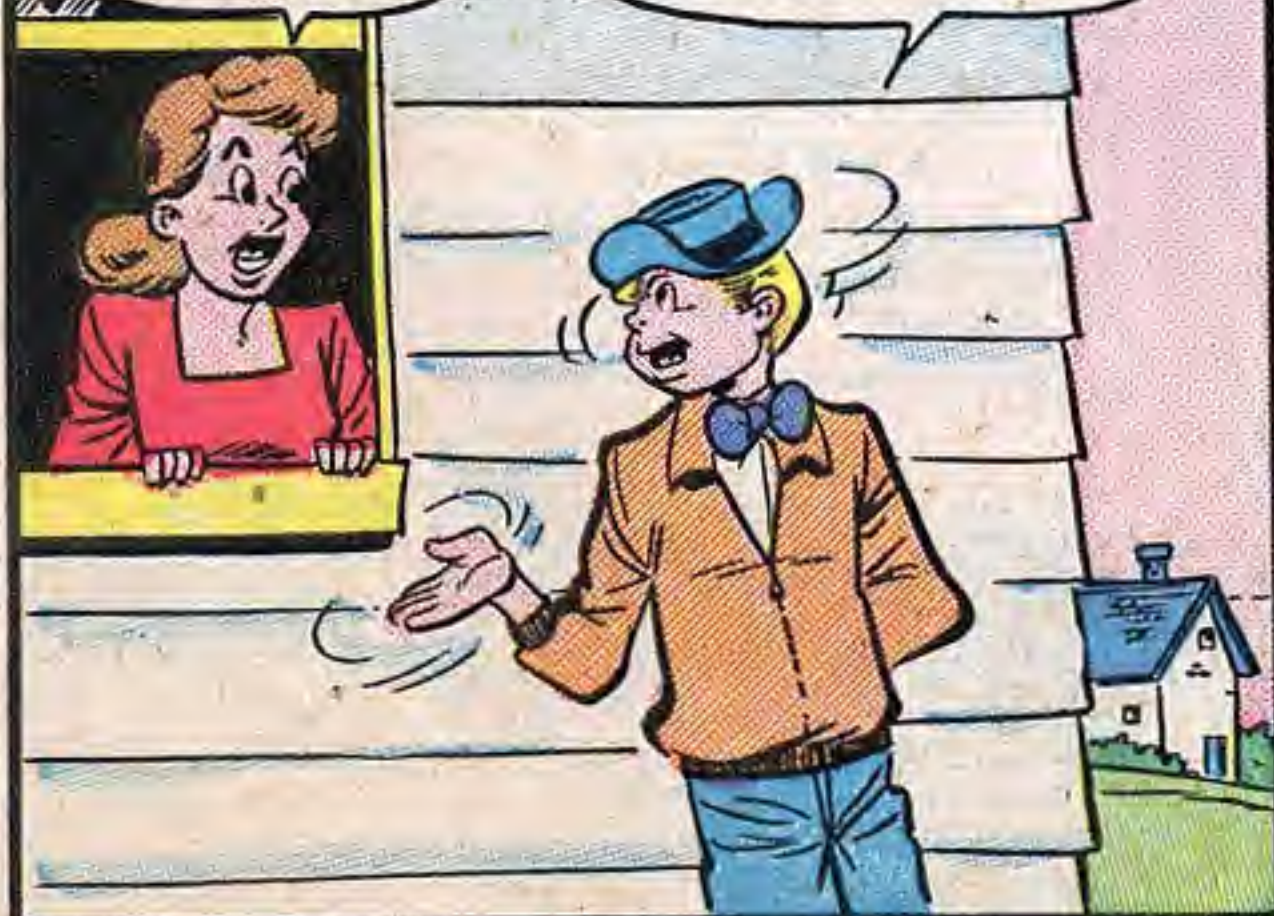
BUT CAROL - I'M ONLY DOING MY PATRIOTIC DUTY!

TSK--TSK--
SUCH DEVOTION
TO DUTY!



MARVIN, DEAR - I
WANT YOU TO RUN
AN ERRAND
FOR ME!

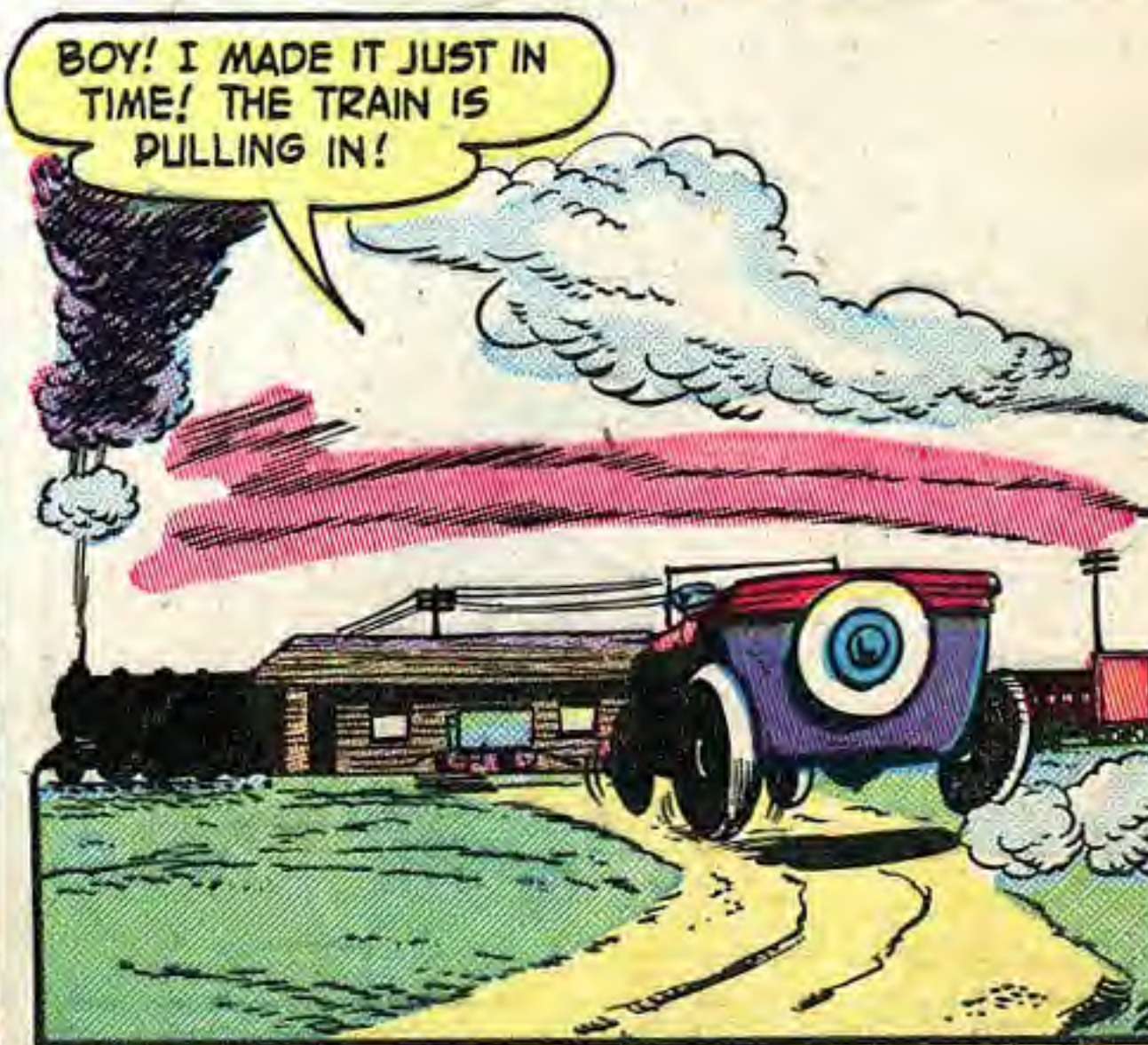
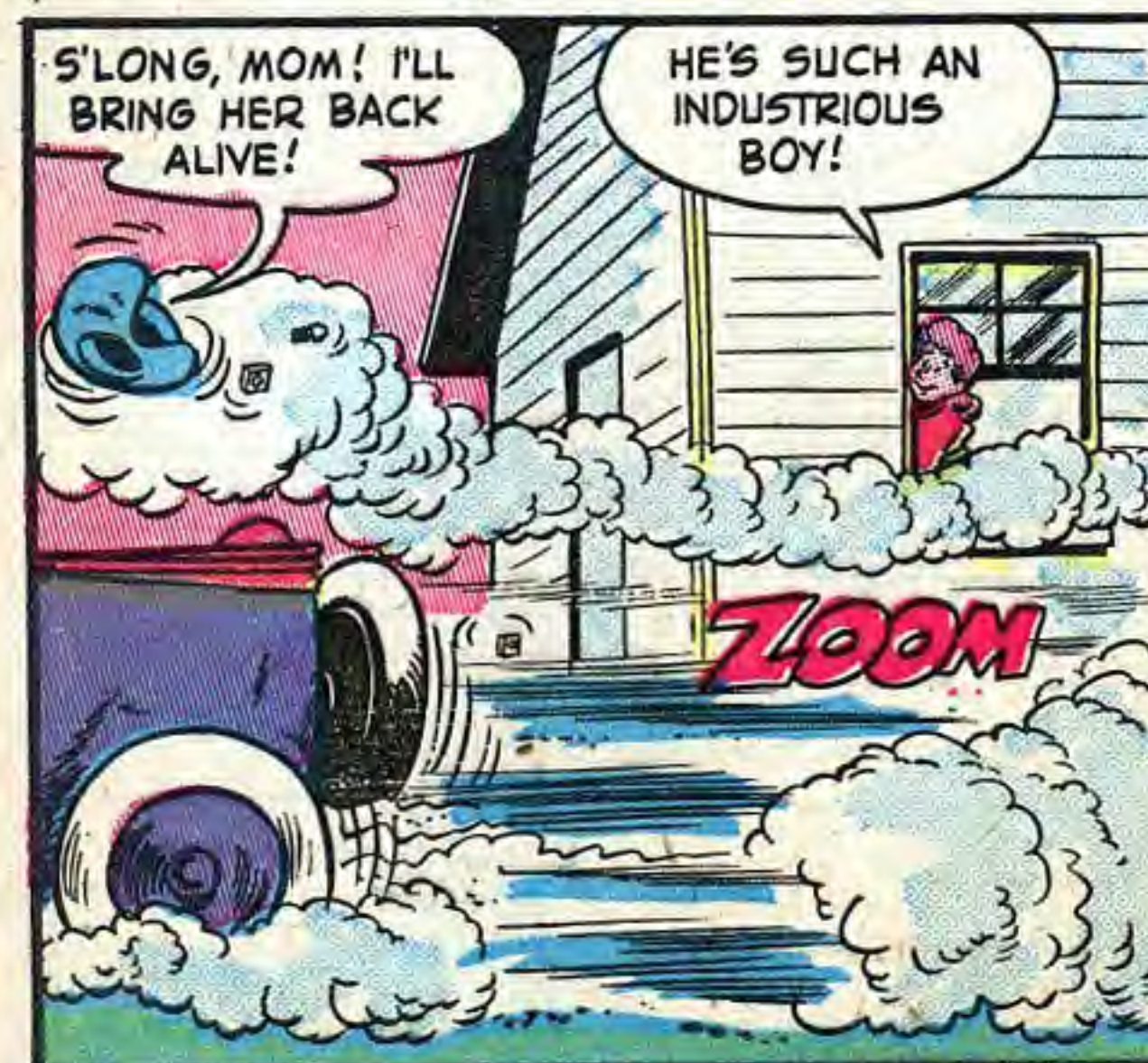
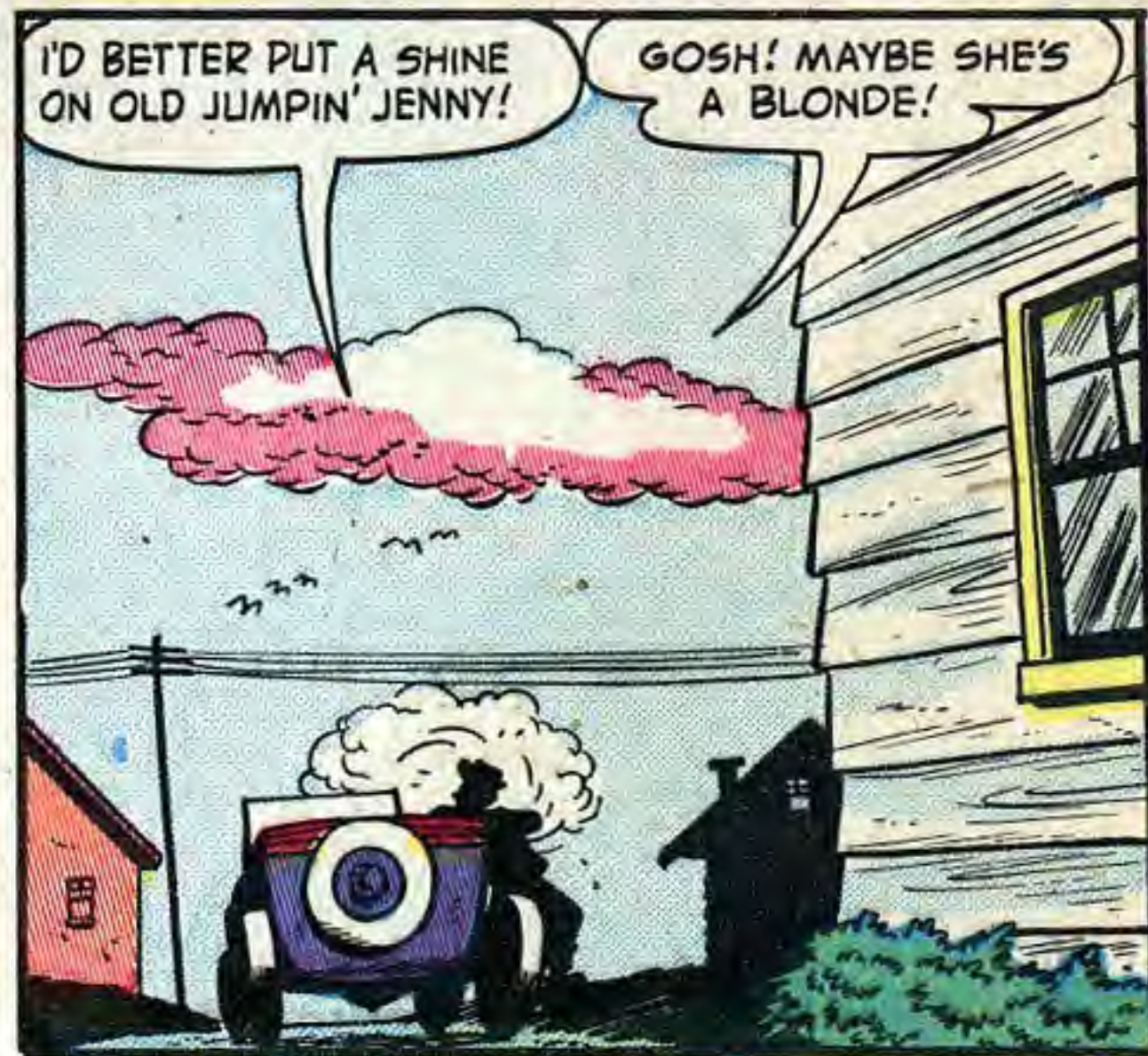
AWR, MOM - I'M A VERY
BUSY MAN - I GOT A LOT
OF STUFF AND THINGS
TO TAKE CARE OF!



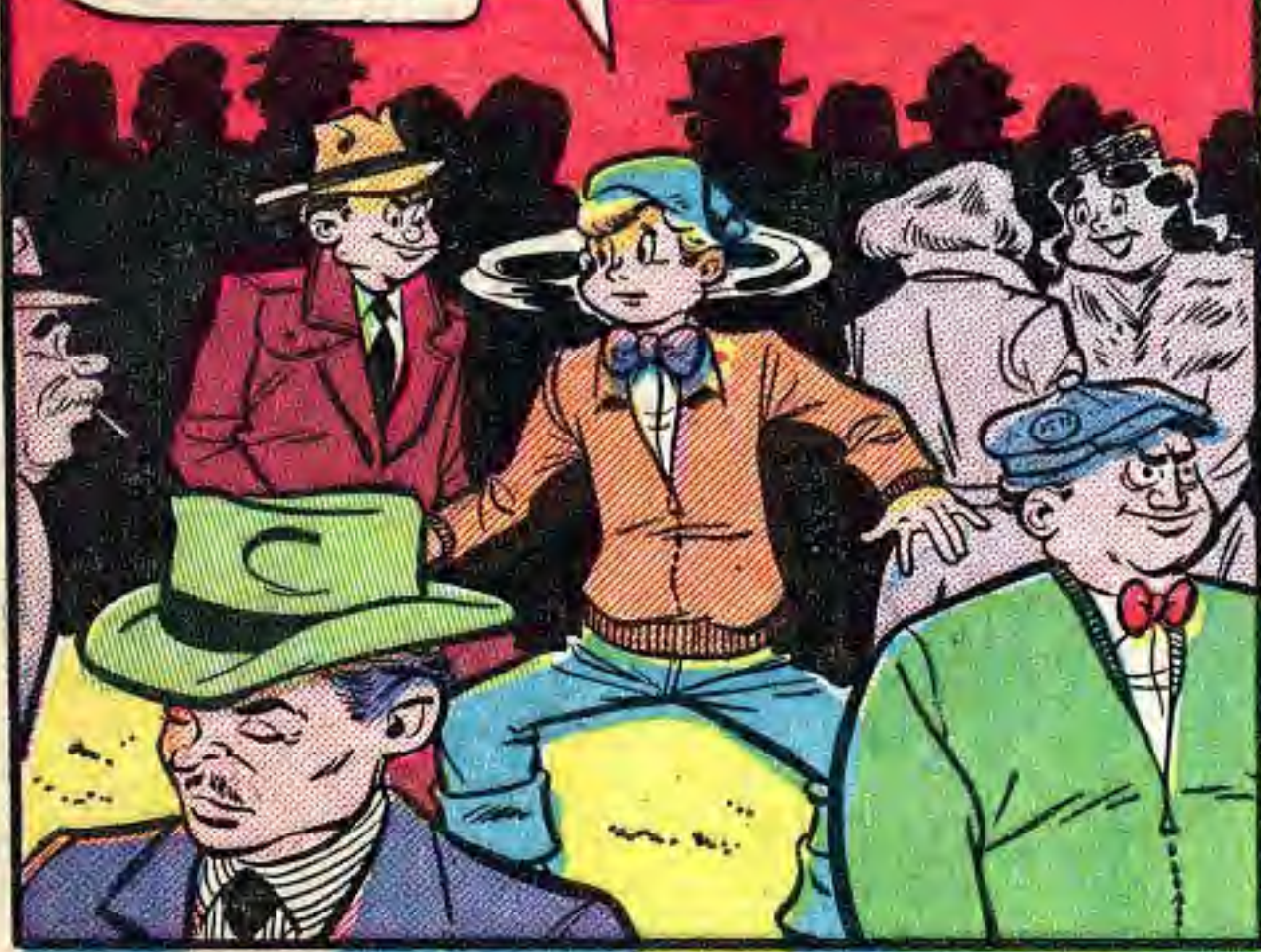
HELLO, JEEPERS -- WOULD YOU
DO ME A FAVOR? MARVIN'S
COUSIN CLARA, THE WAC, IS
ARRIVING TODAY ON
FURLOUGH -- WOULD YOU
MEET HER AT THE STATION
FOR ME?

COUSIN CLARA!
THE WAC? I NEVER
KNEW I HAD A
COUSIN CLARA!
MOM! WAIT!



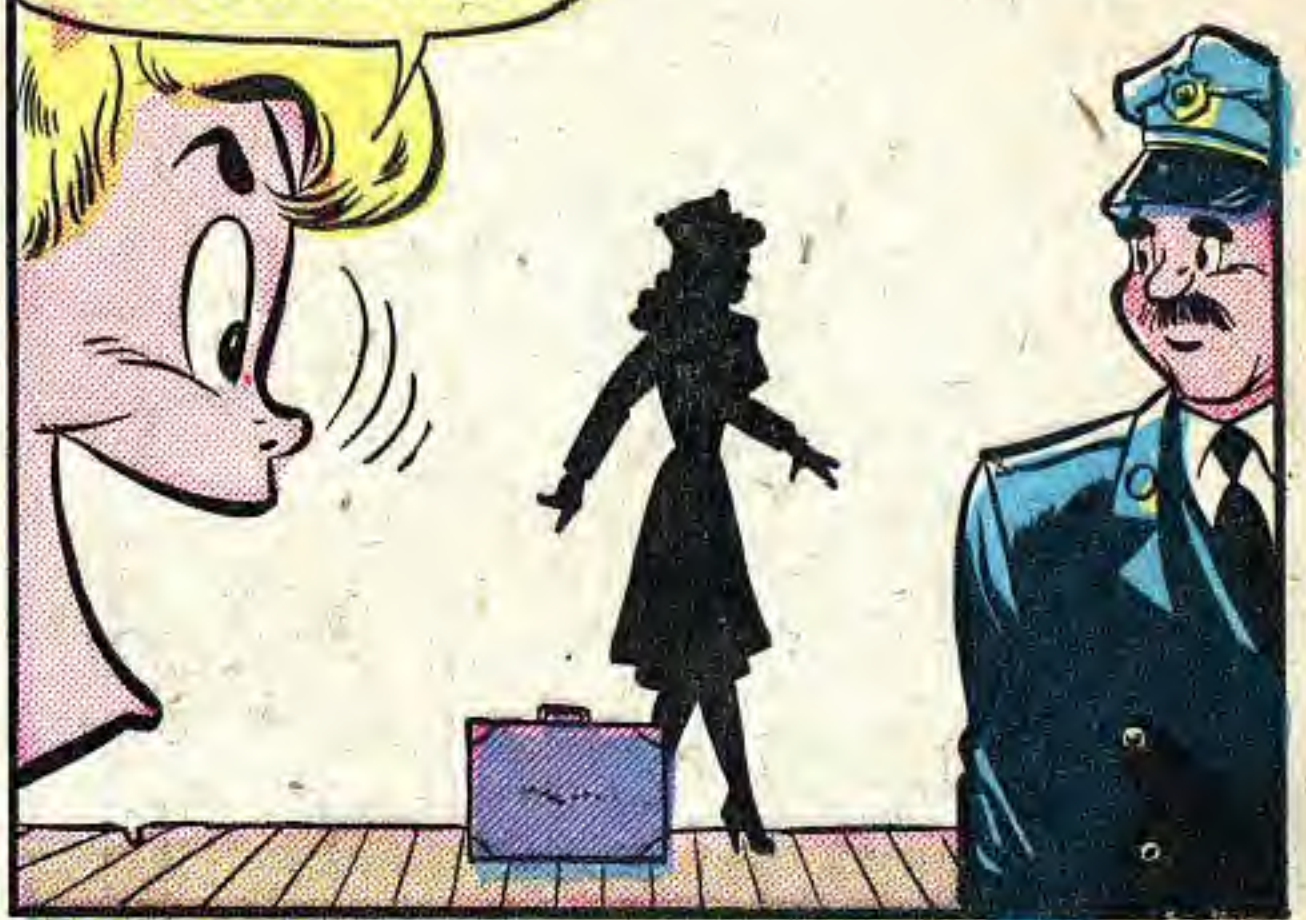


NOW LEMME SEE WHERE CAN SHE BE - GOSH, THIS STATION IS CROWDED!



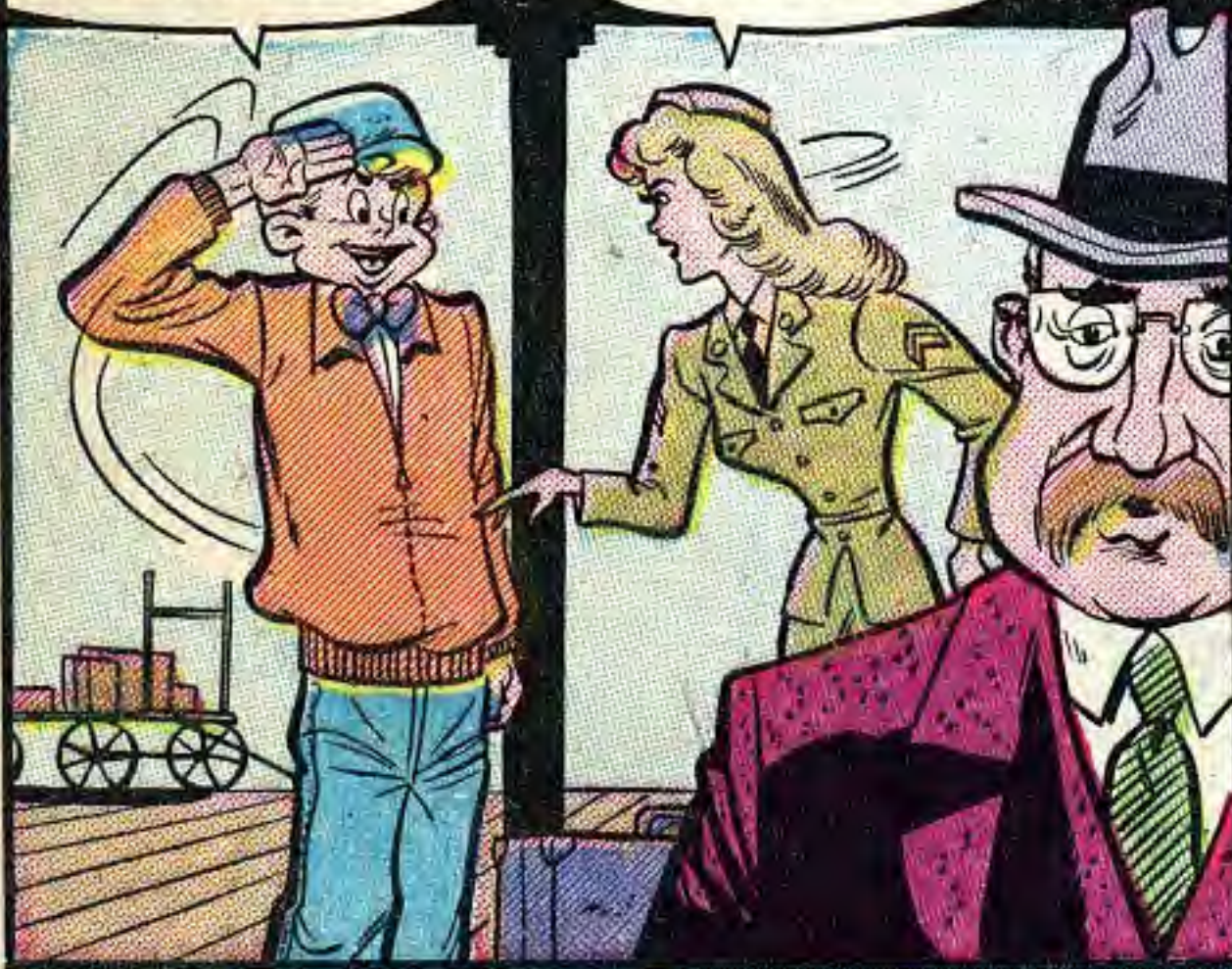
HOT ZAM!

THAT MUST BE HER!



HY, CORPORAL JONESY, AT YOUR SERVICE -- MY CAR AWAITS!

OH, THANK YOU, SIR! YOU'RE VERY KIND!



GEE! SHE'S EVEN BETTER LOOKING THAN I THOUGHT!

COUSIN CLARA?

RIGHT THIS WAY, COUSIN CLARA!



PARDON ME, YOUNG MAN - ARE YOU MARVIN JONES?

UGH-YES MAM!



WELL, I'M COUSIN CLARA!! SURPRISE!

OH NO!

THIS MUST BE A DREAM! A NIGHTMARE!





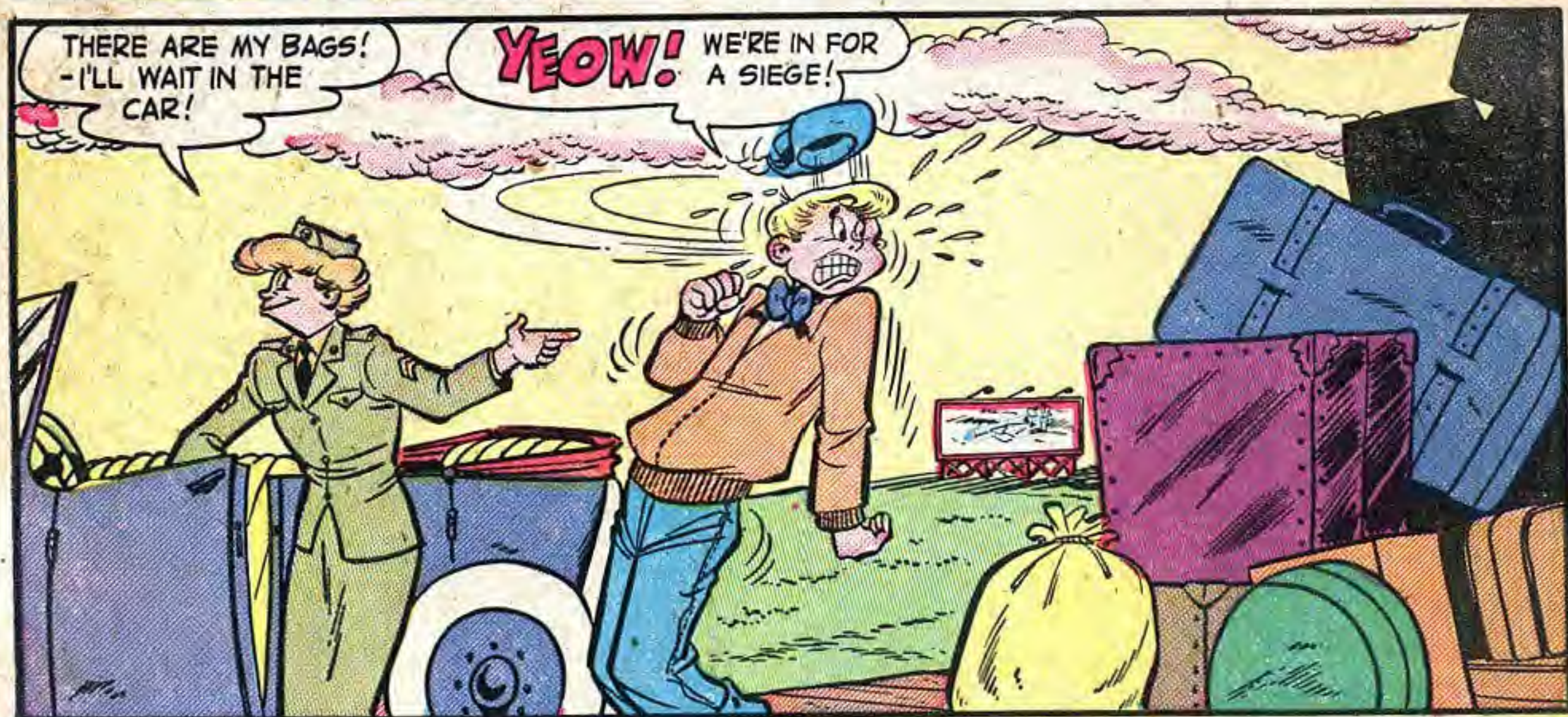
I REALLY DON'T EXPECT TO STAY LONG!..

AH! THERE'S **GOOD NEWS** TONIGHT!



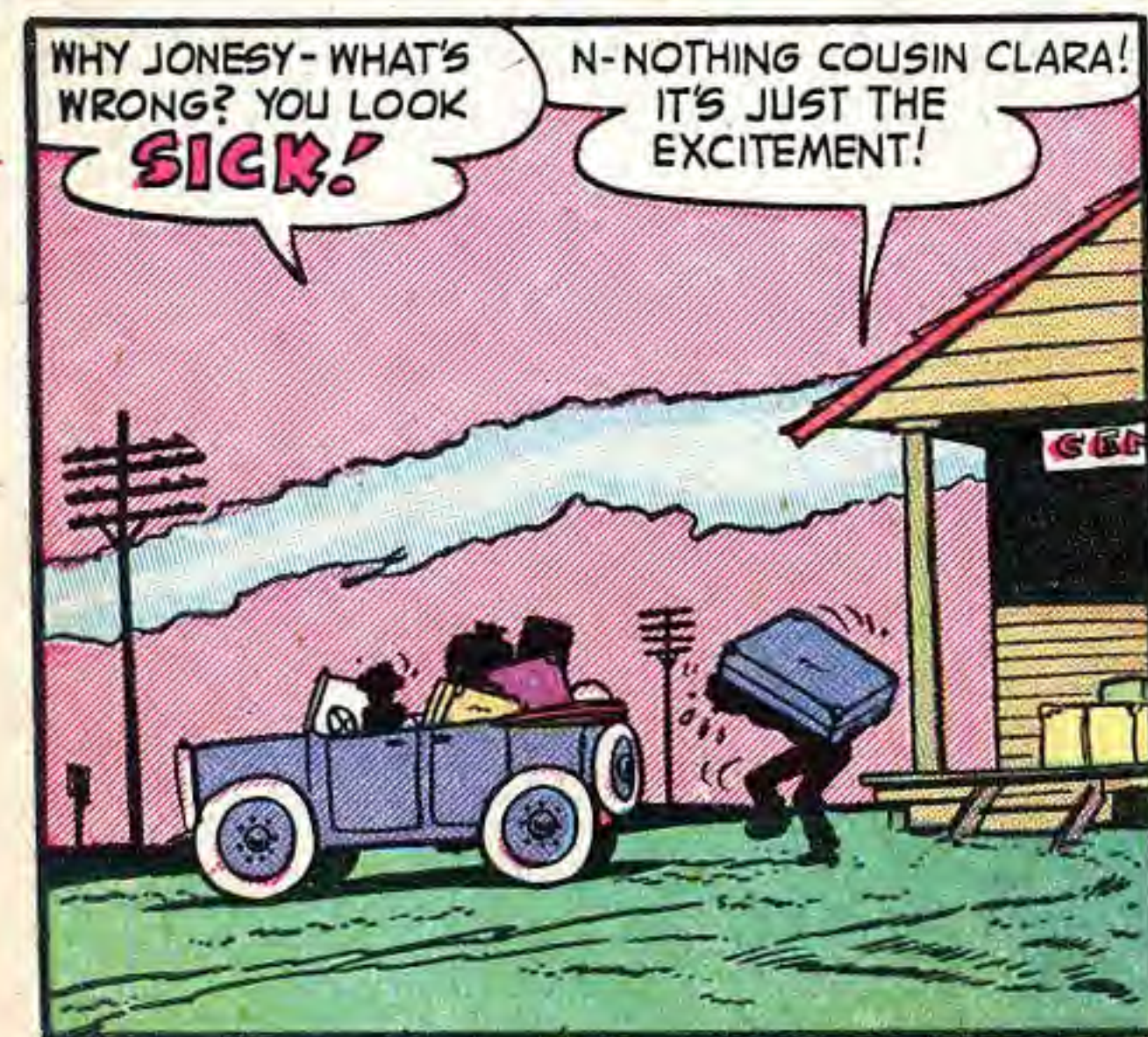
... SO I BROUGHT JUST A VERY **FEW** THINGS!

I WAS BORN TO SUFFER!



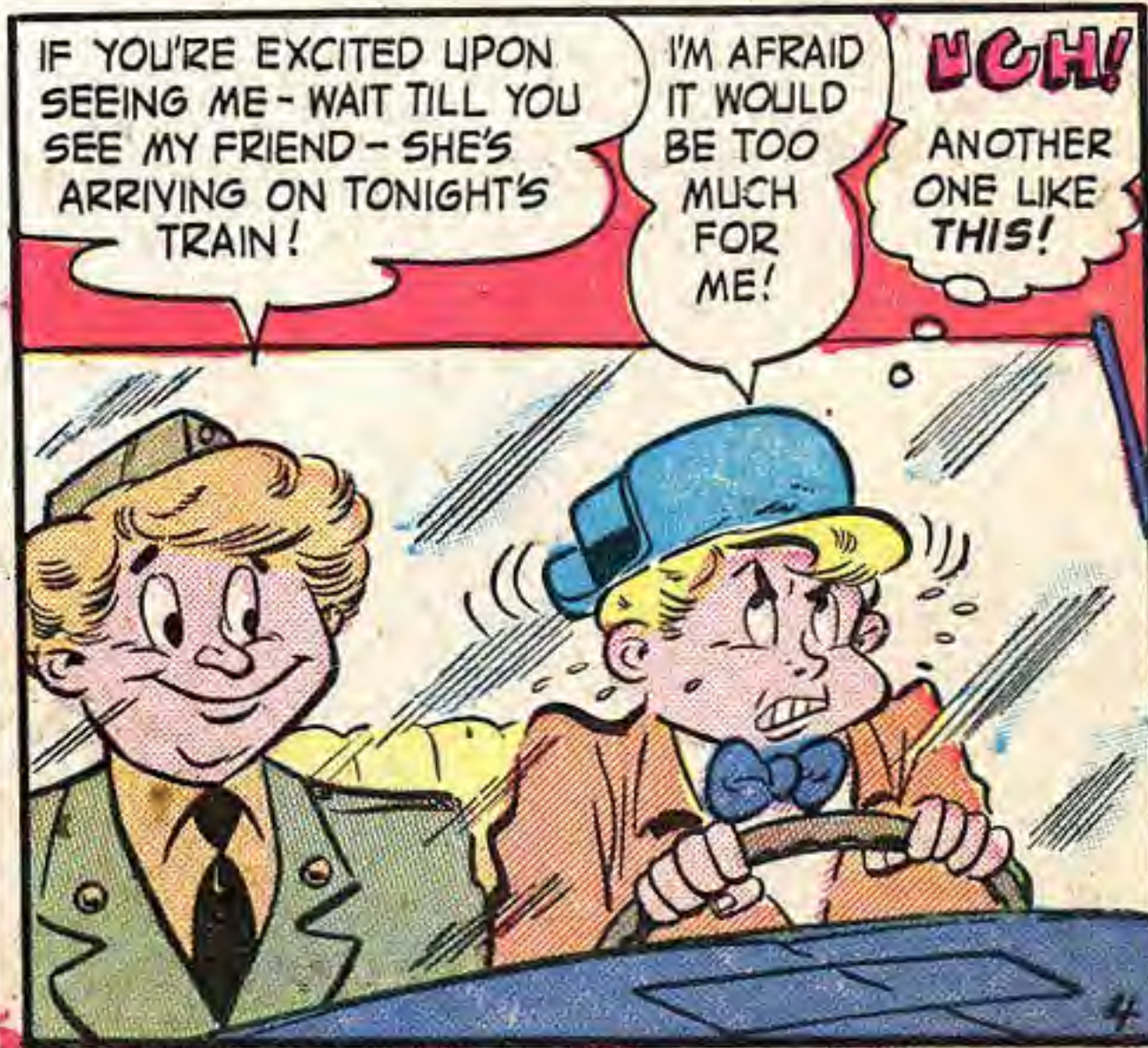
THERE ARE MY BAGS! - I'LL WAIT IN THE CAR!

YEOW! WE'RE IN FOR A SIEGE!



WHY JONESY - WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK **SICK!**

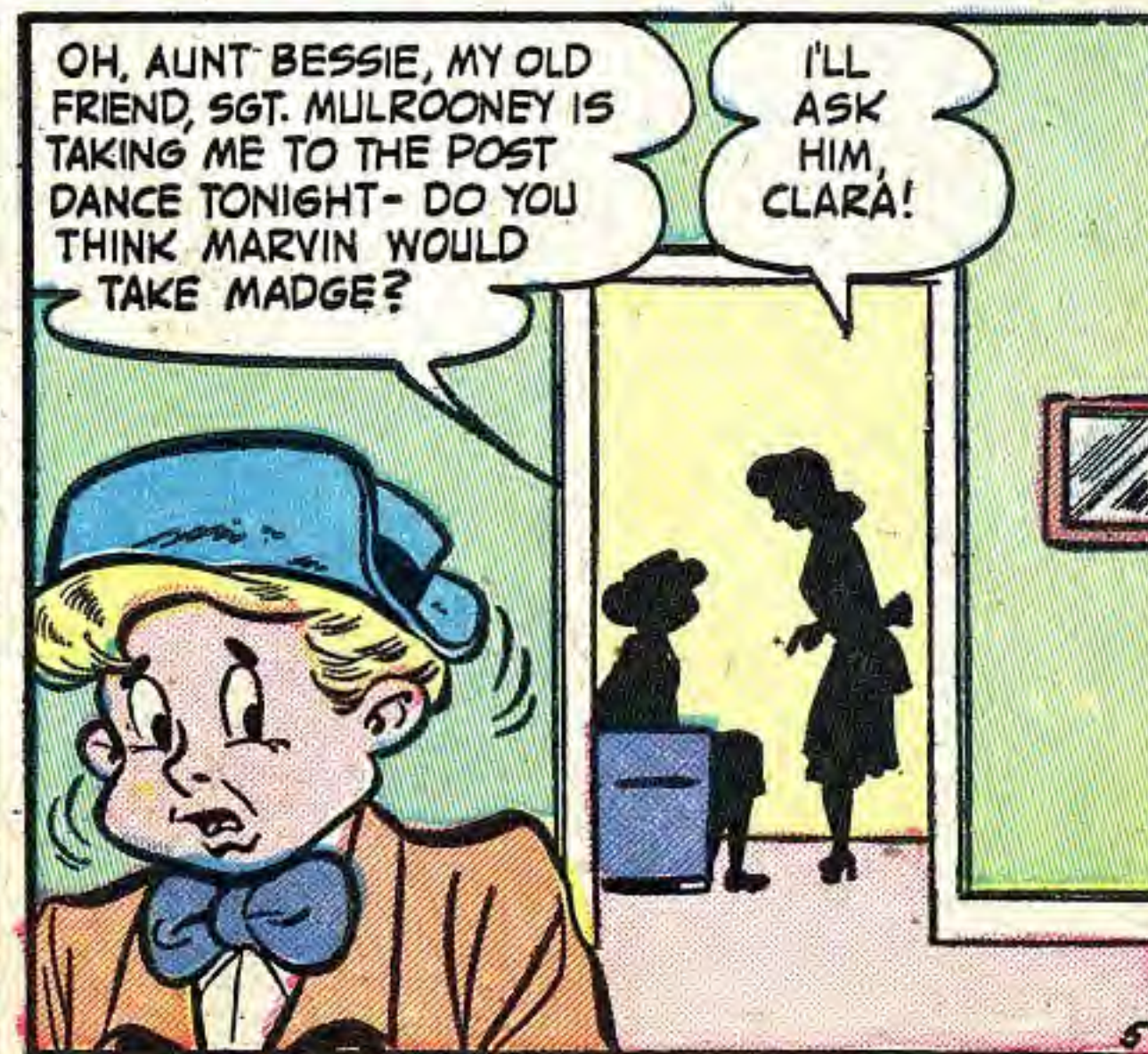
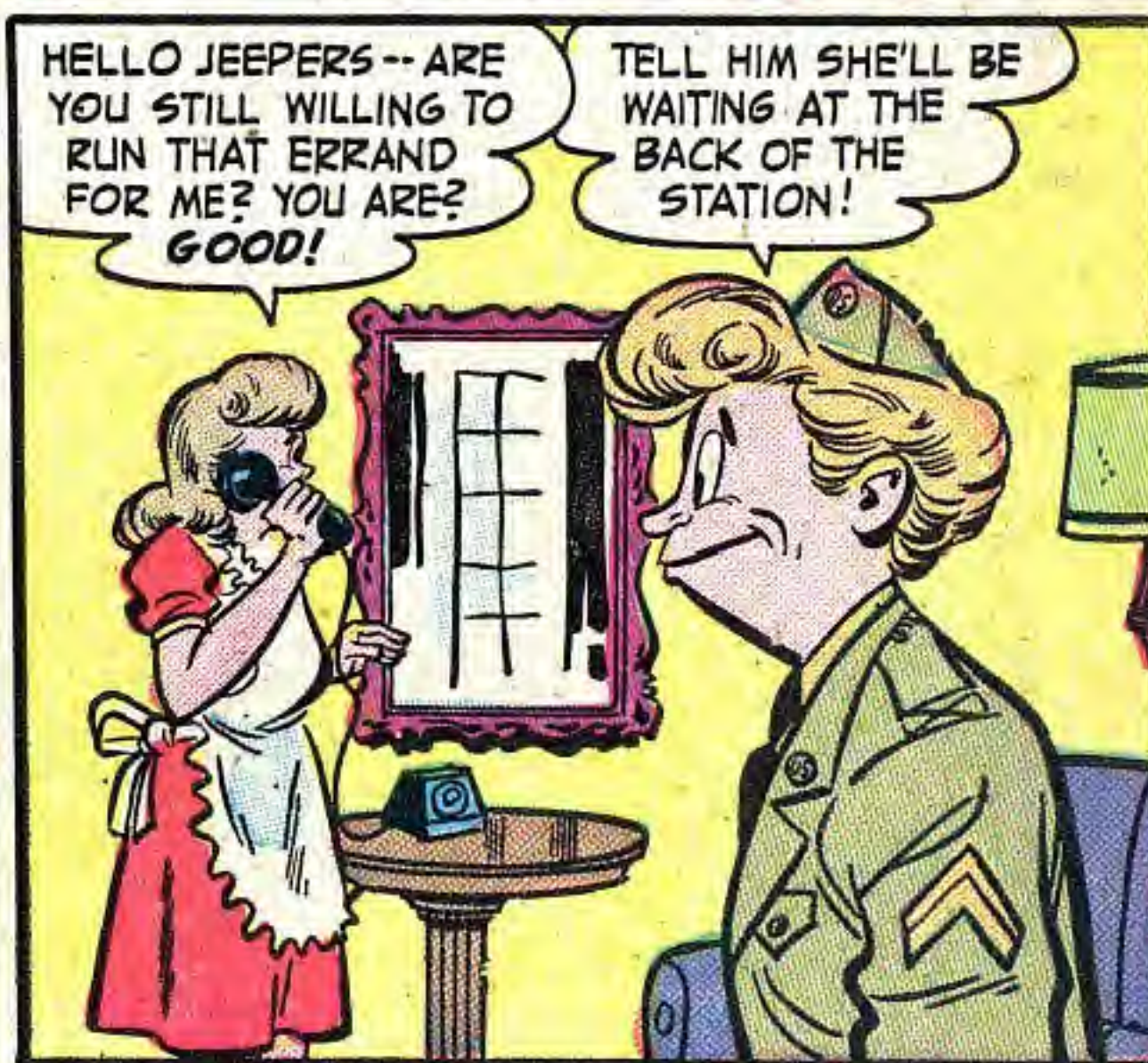
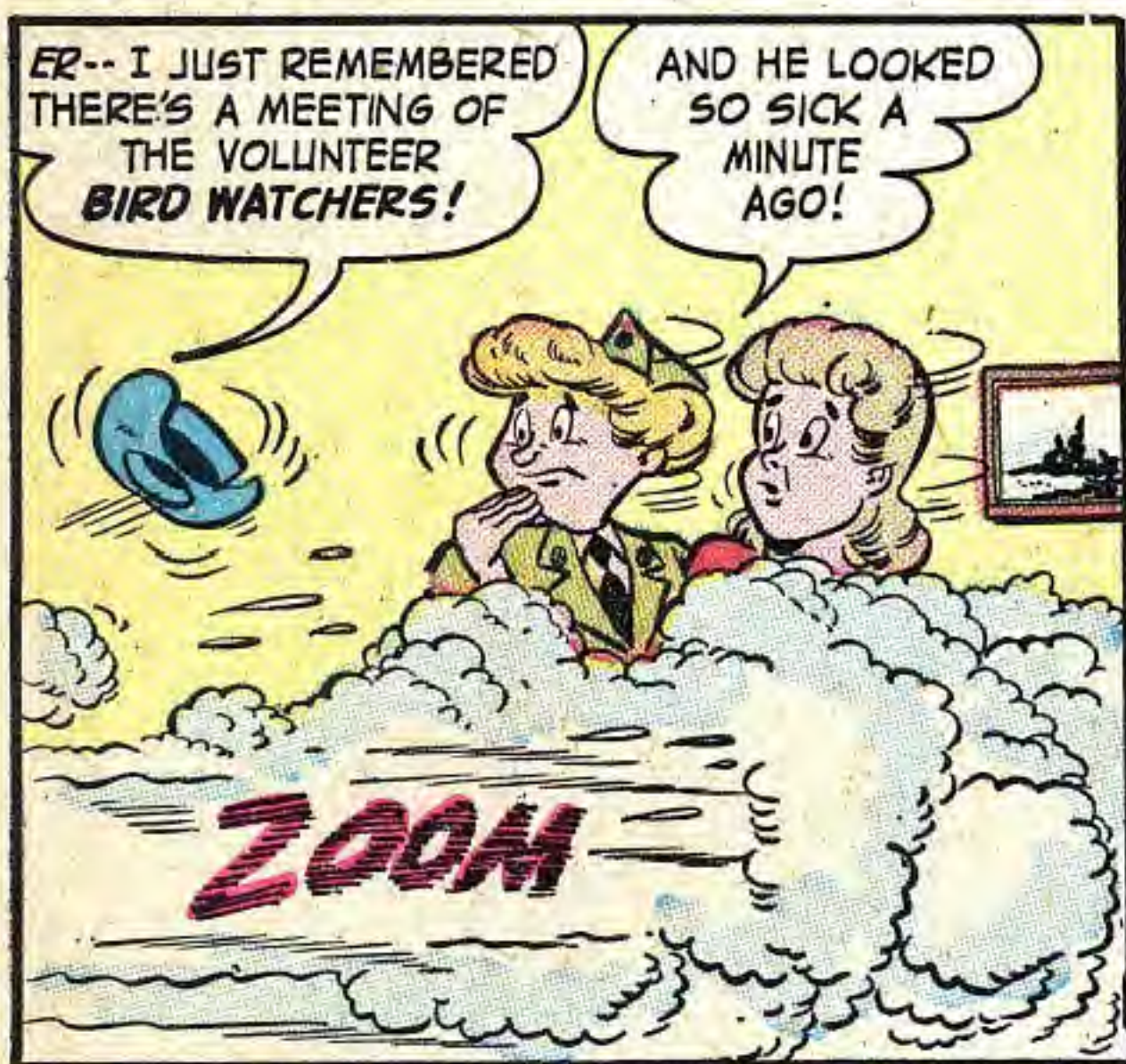
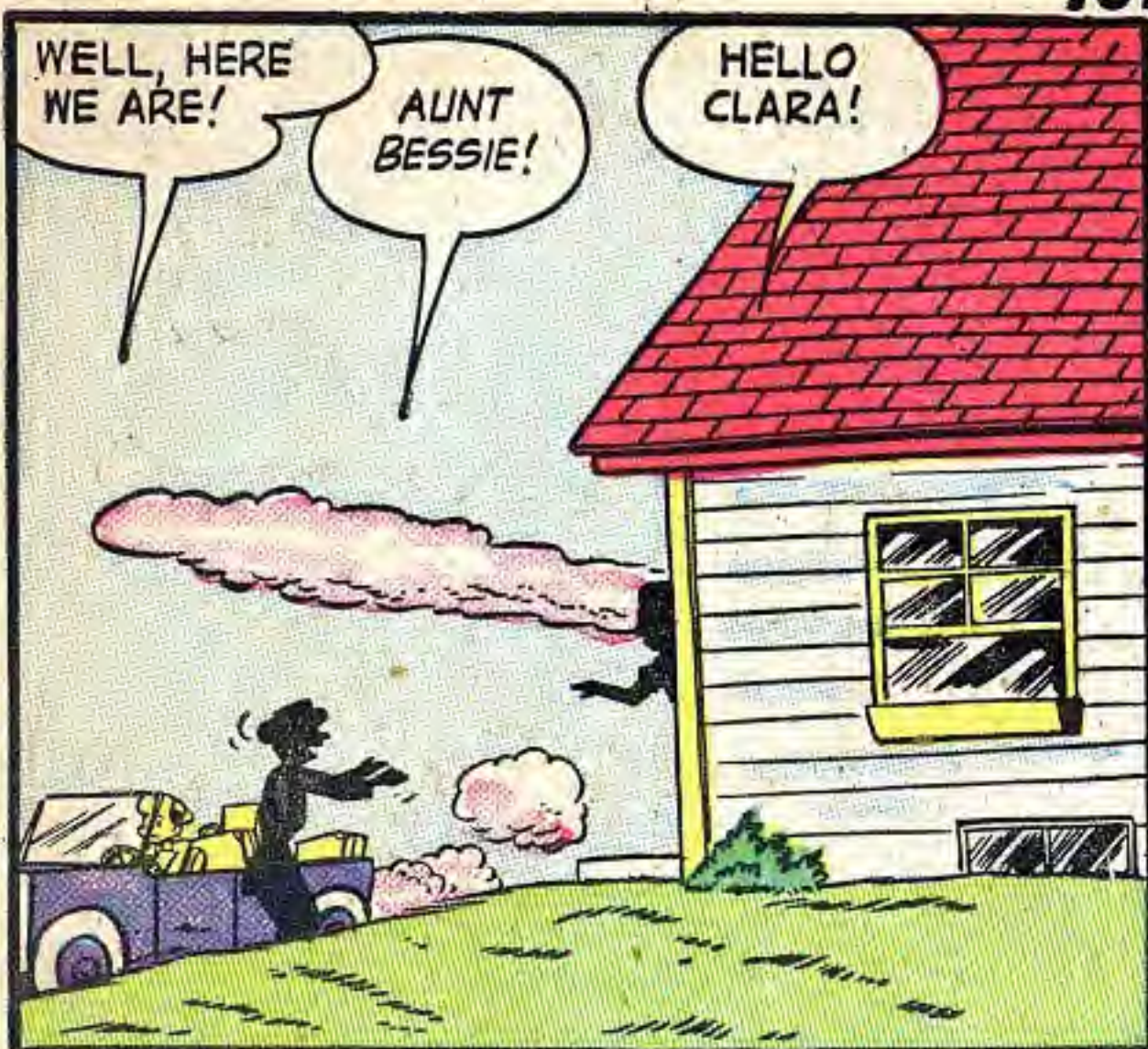
N-NOTHING COUSIN CLARA! IT'S JUST THE EXCITEMENT!

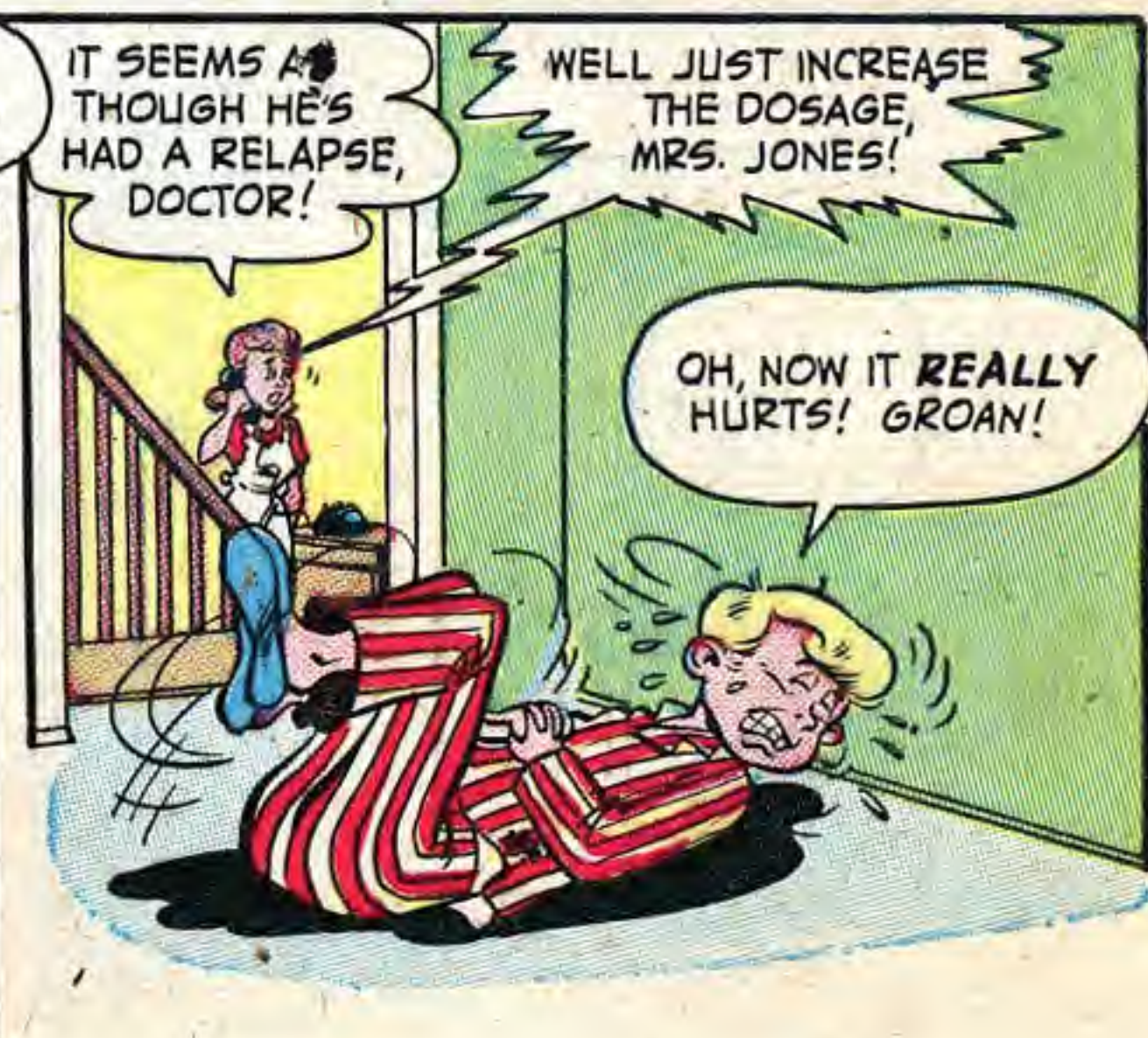
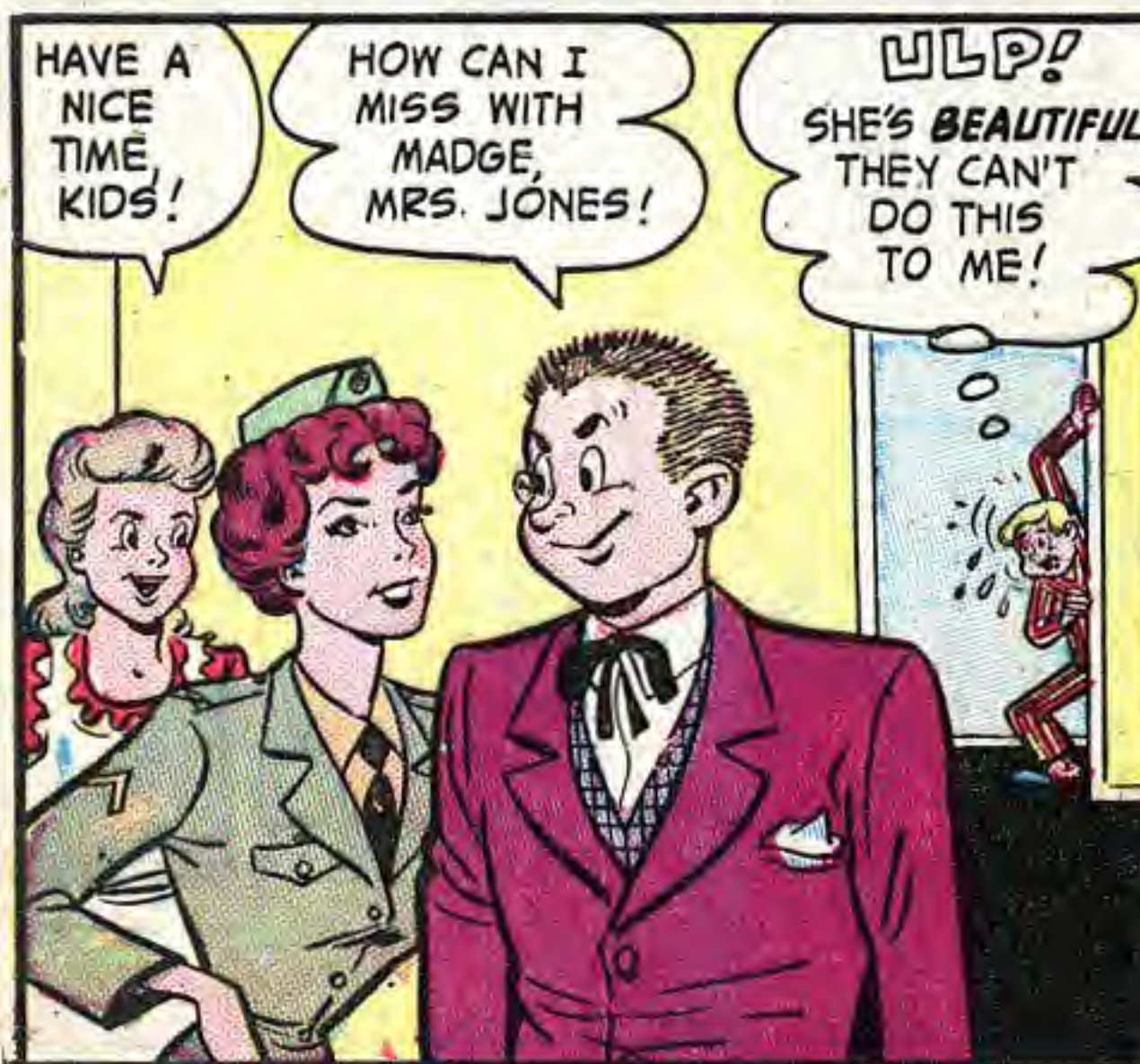
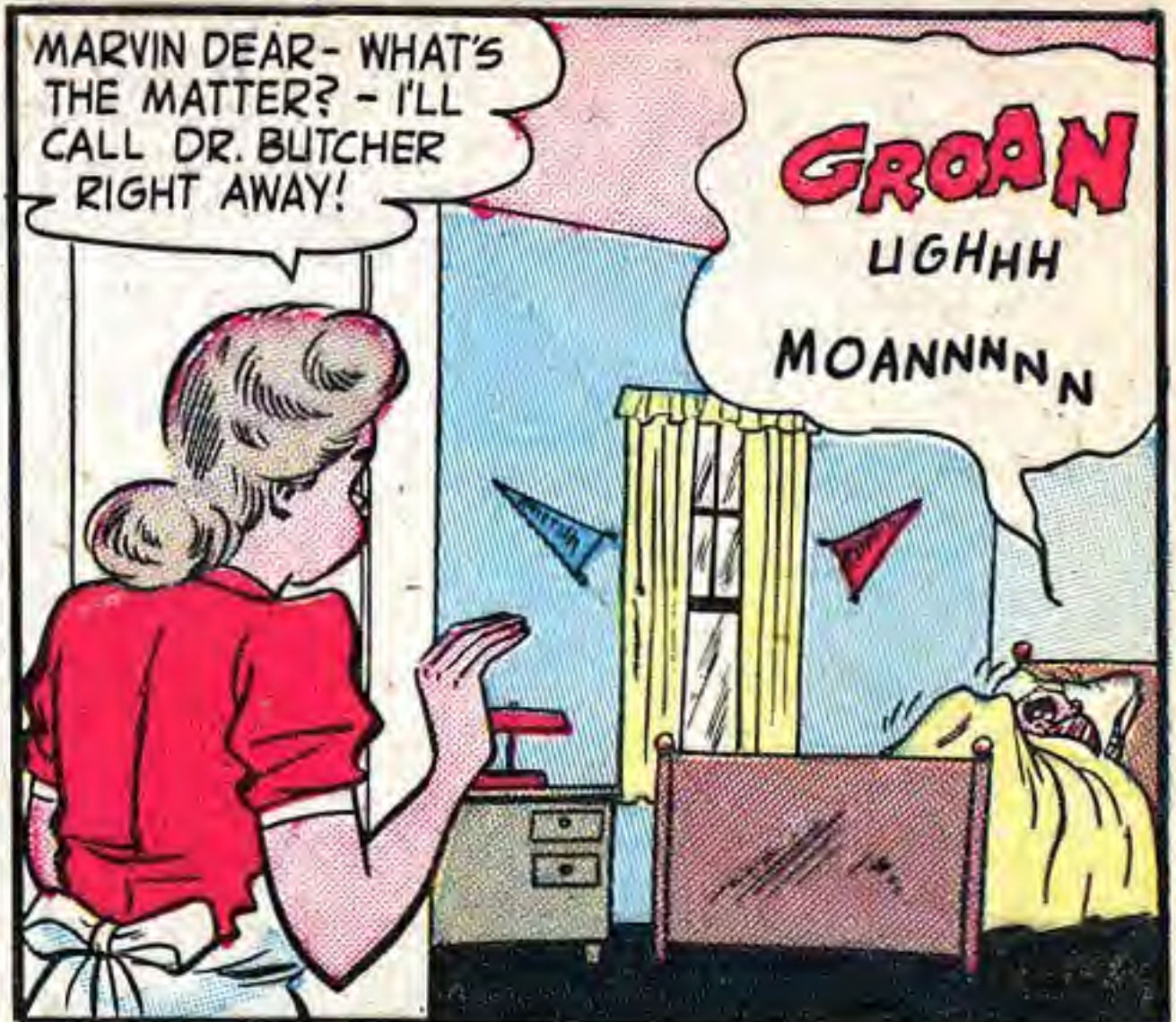


IF YOU'RE EXCITED UPON SEEING ME - WAIT TILL YOU SEE MY FRIEND - SHE'S ARRIVING ON TONIGHT'S TRAIN!

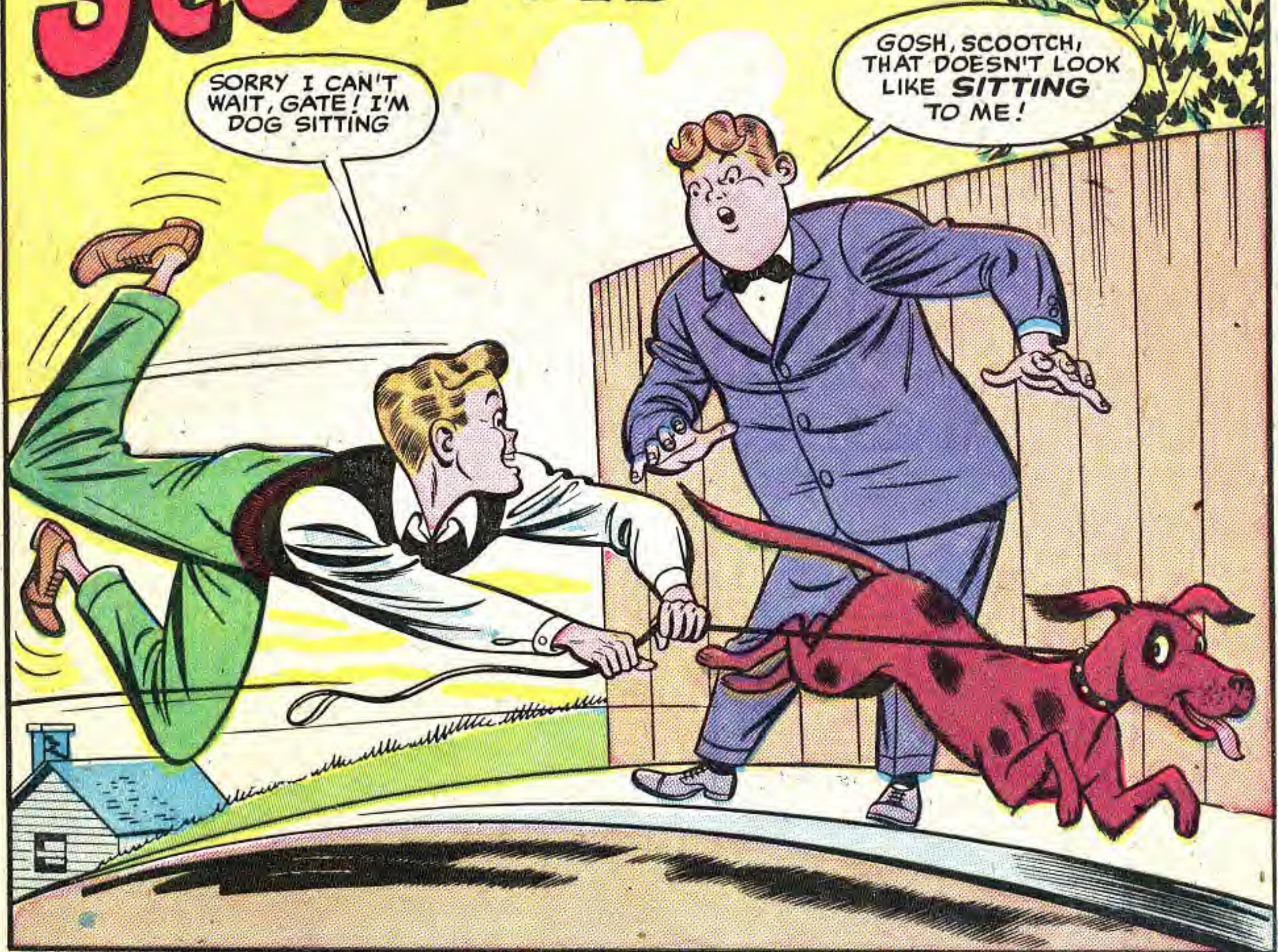
I'M AFRAID IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR ME!

UGH! ANOTHER ONE LIKE THIS!





SCOOTCH



JONESY



WHO CARES ABOUT DRIPPLESNIP? YIEE! HERE'S THE DOLL WHO HAS ME IN A DITHER, LOLITA BREWSTER!

SCOOTCH, HONEY, YOU'RE JUST THE BOY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



YOU'RE A BIG, STRONG, SWEET MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

DOIN' NOT A THING! FREE AS A BREEZE! HEE, HEE! DATE AT EIGHT, EH?



EIGHT WILL BE PERFECT! I HAVE TO GO OUT WITH THE DADDY AND I WANT YOU TO BABY-SIT WITH BILLIKINS!

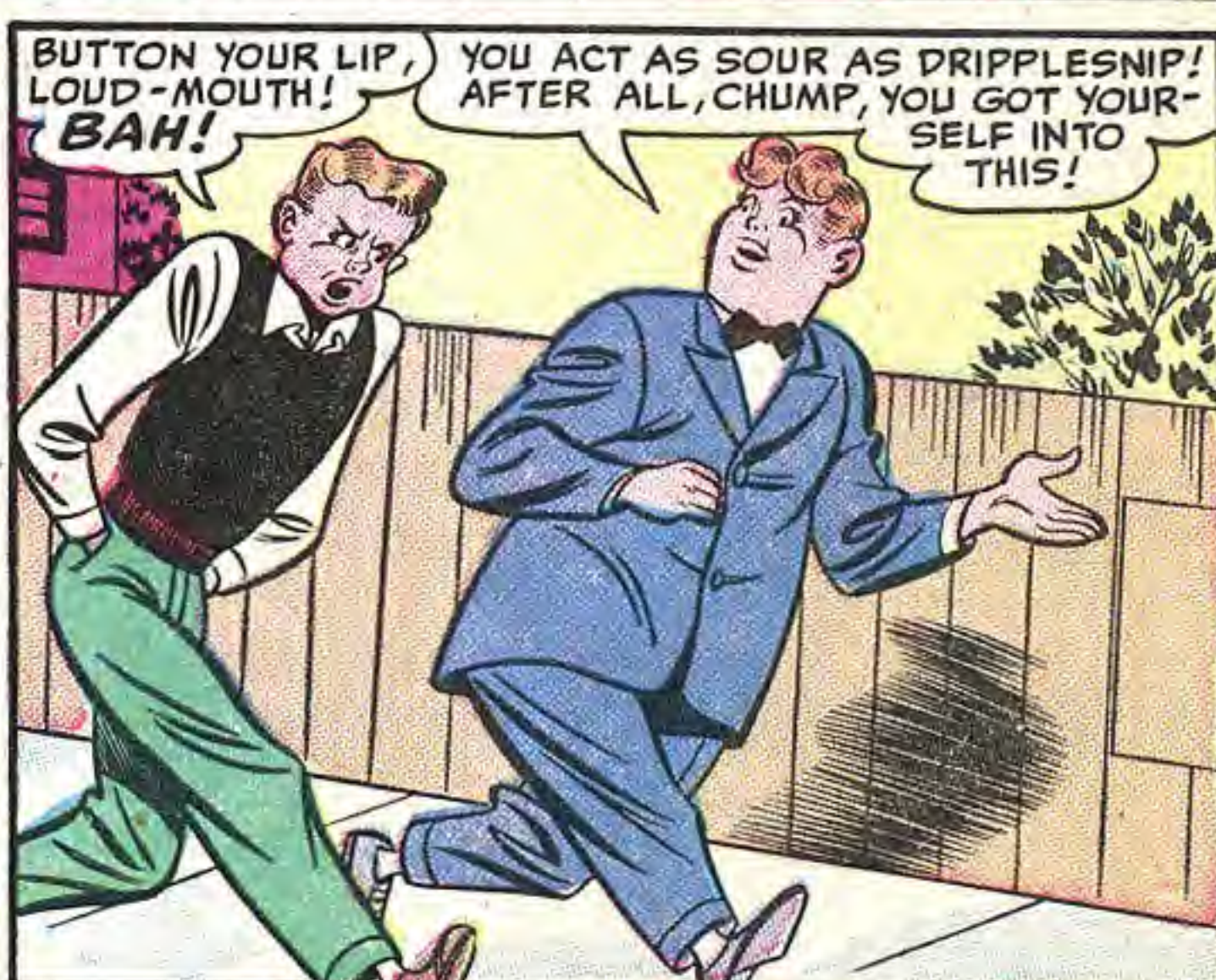
HUH? WHO'S HE?



MY DARLING DOG! 'BYE-EEE! DON'T DISAPPOINT LITTLE ME!

GLUG!

TEE, HEE! BABY-SIT WITH BILLIKINS BREWSTER! FOR A SMART GUY, YOU SURE GOT TAKEN IN!



BUTTON YOUR LIP, LOUD-MOUTH! BAH!

YOU ACT AS SOUR AS DRIPPLESNIP! AFTER ALL, CHUMP, YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS!



OH THE BREWSTERS, AT EIGHT---

GOSH, IF LOLITA WASN'T SUCH A CLASSY NUMBER I'D--- AWP! WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH! PLOP! YIEEE!



LOLITA, THROW OUT THAT BLASTED HOUND BEFORE HE WRECKS THE HOUSE AND ME WITH IT!

BUT, DADDY, YOU PROMISED I COULD KEEP HIM IF I DIDN'T FIND HIS OWNER! BESIDES, I HAVE A DOG-SITTER FOR TONIGHT AND---



AIEEE!
HELP!

MR.
BREWSTER!
OH, GOLLY!

YIPE!



MY PRECIOUS BABY!
SCOOTCH, YOU'RE
LETTING HIM RUN
AWAY!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET HIM!

YEAH, PANT
PANT IF IT
KILLS US!



BILLIKINS, YOU DUMB DOG, DON'T
TEAR UP THAT
FLOWER
BED!

SUFFERIN' CATS!
LOOKS LIKE YOUR
TROUBLES HAVE JUST
STARTED!

ARF!
ARF!



ARF! ARF!

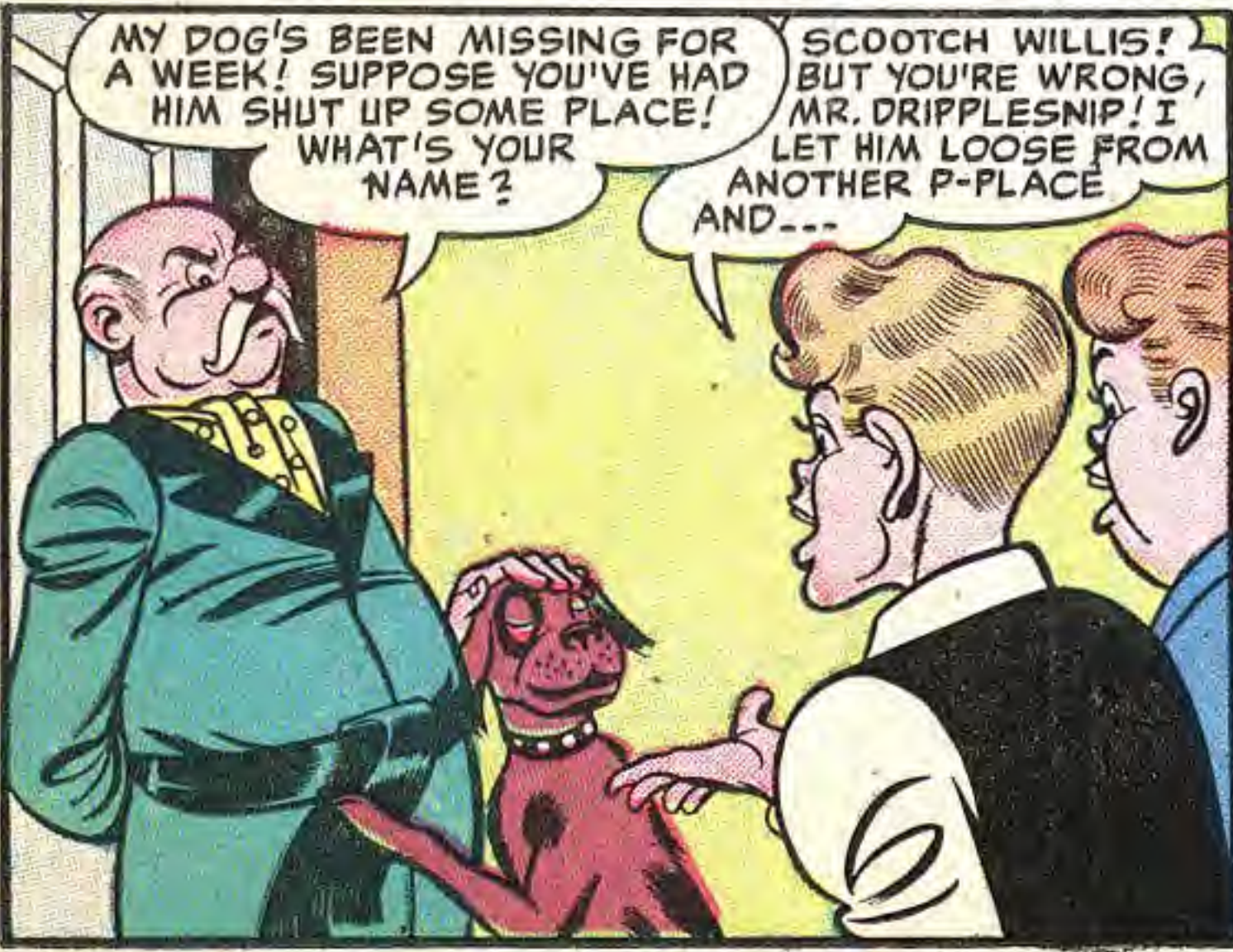
THIS IS
GRUMPY
OLD MR.
DRIPPLE-
SNIP'S
HOUSE!

AWP!
WHY DOES
EVERY-
THING
HAPPEN
TO ME?



WOOF!
WOOF!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE
OUT--- ROVER;
YOU'VE COME
BACK!



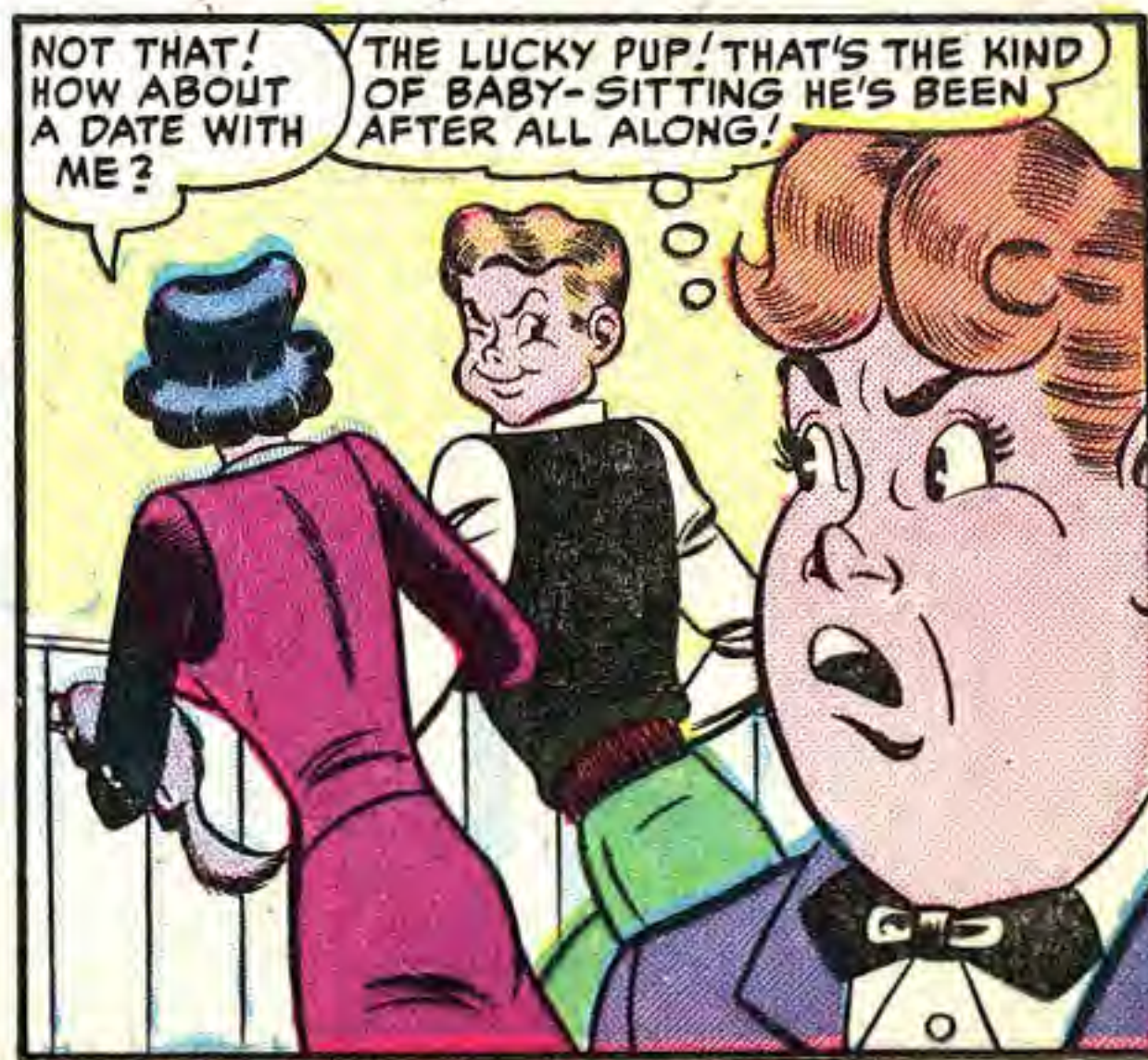
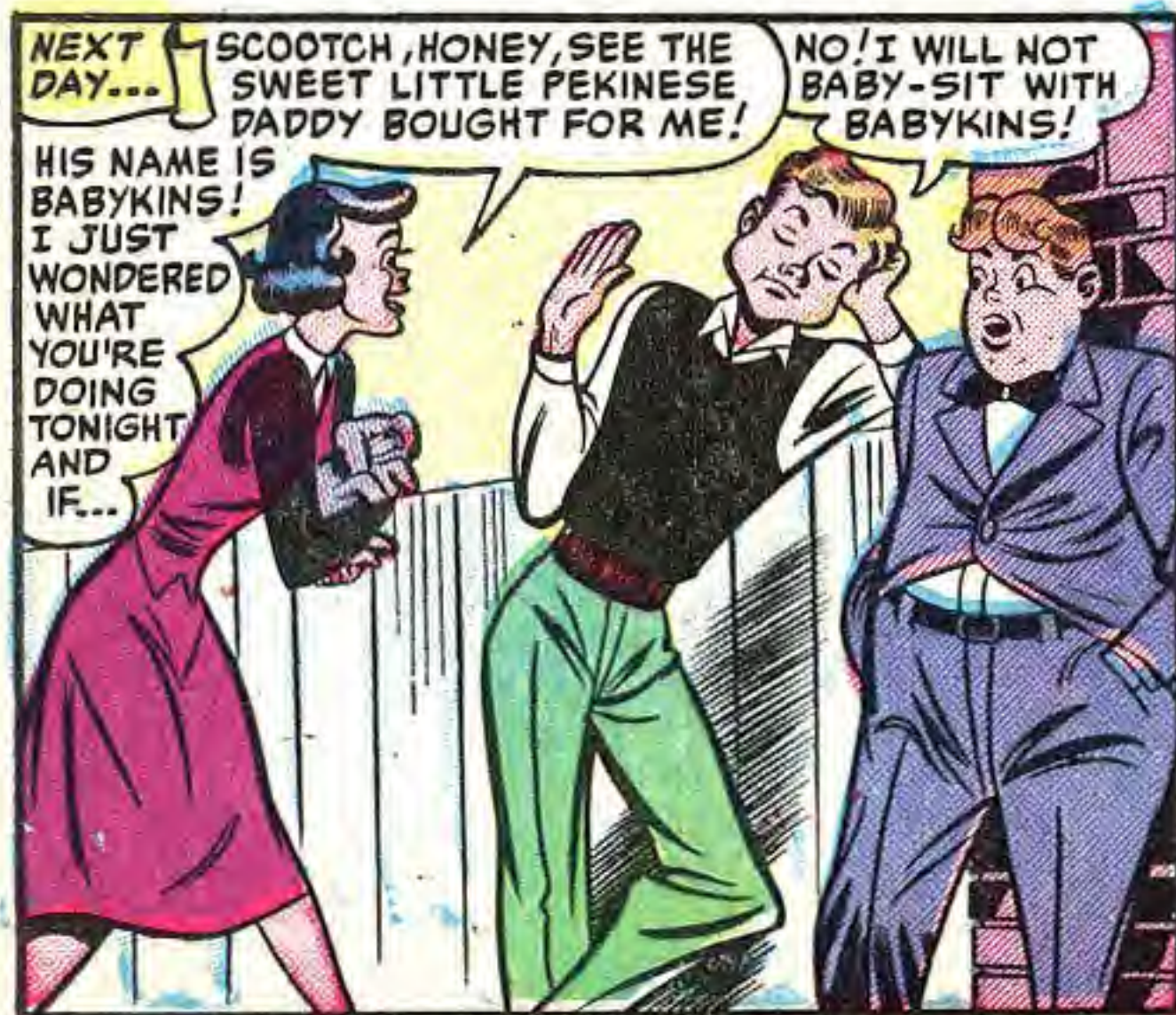
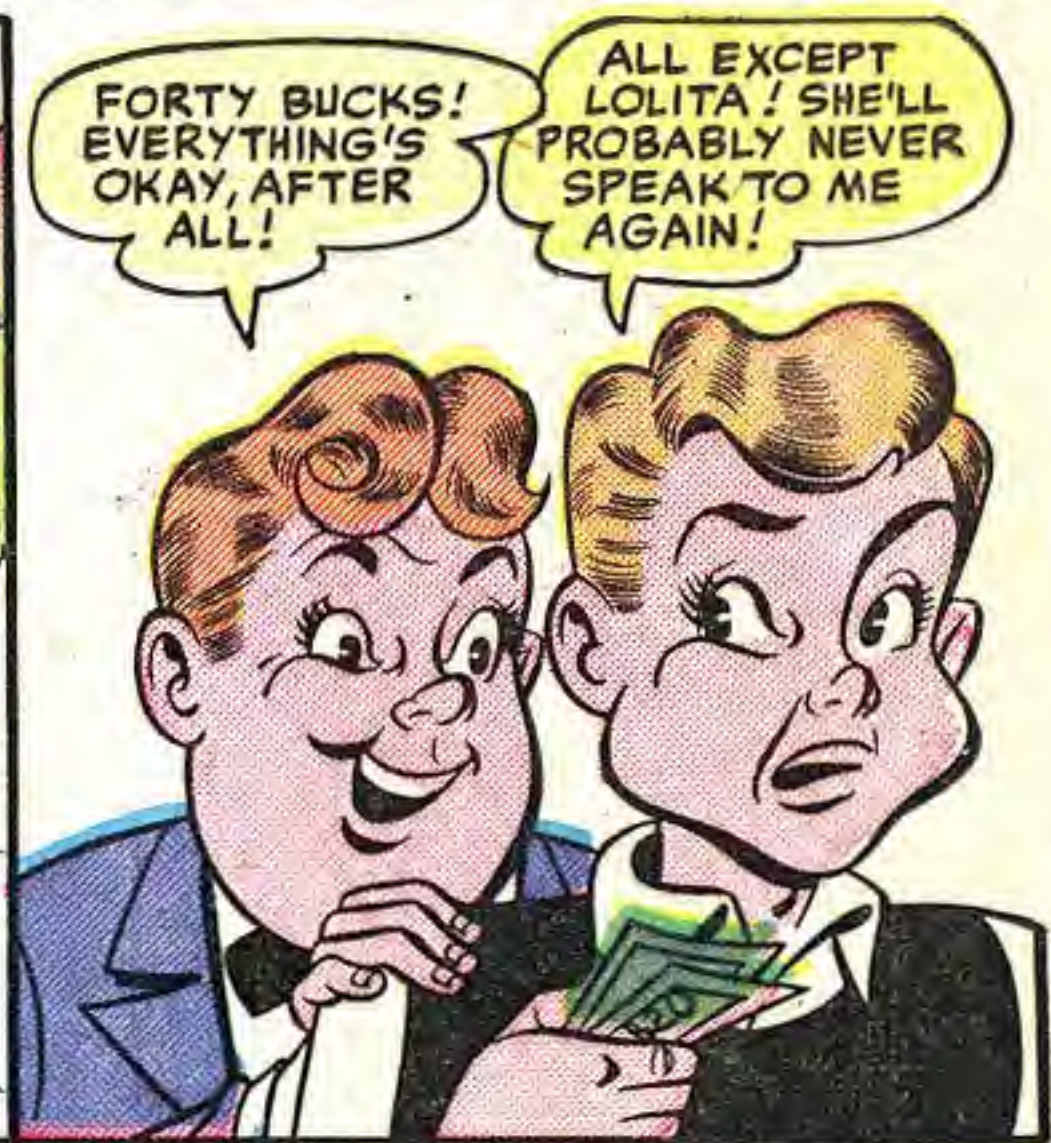
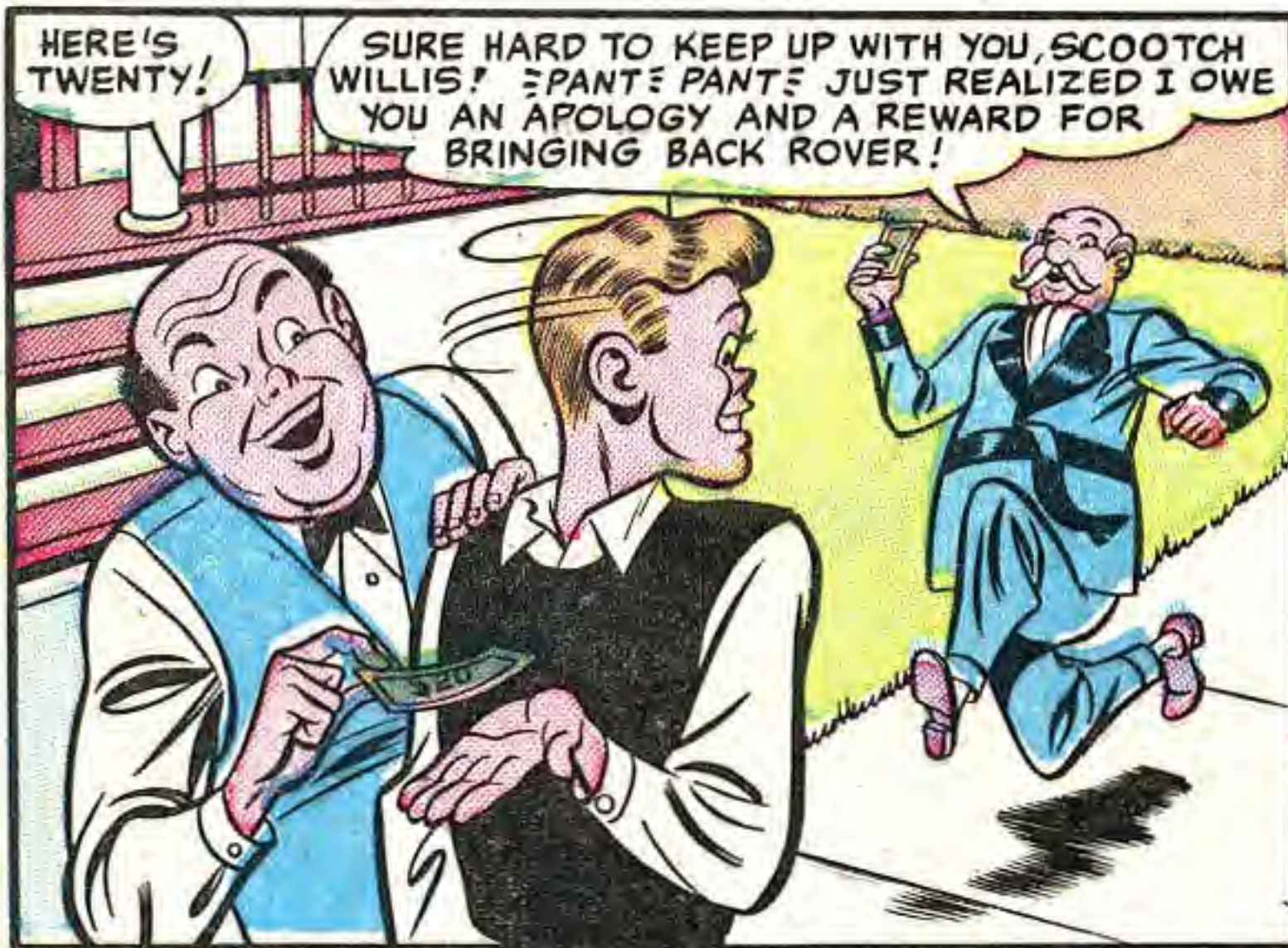
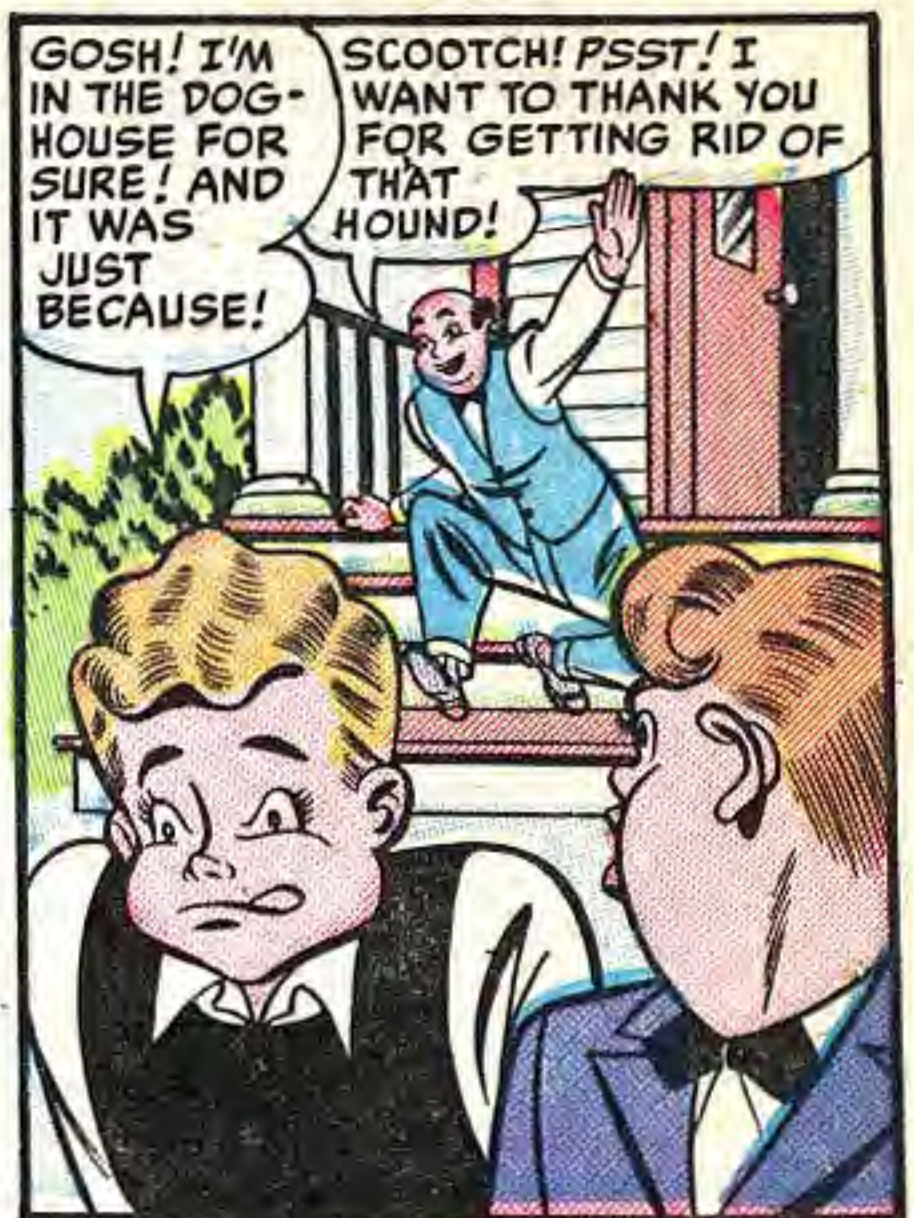
MY DOG'S BEEN MISSING FOR
A WEEK! SUPPOSE YOU'VE HAD
HIM SHUT UP SOME PLACE!
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

SCOOTCH WILLIS!
BUT YOU'RE WRONG,
MR. DRIPPLESNIP! I
LET HIM LOOSE FROM
ANOTHER P-PLACE
AND---



---AND I GUESS I G-GOTTA BE
GOING! GOOD-
BYE!

YEAH!
S-SO
LONG!





WOW!

NOTHING BEATS THIS BIKE FOR SPEED-OR LOOKS!

Full motorcycle
saddle

Wool
padding

Flared steel
handlebars

Decorative headlight
and tail light

Speed limit
valve

Pedals
included
in special
package

IT'S ANOTHER
BIG SCHWINN FAVORITE
OF BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE!

Super-Aero as before, built between steel and lightweight
tubes made by Schwinn. Leader and pedal as usual,
very wide as a "big" child's bike, your children's choice to
show you. To let you "ride" in Schwinn! You
won't find any other bike anywhere as fast in this
and over as Schwinn! Each guaranteed as long as you
own it!

1951 Model available in Schwinn's new
package.

ARNOLD SCHWINN & COMPANY, DEPT. 4, 1718 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago 28, Ill.

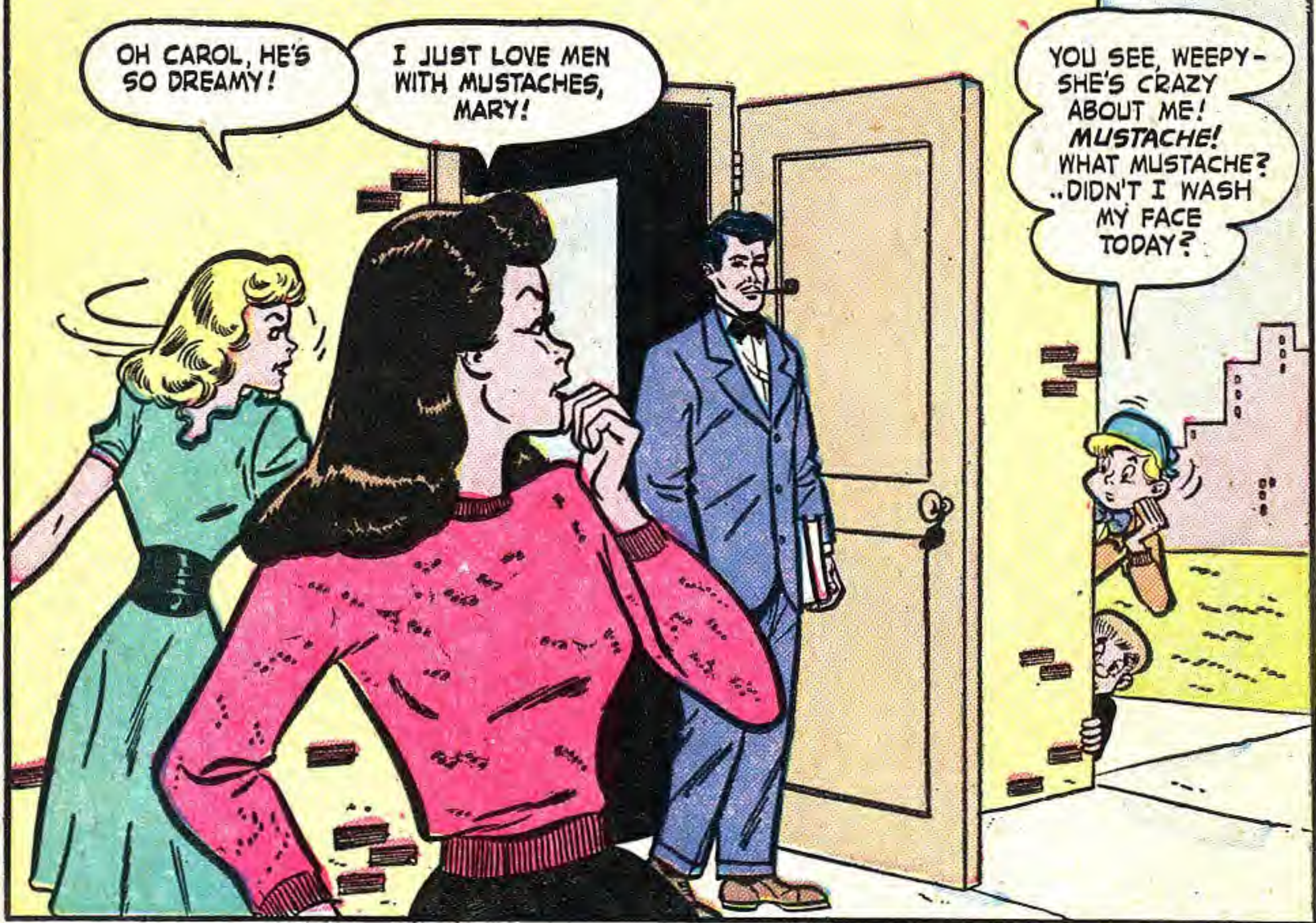
Schwinn
TRAVELER
America's No. 1
lightweight



JONESY

in

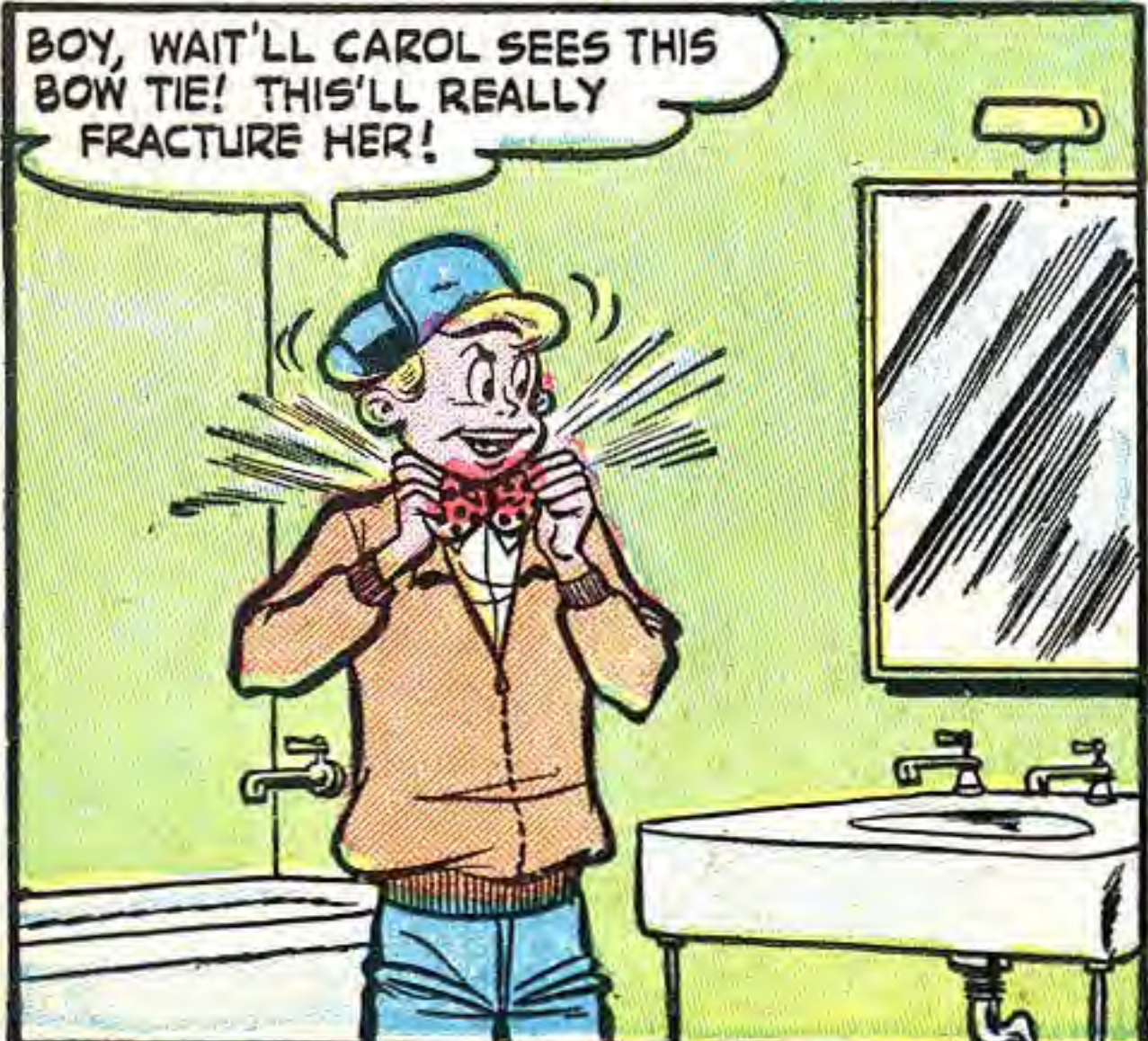
"Close Shave"



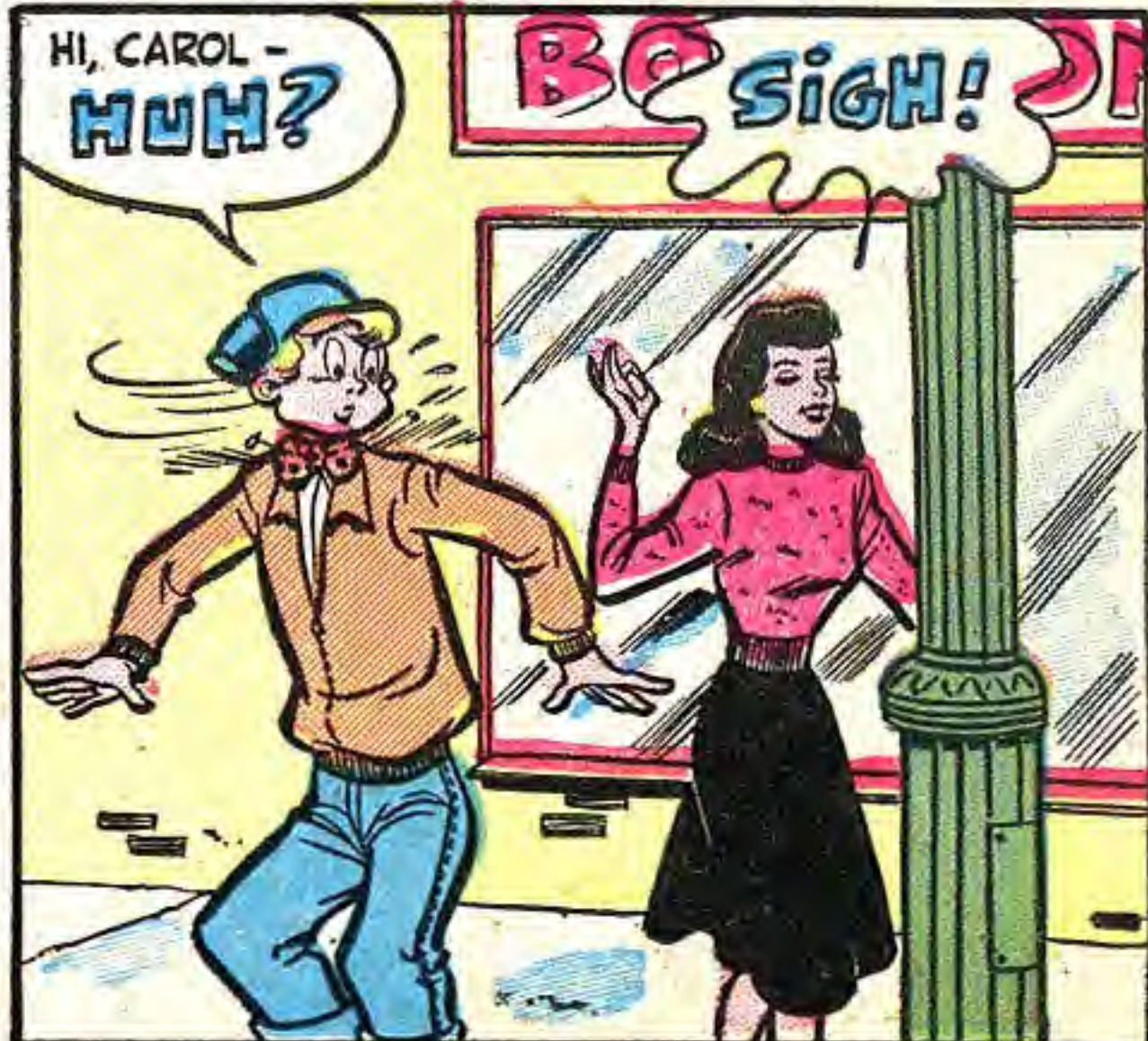
OH CAROL, HE'S SO DREAMY!

I JUST LOVE MEN WITH MUSTACHES, MARY!

YOU SEE, WEEPY - SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME! **MUSTACHE!** WHAT MUSTACHE? ..DIDN'T I WASH MY FACE TODAY?

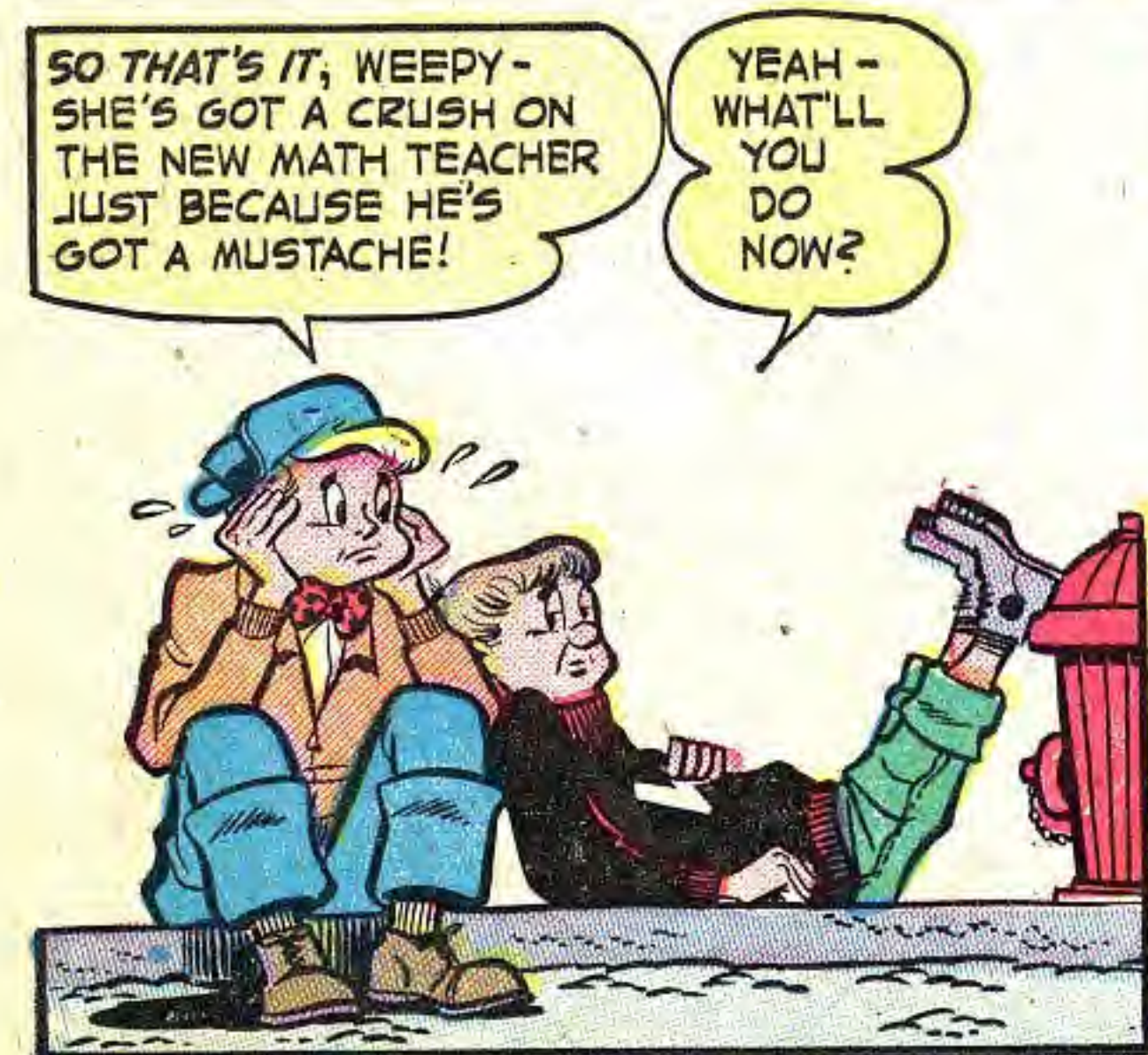
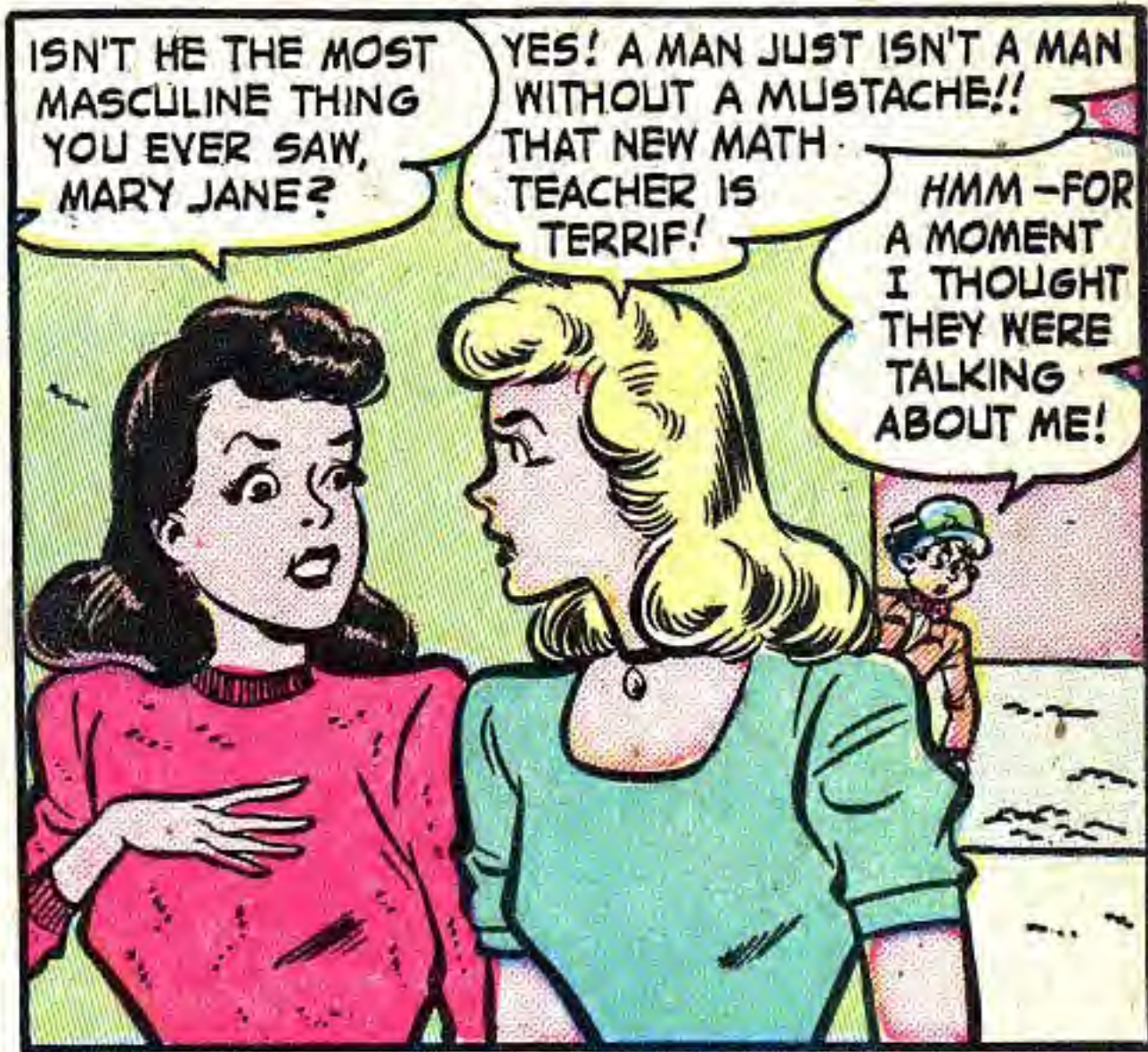
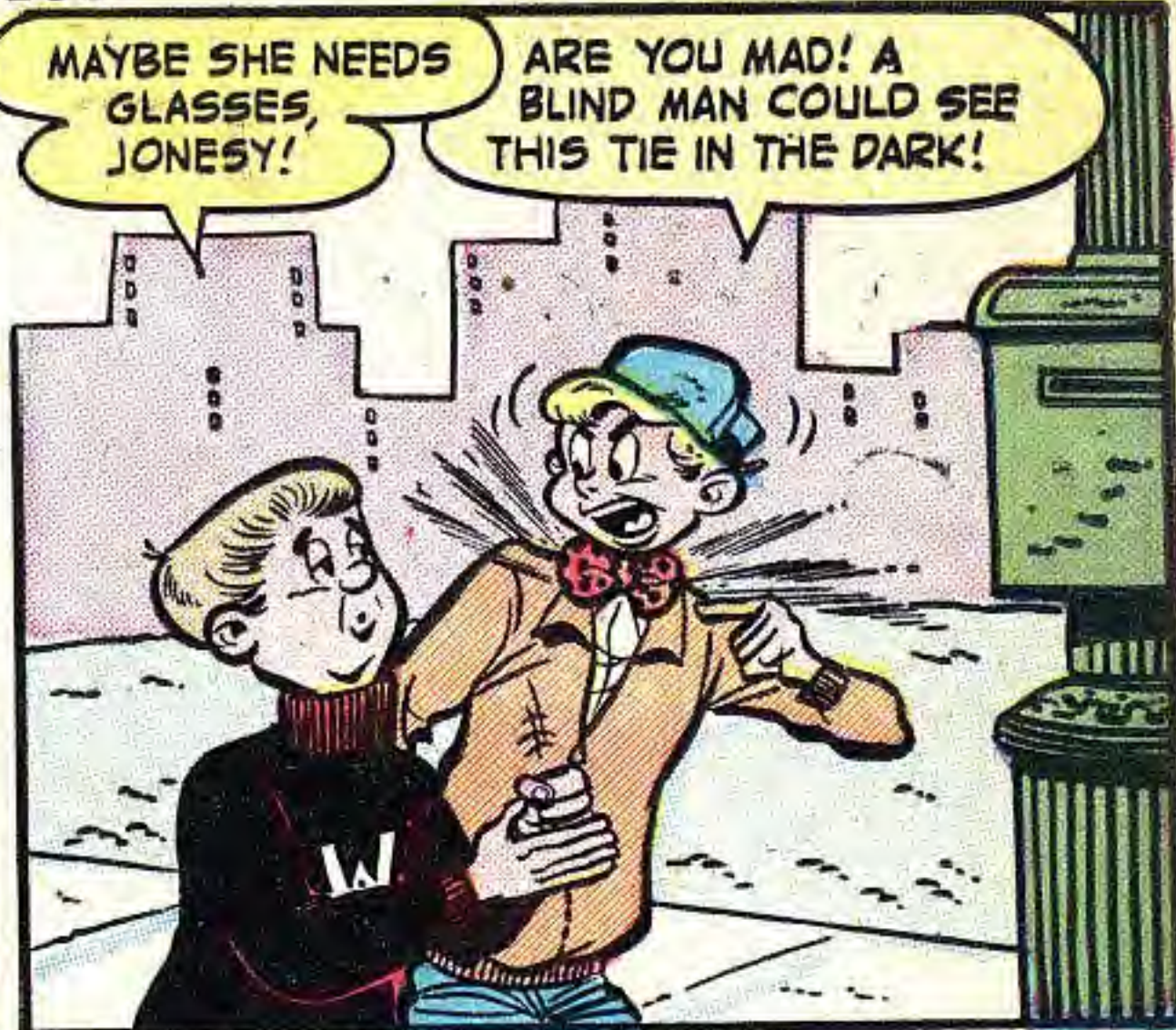


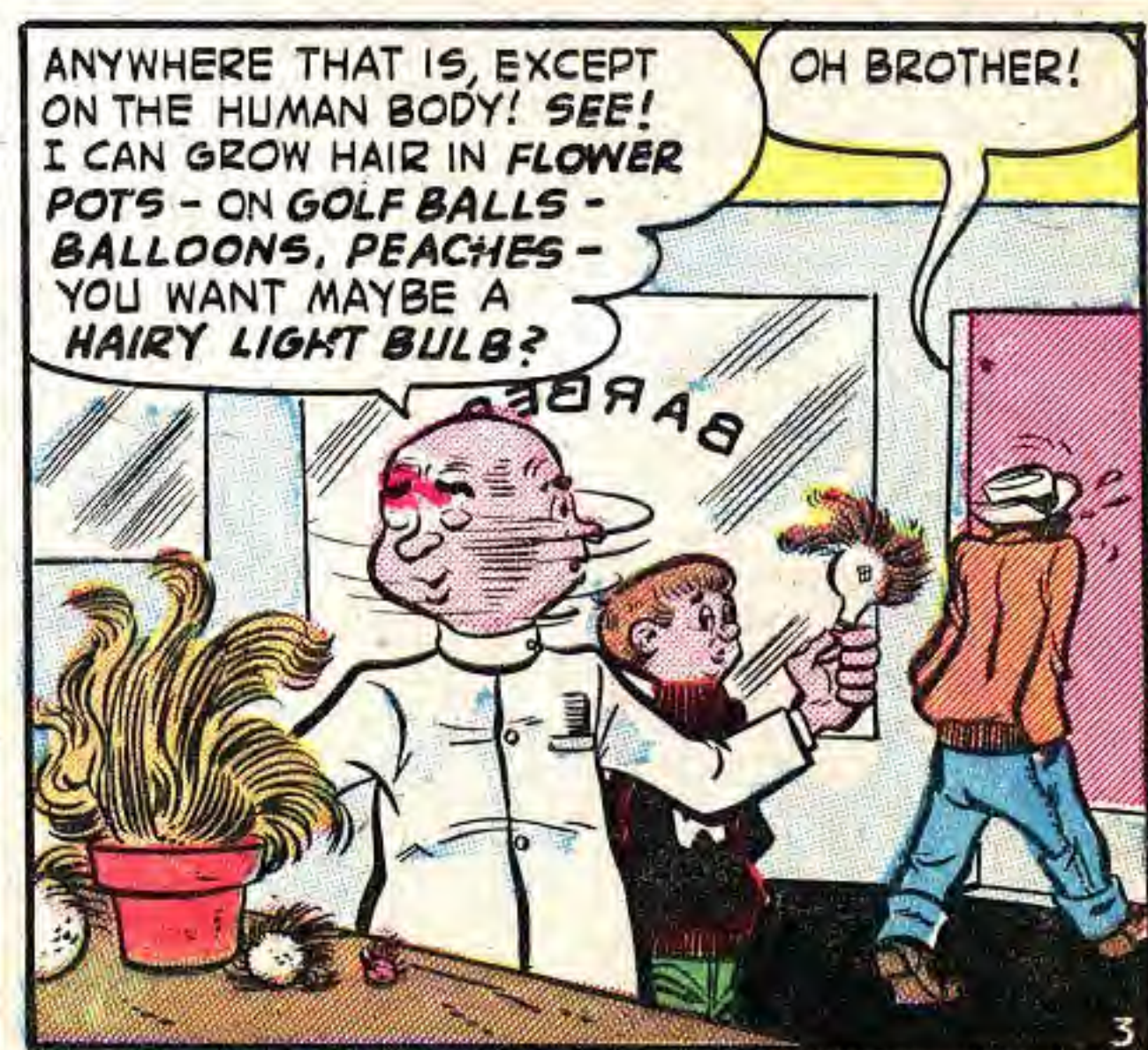
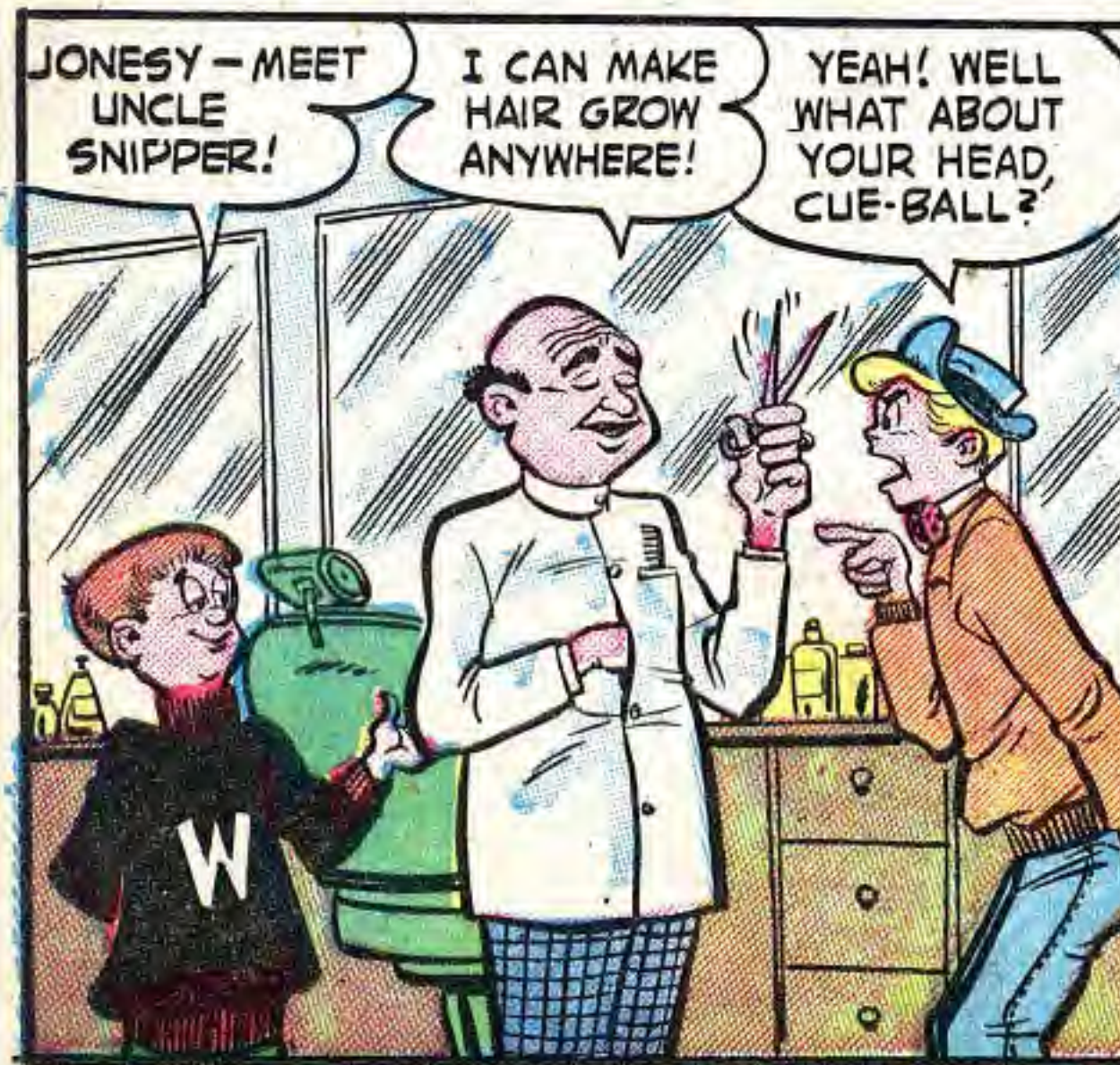
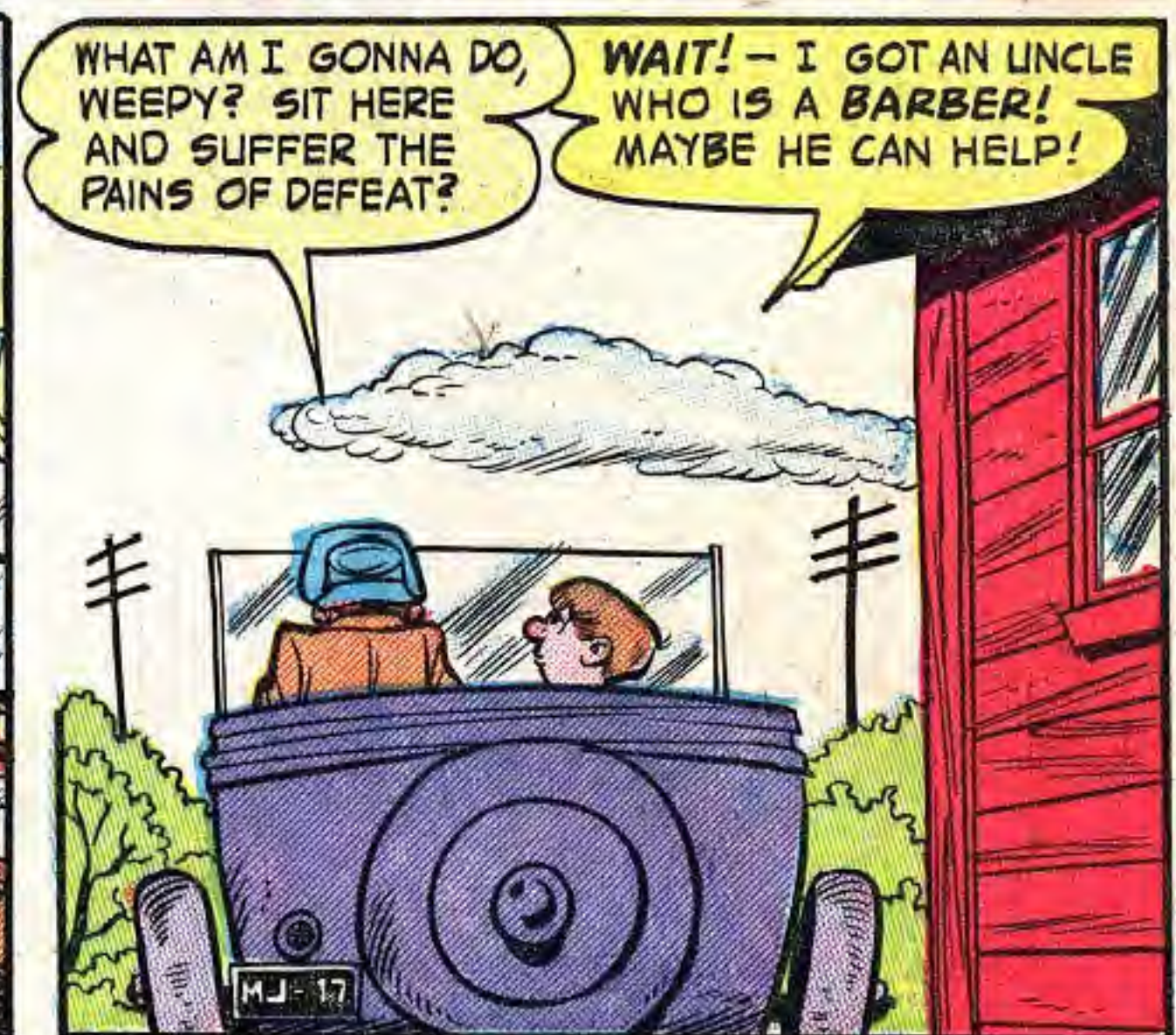
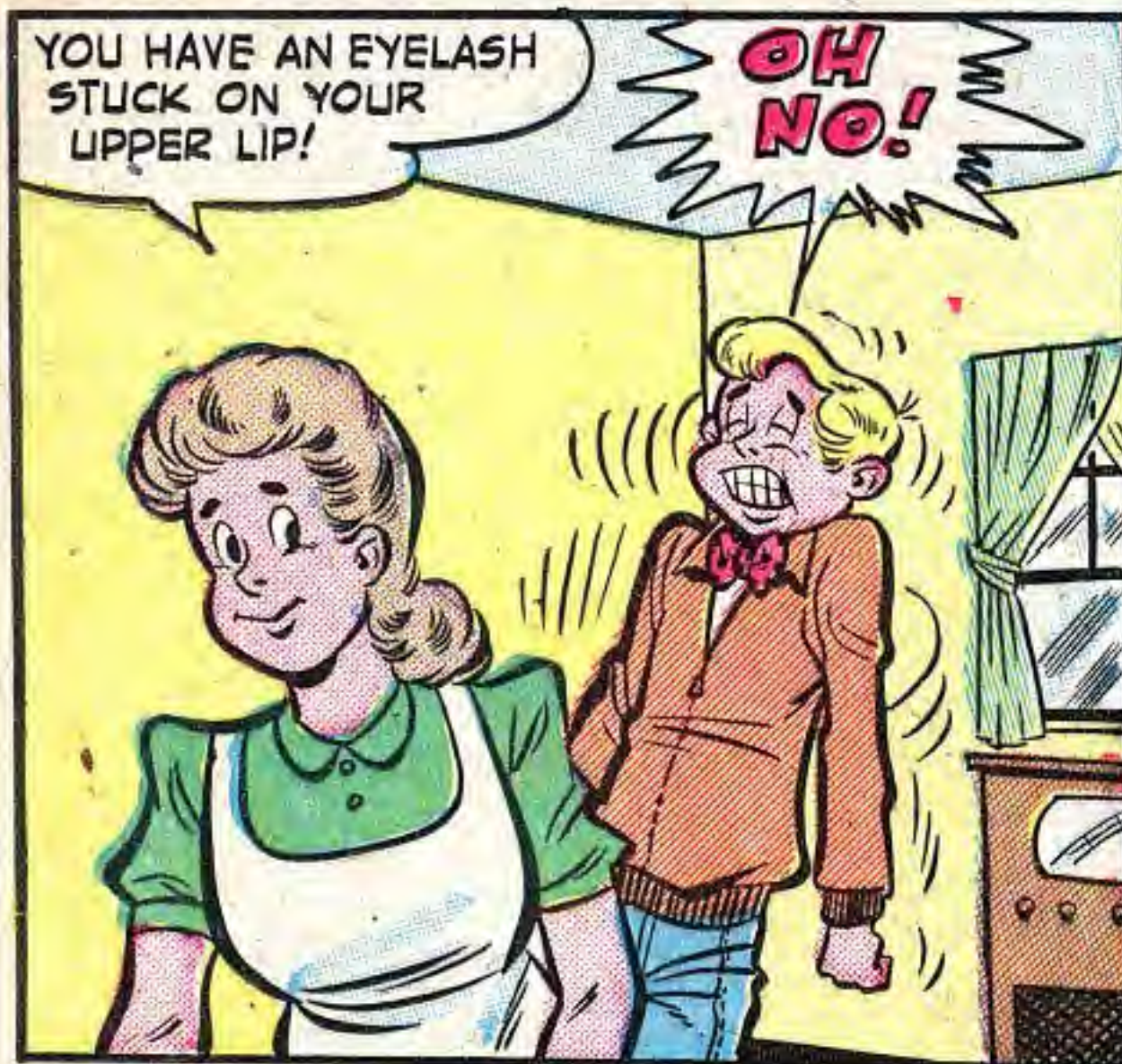
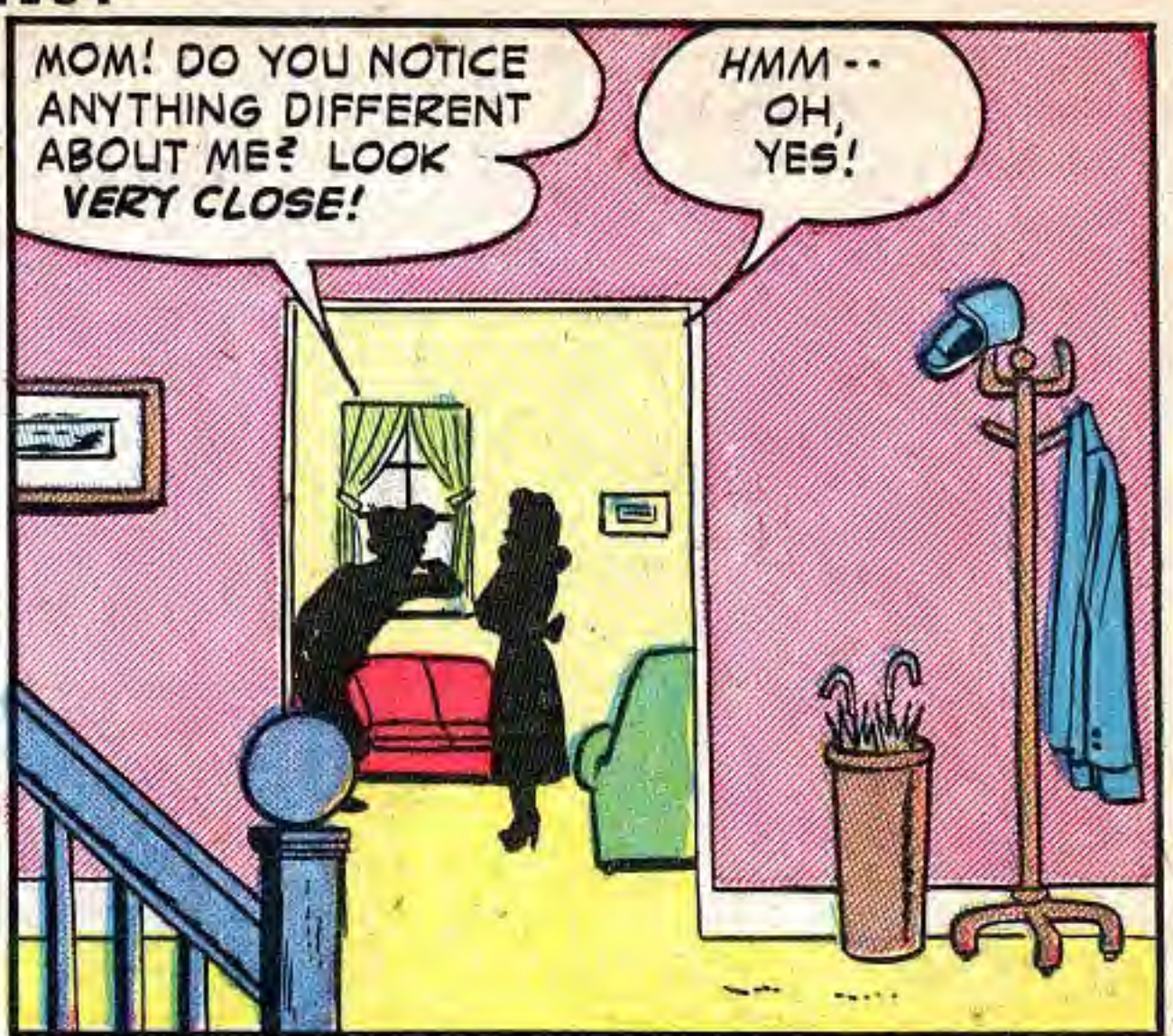
BOY, WAIT'LL CAROL SEES THIS BOW TIE! THIS'LL REALLY FRACTURE HER!

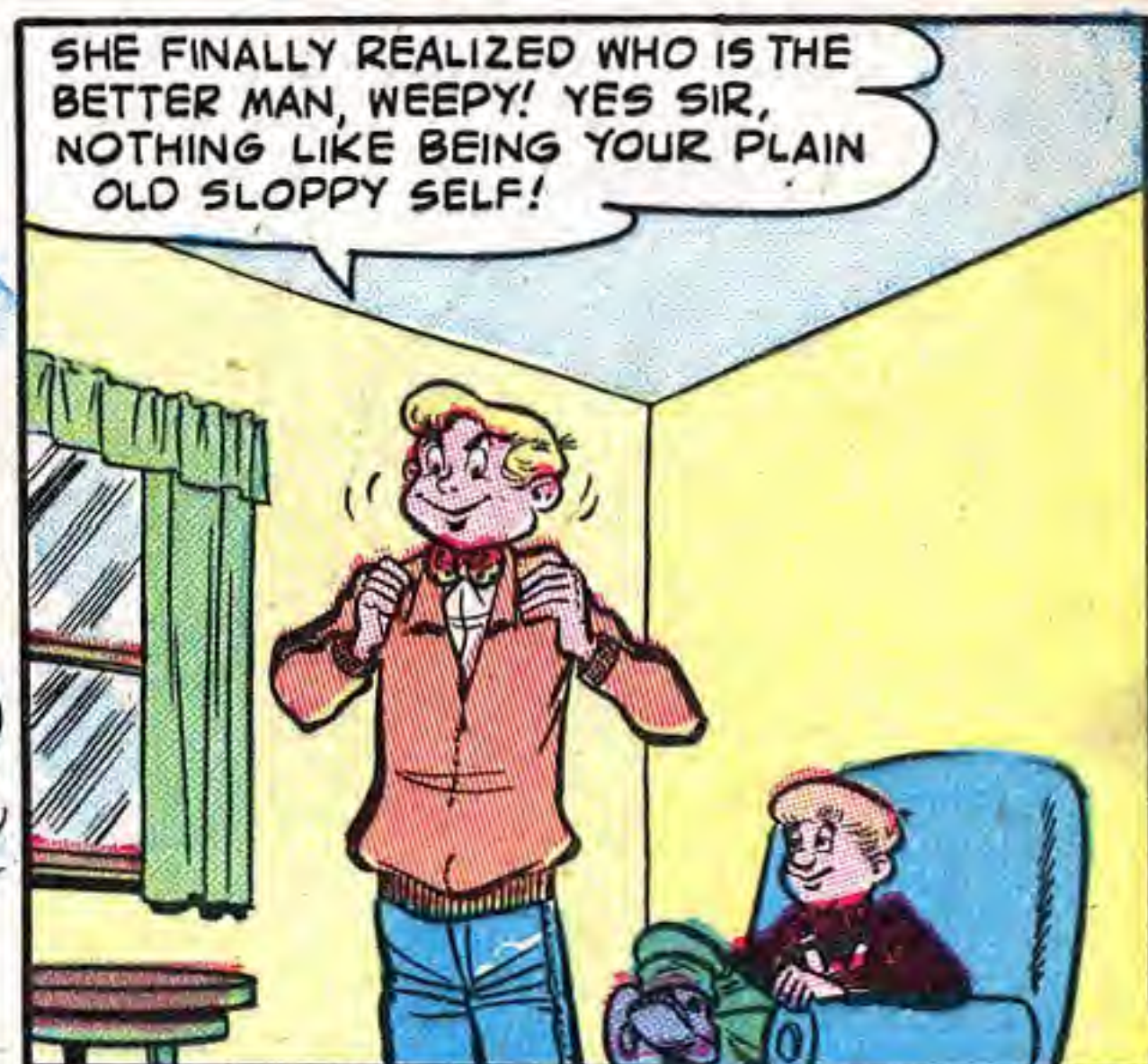
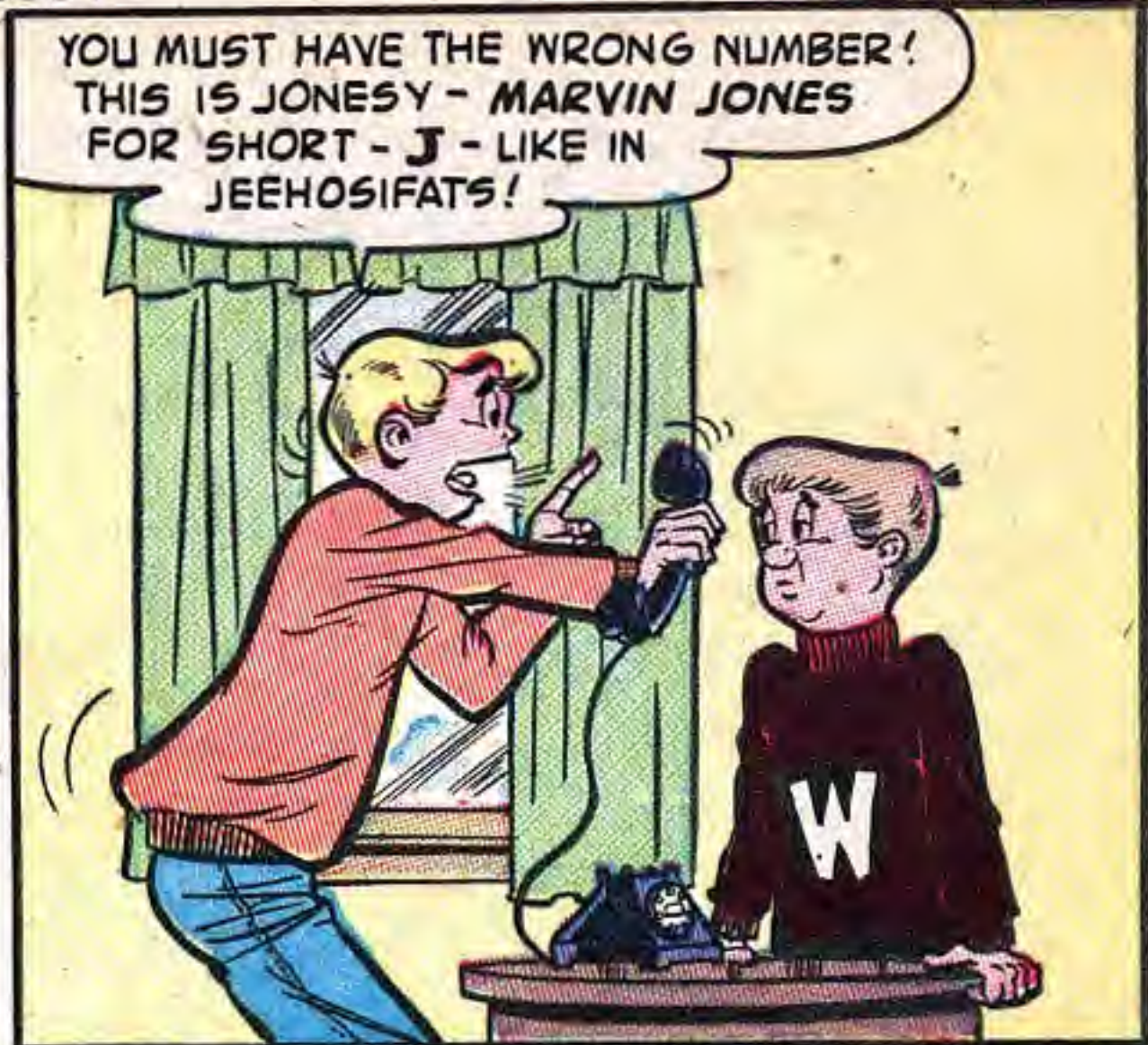
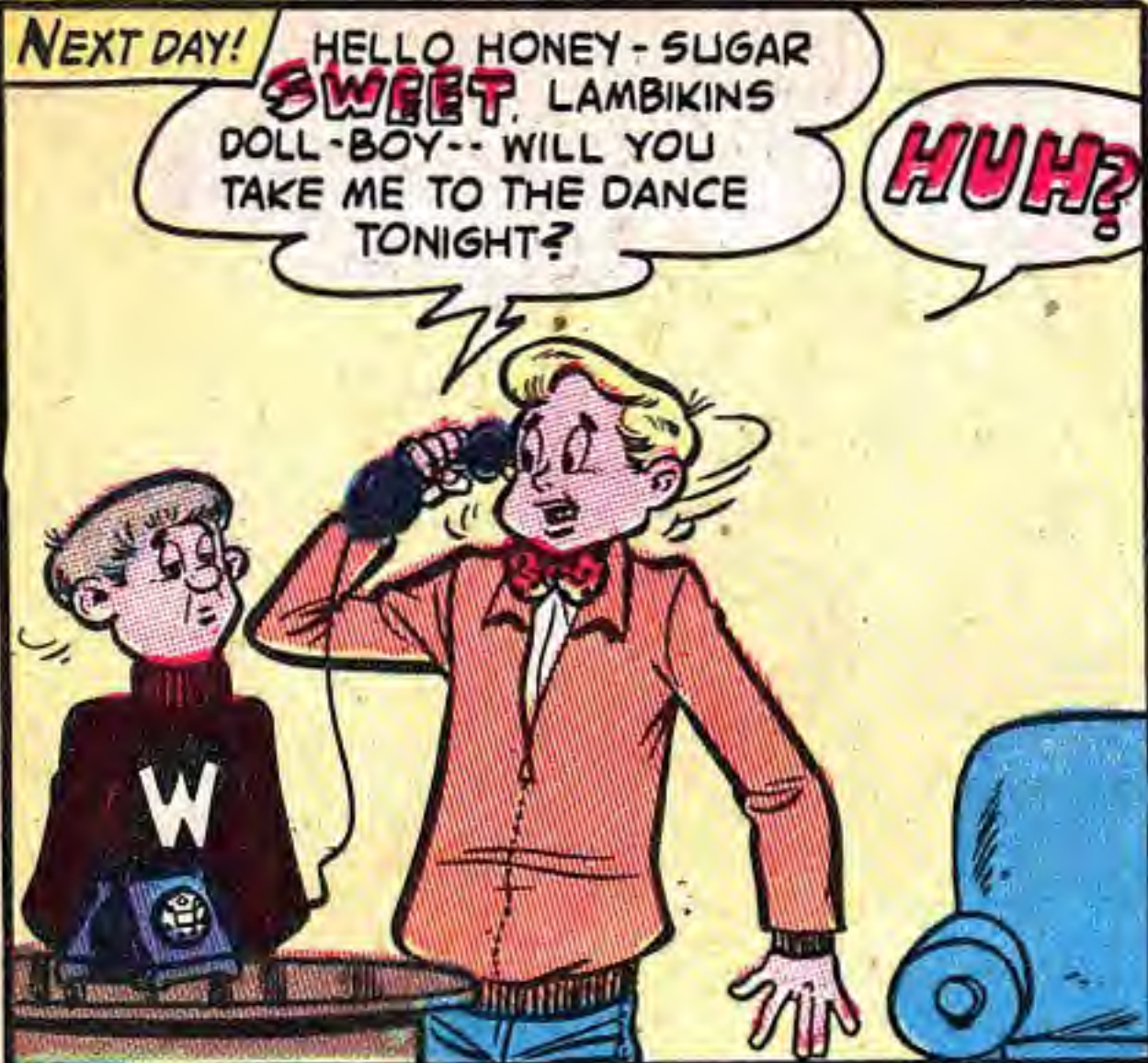


HI, CAROL - **HUH?**

Be Sigh!







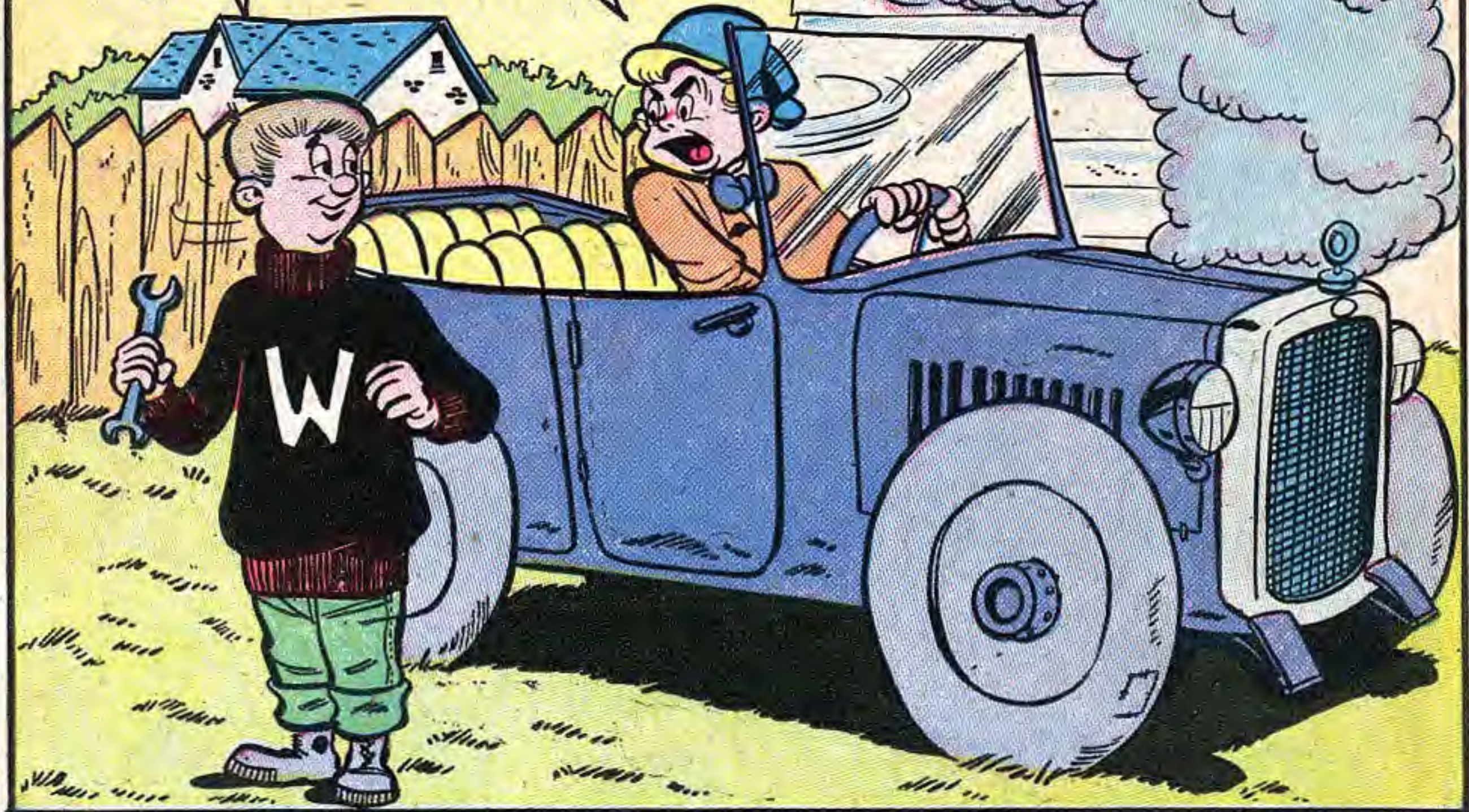
JONESY

in

"MOTOR MUDDLE"

GOSH! SHE RUNS SO QUIET, YOU CAN'T EVEN HEAR HER, JONESY!

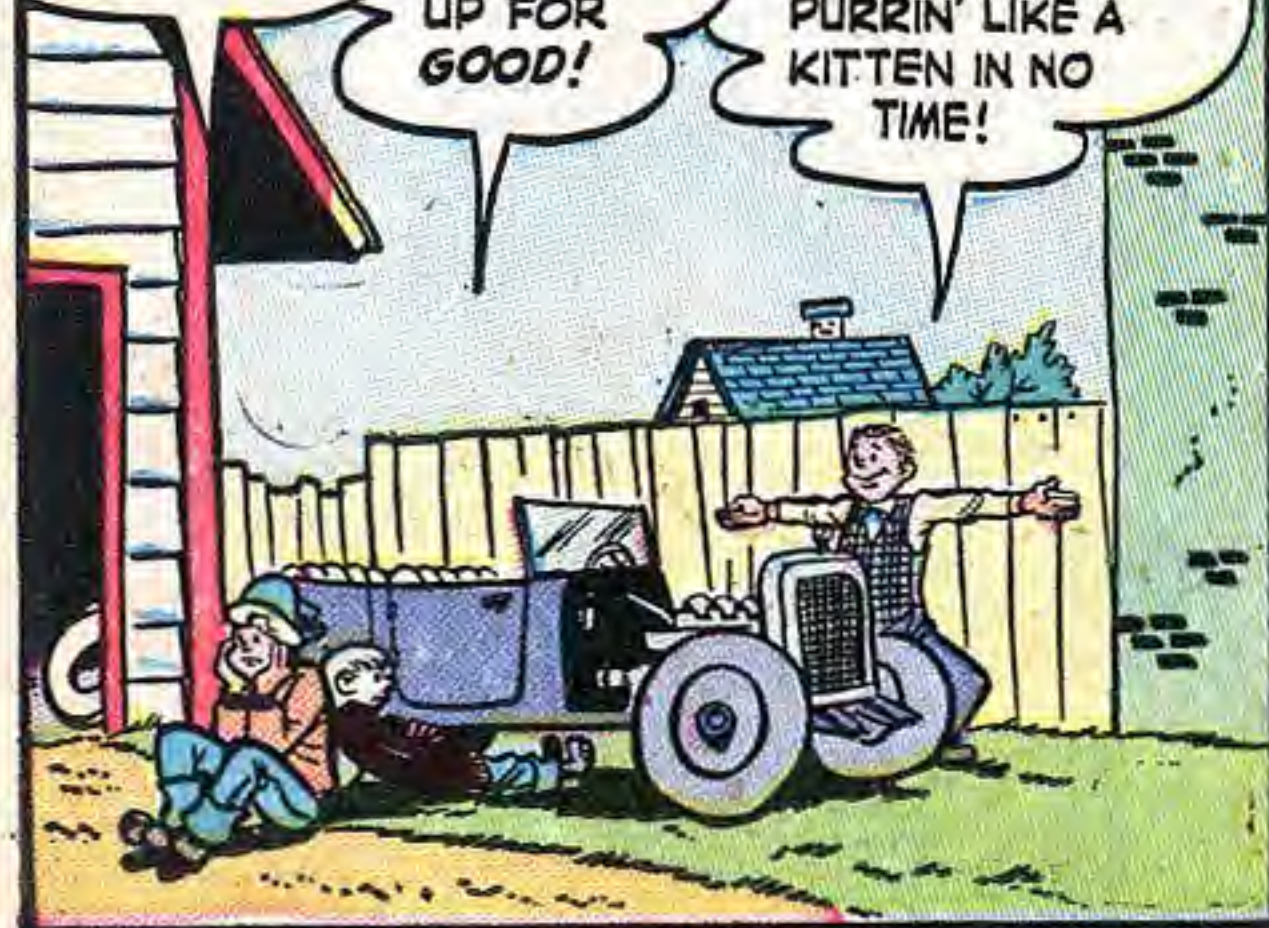
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T HER UP YET, **STARTED** BIRDBRAIN!



I GUESS THEY ALL GOTTA GO SOMETIME!

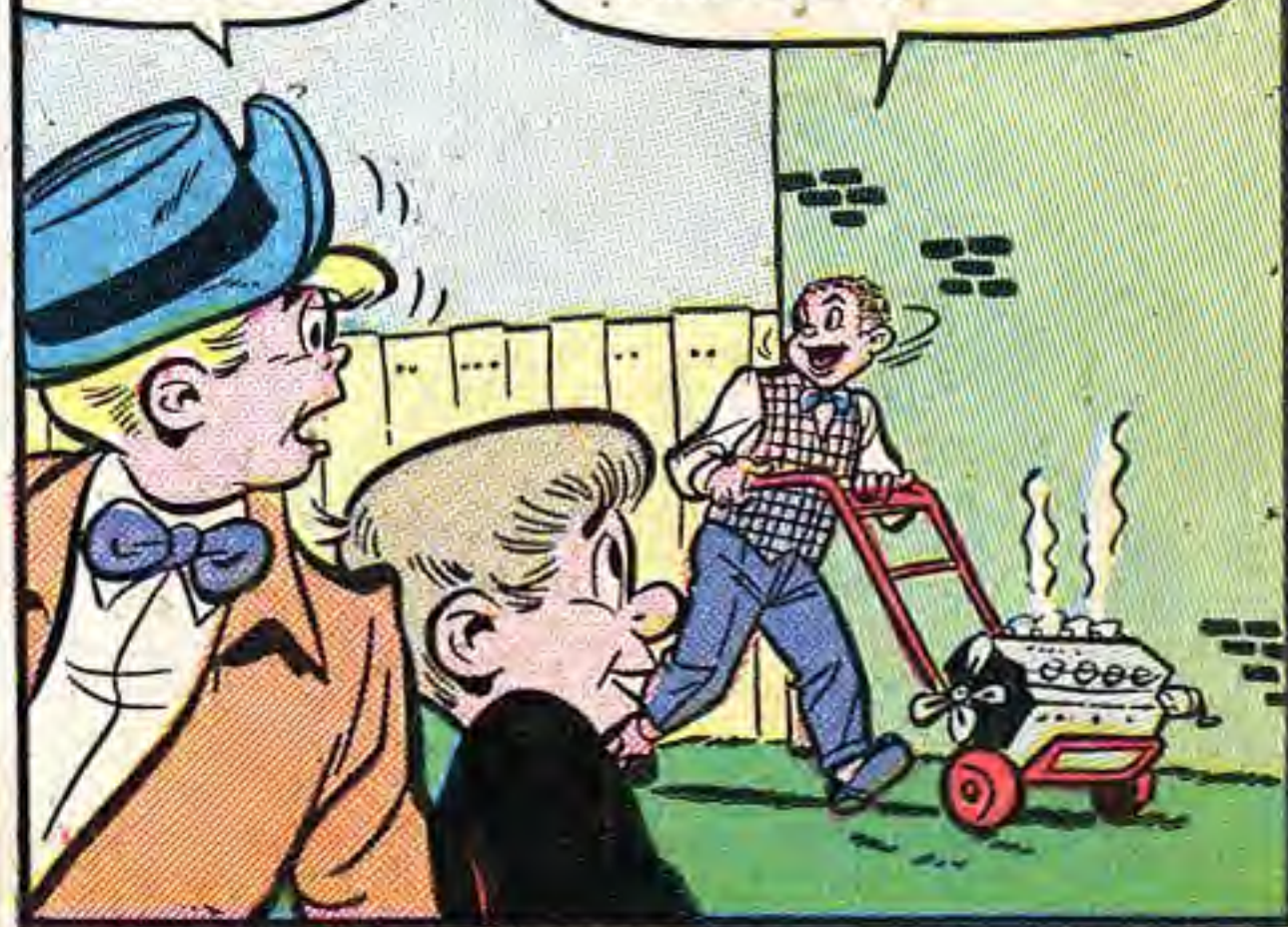
YEAH, SIGH! IT LOOKS LIKE OL' JENNY HAS GIVEN UP FOR GOOD!

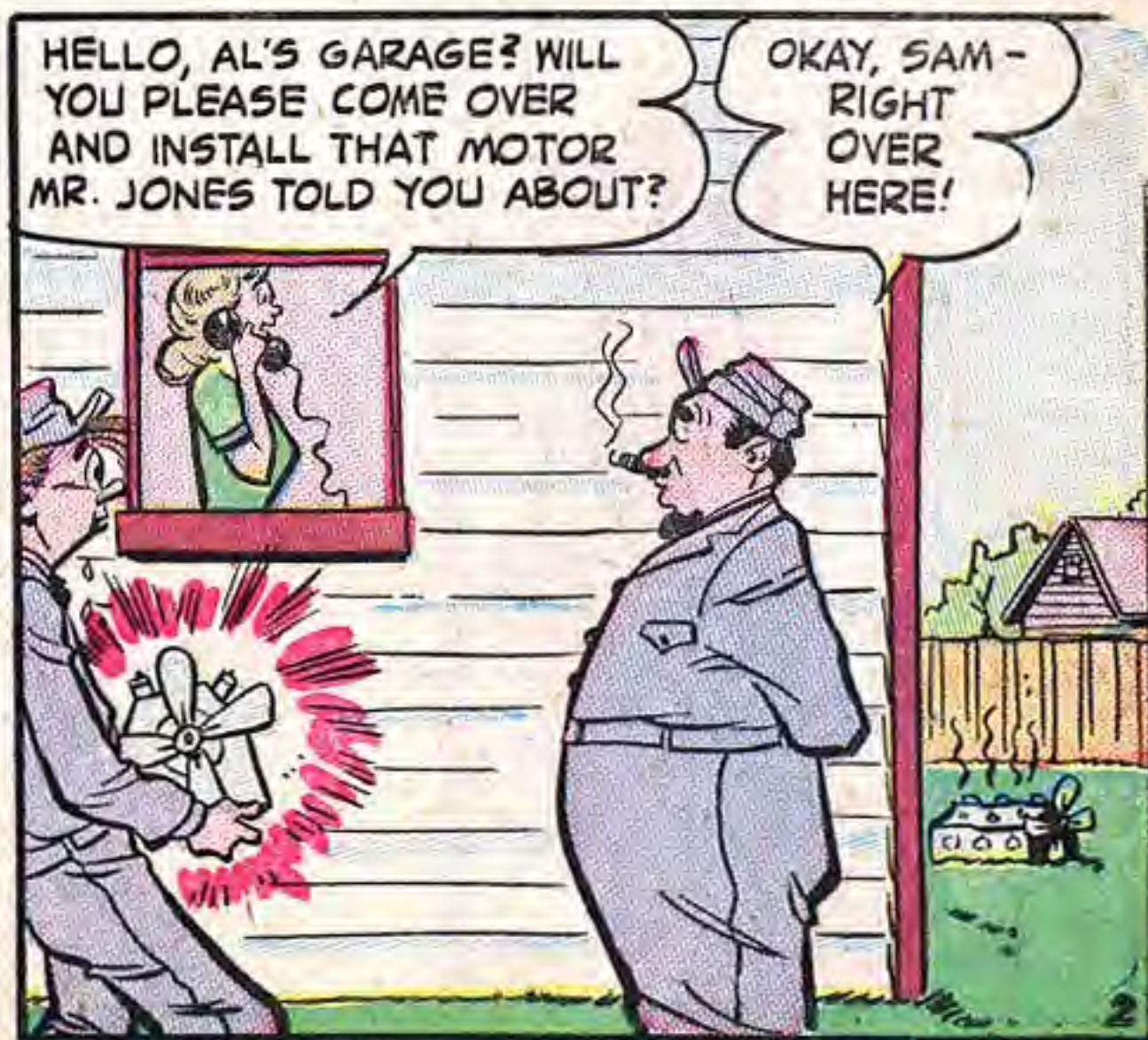
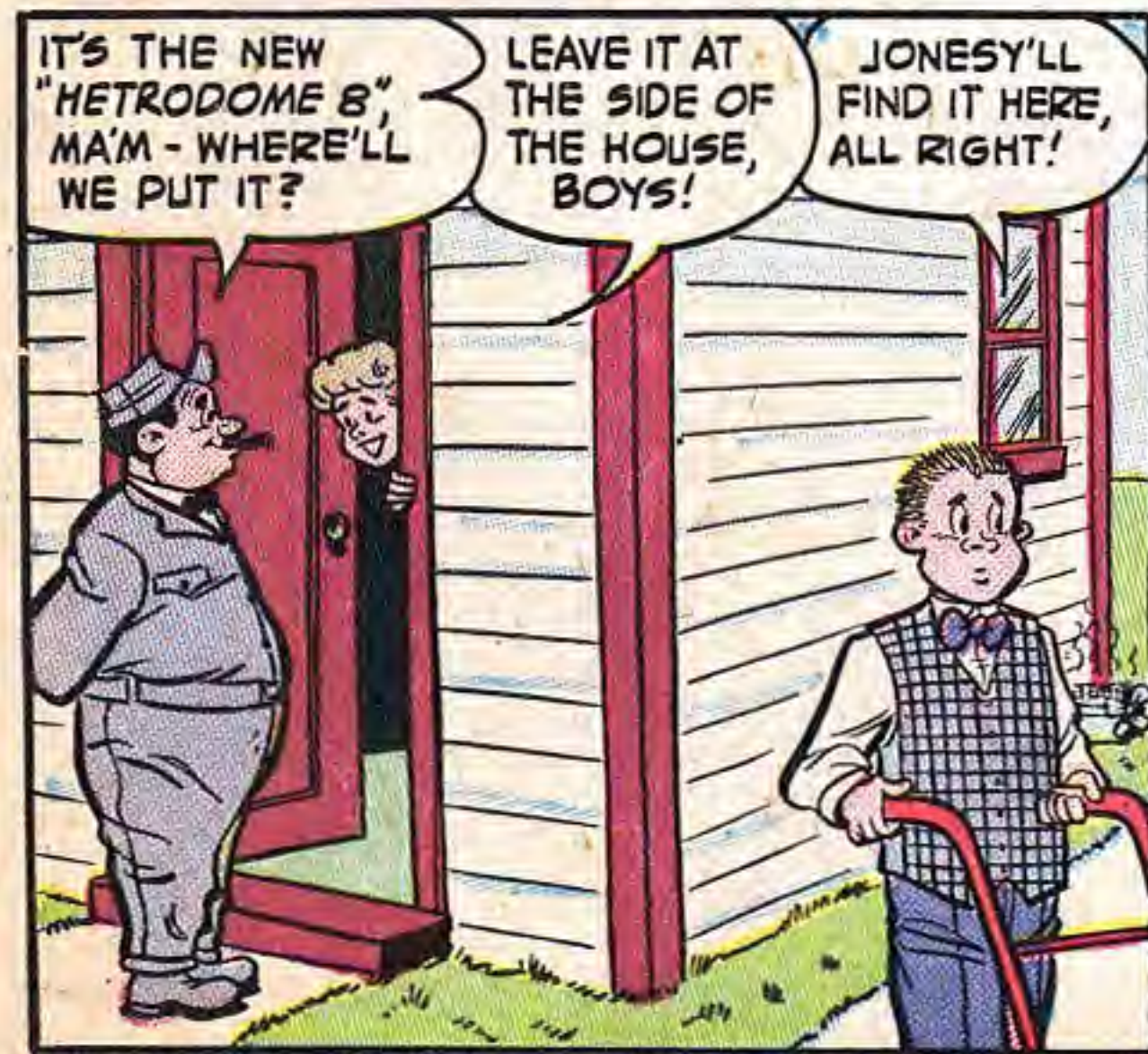
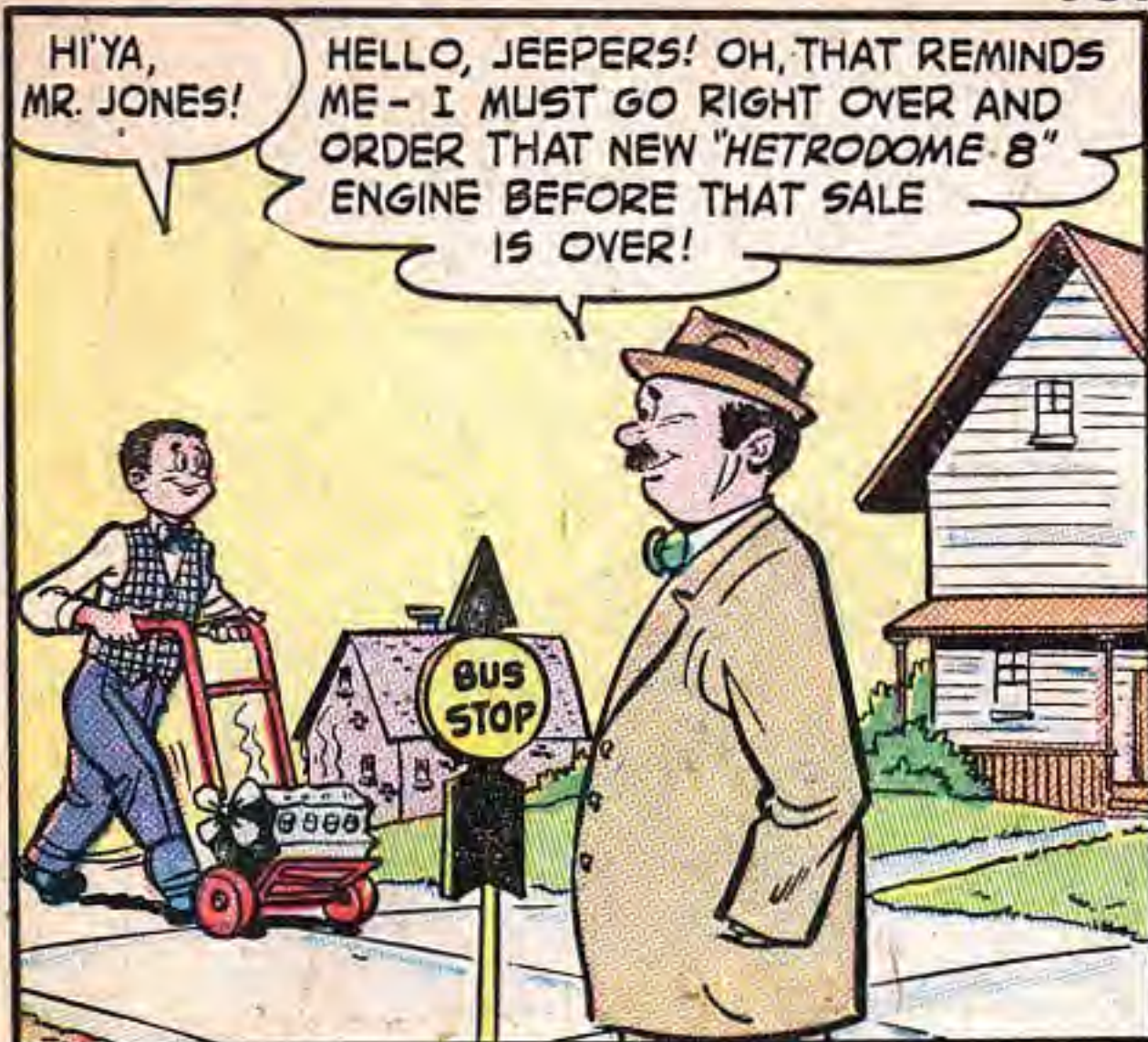
NEVER SAY DIE- FELLAS - OL' JEEPERS WILL HAVE THIS MOTOR PURRIN' LIKE A KITTEN IN NO TIME!

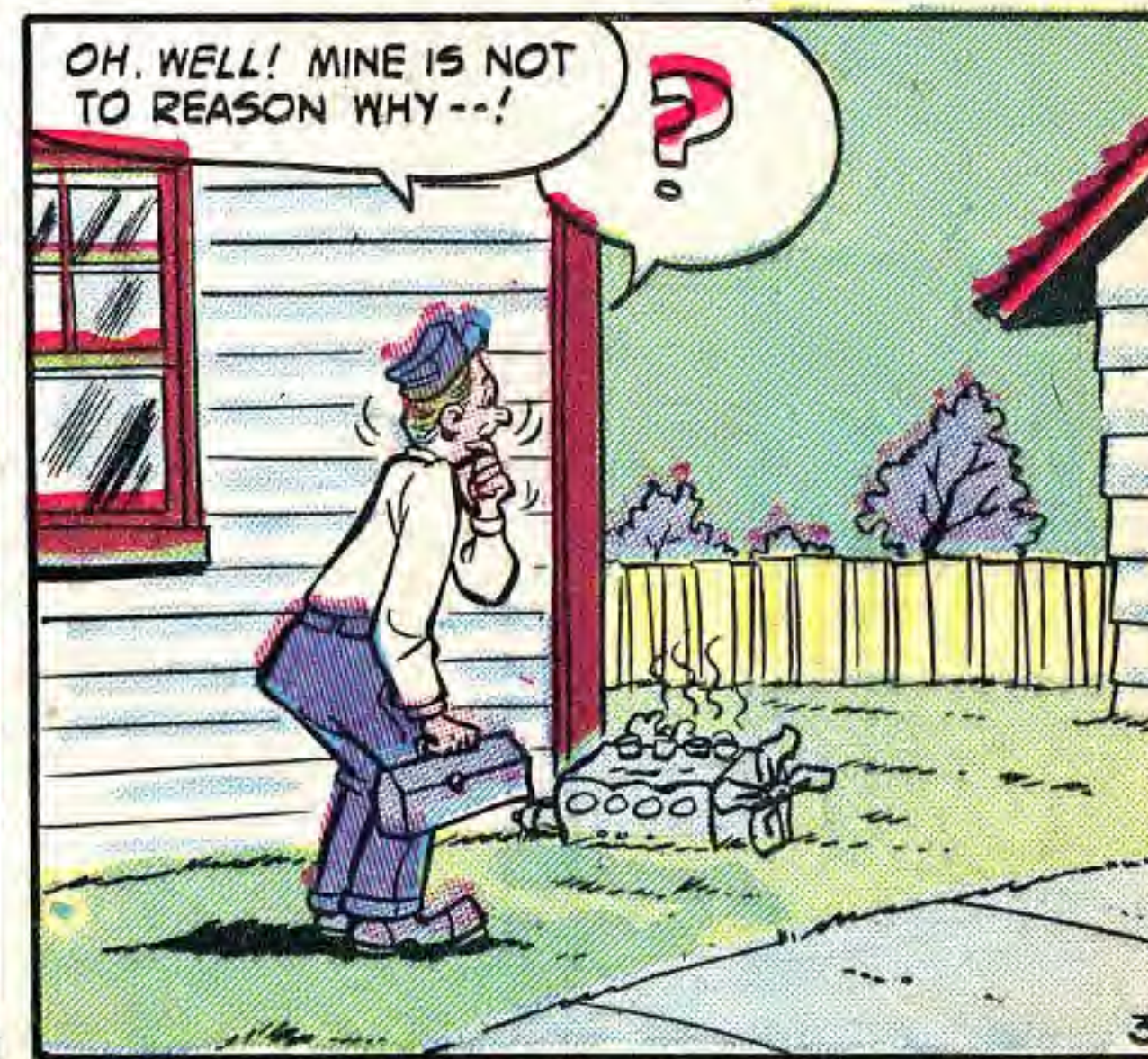
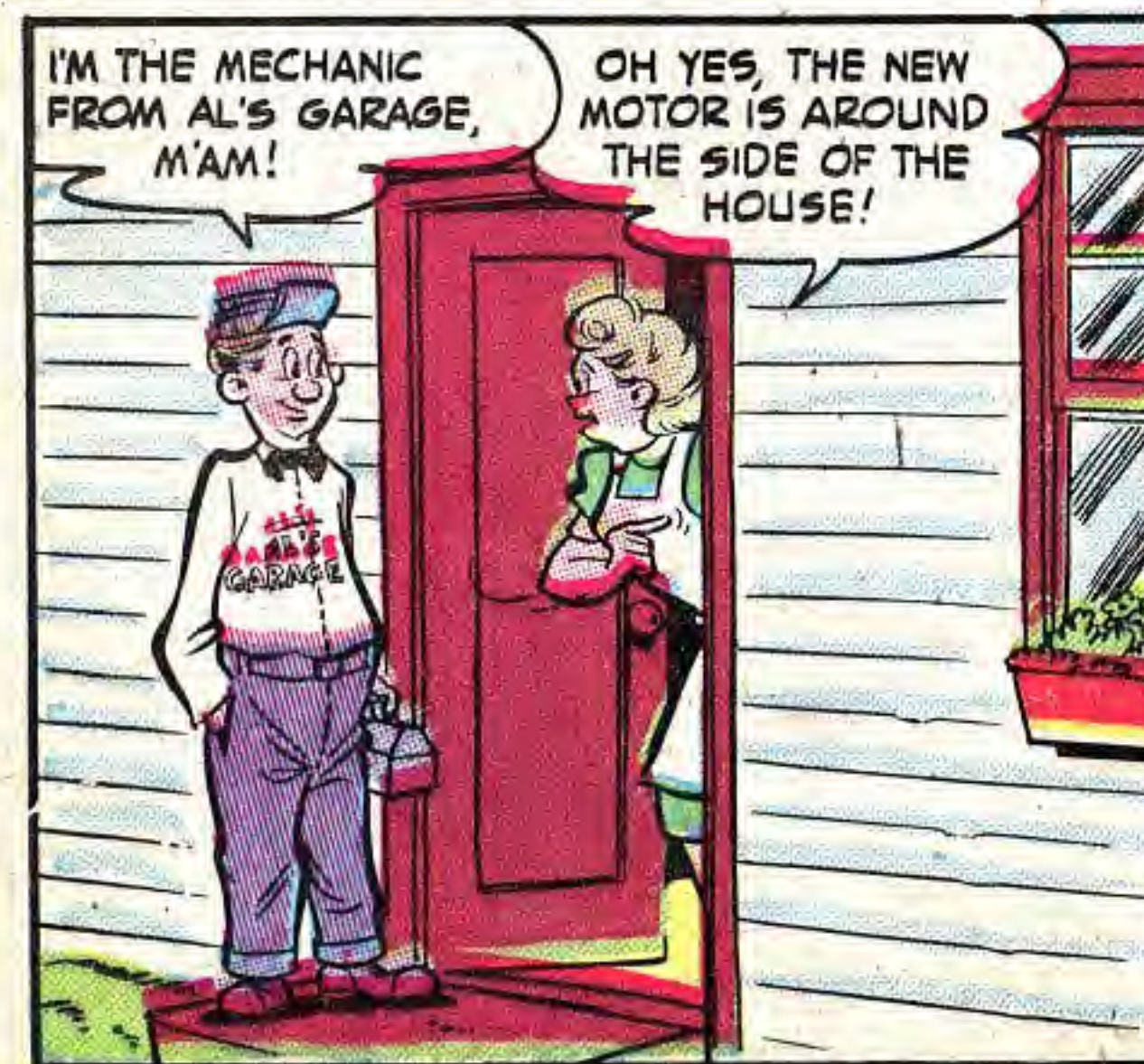
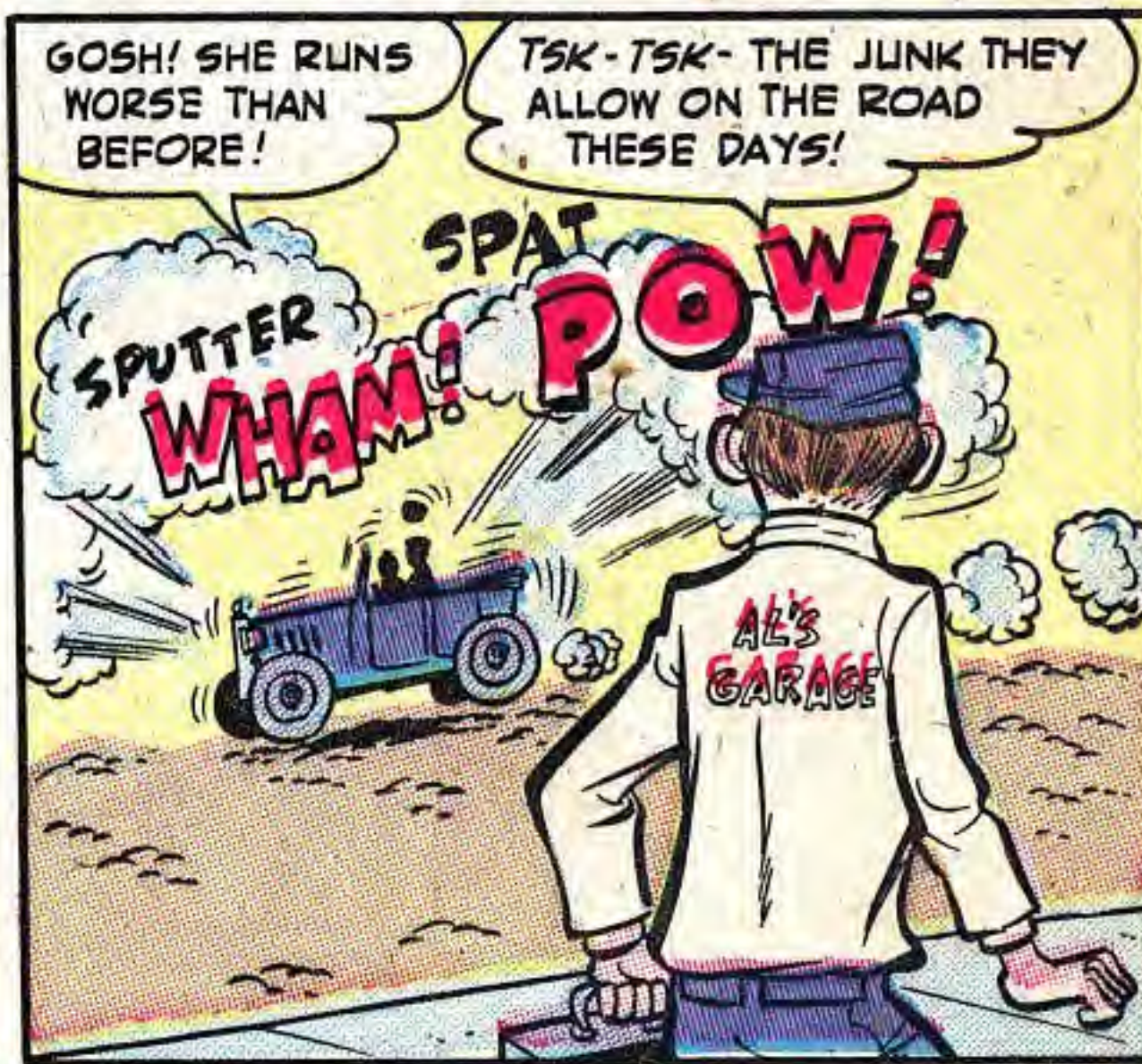
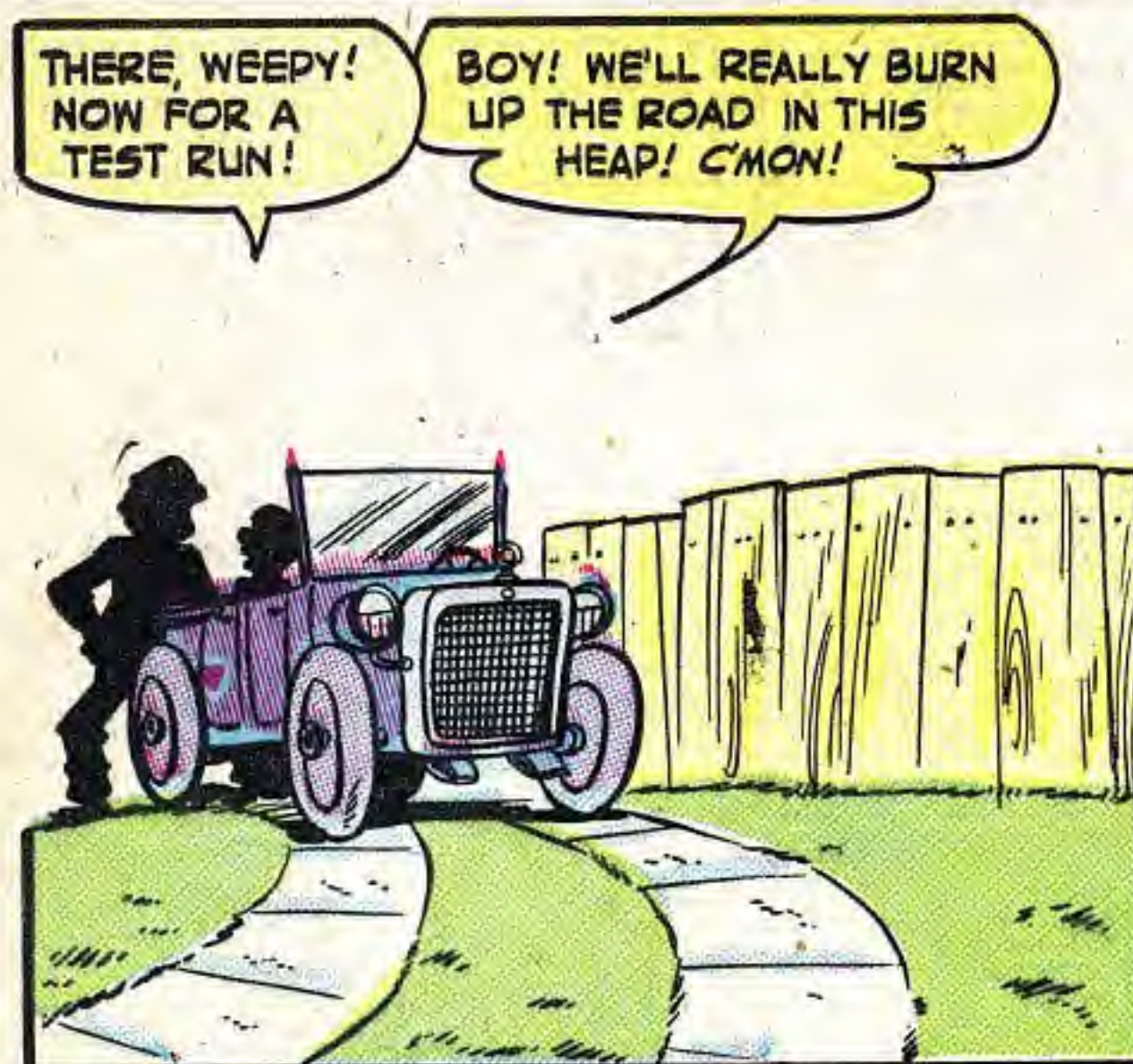
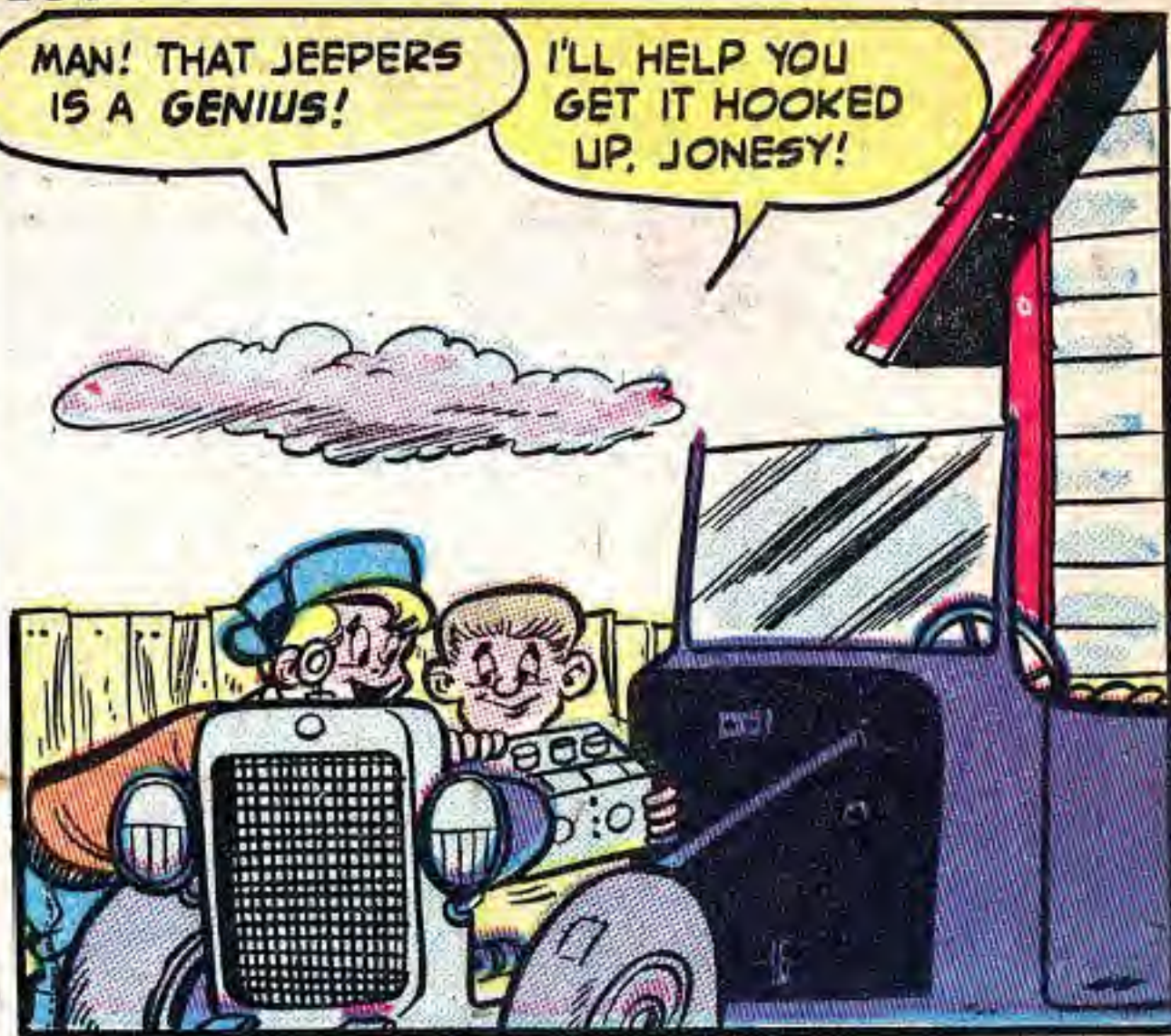
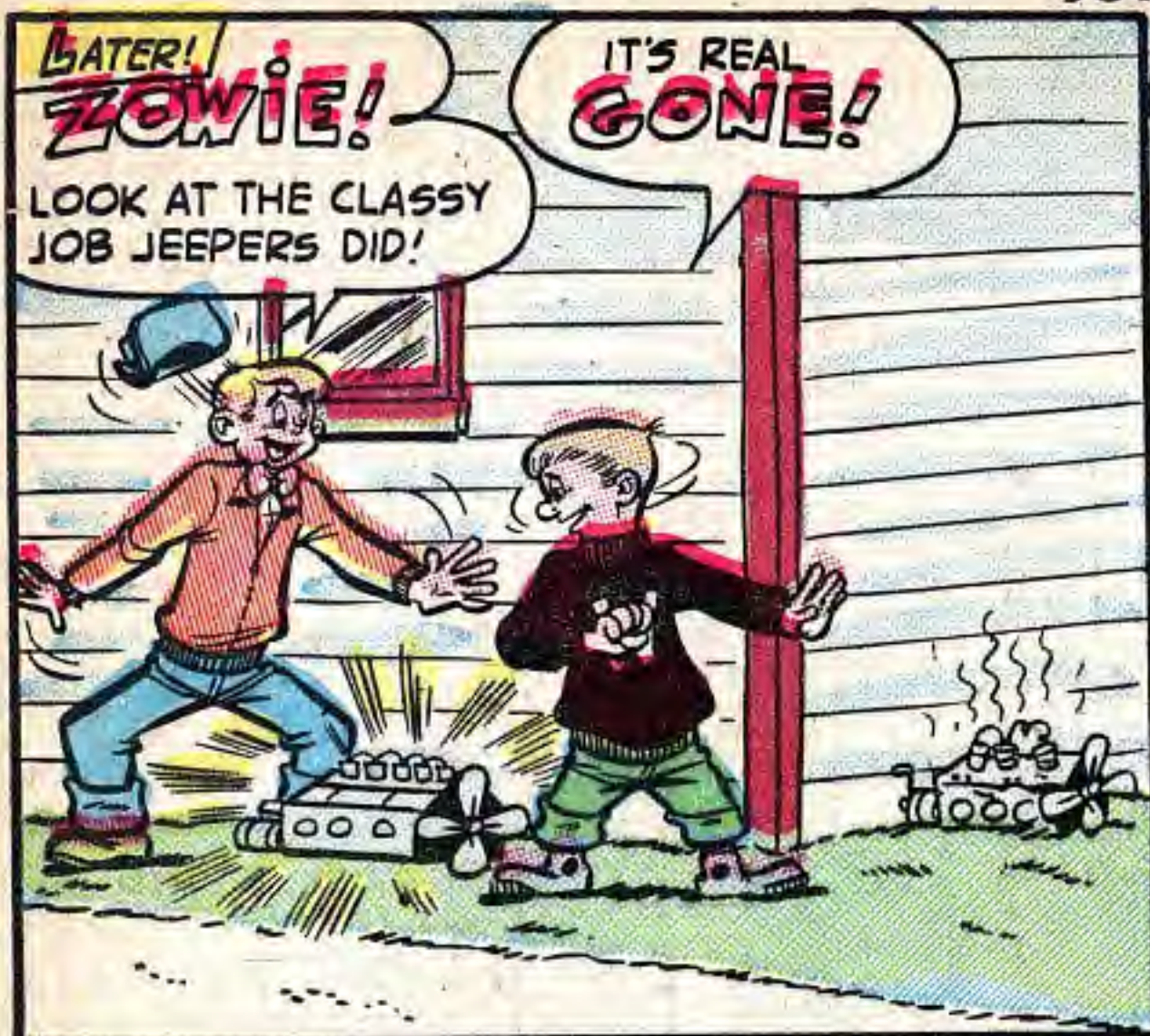


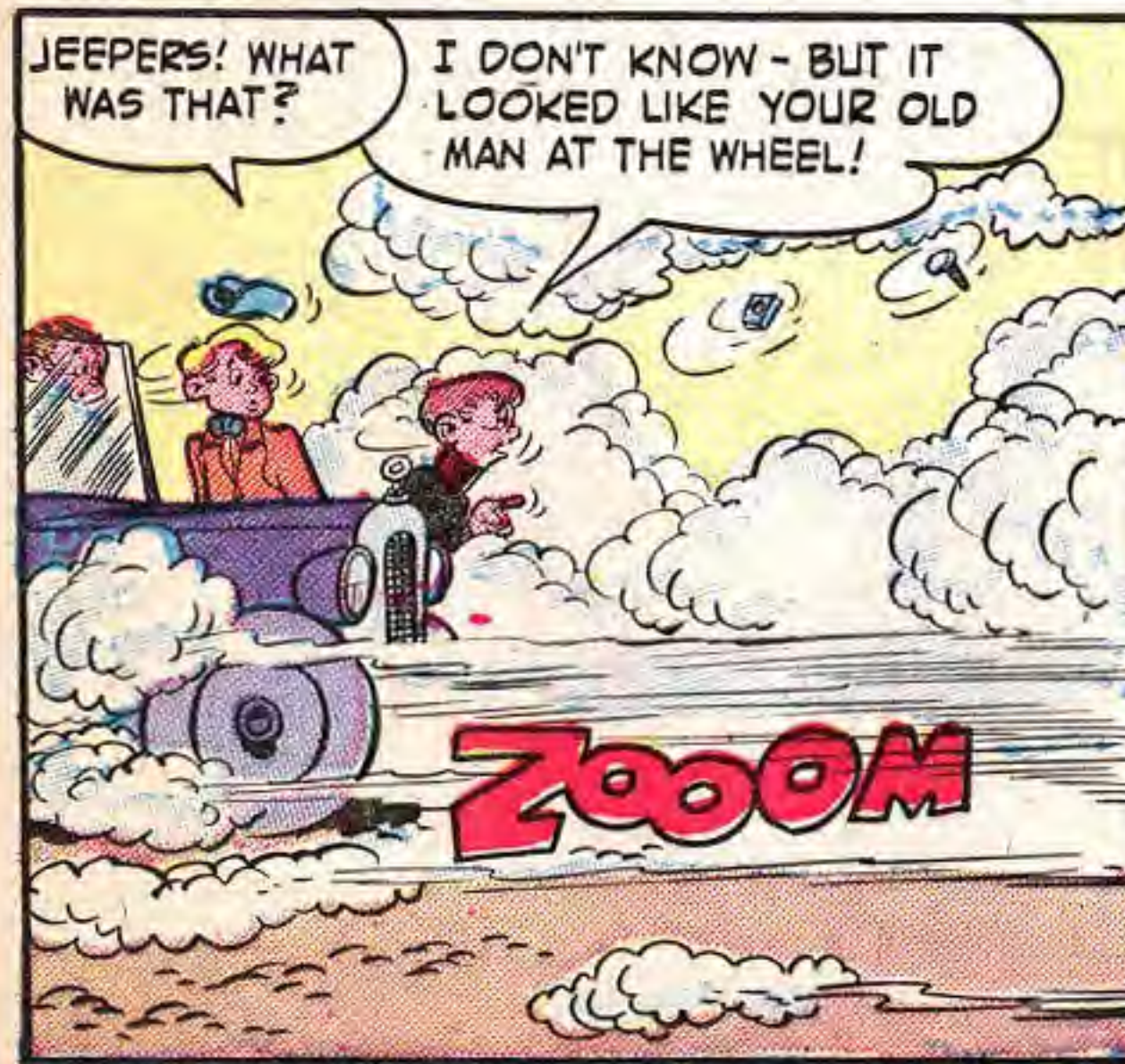
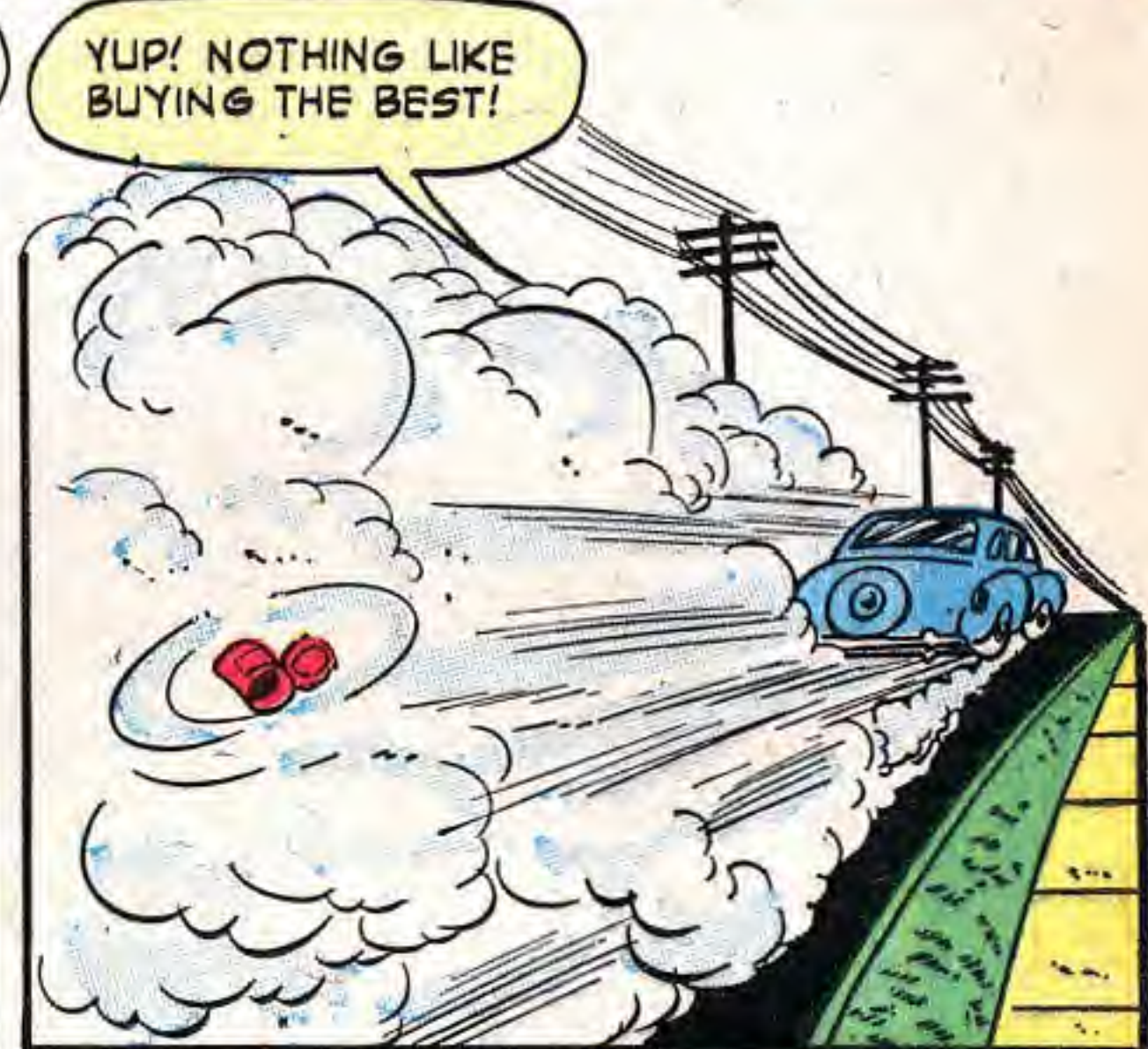
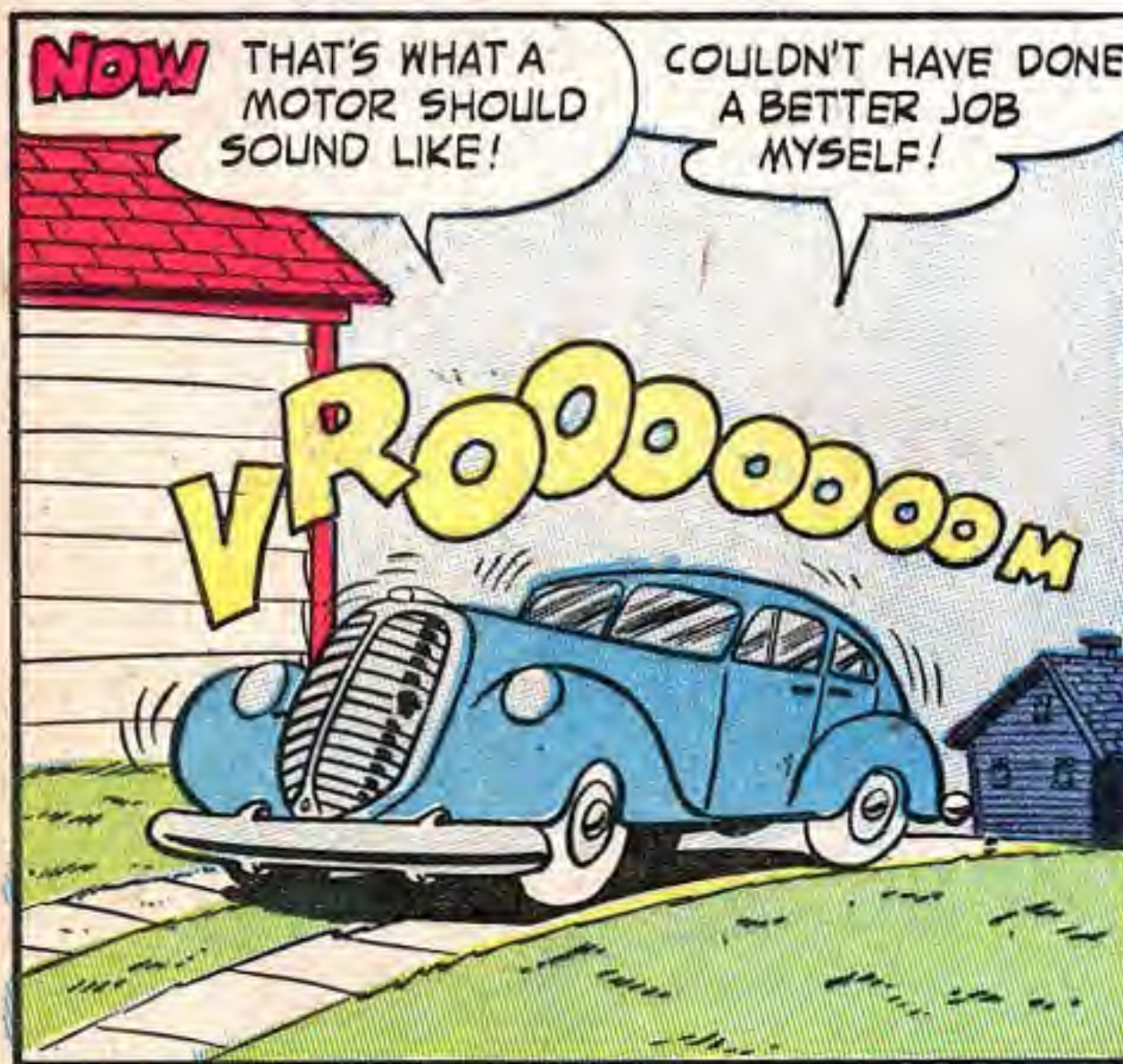
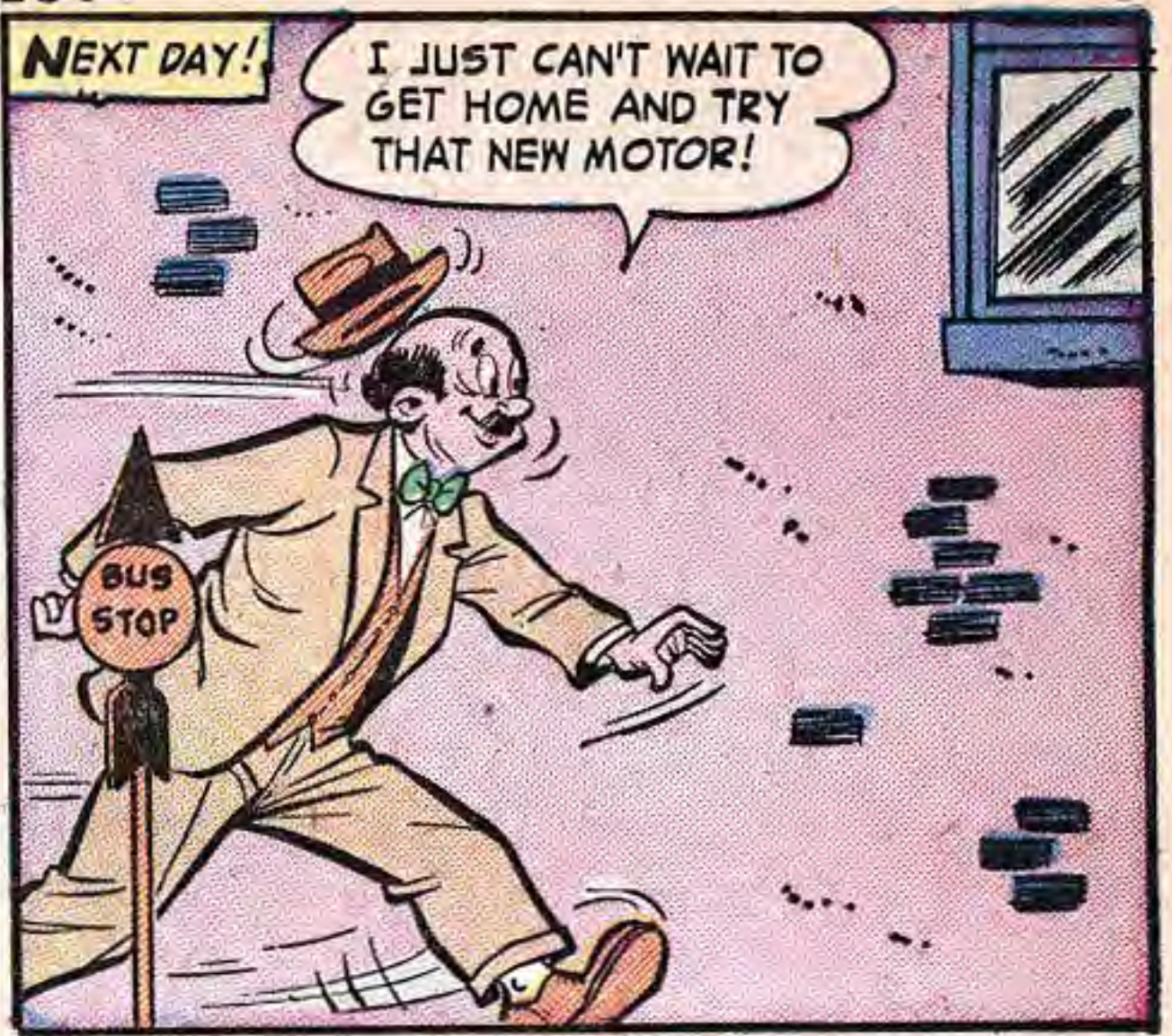
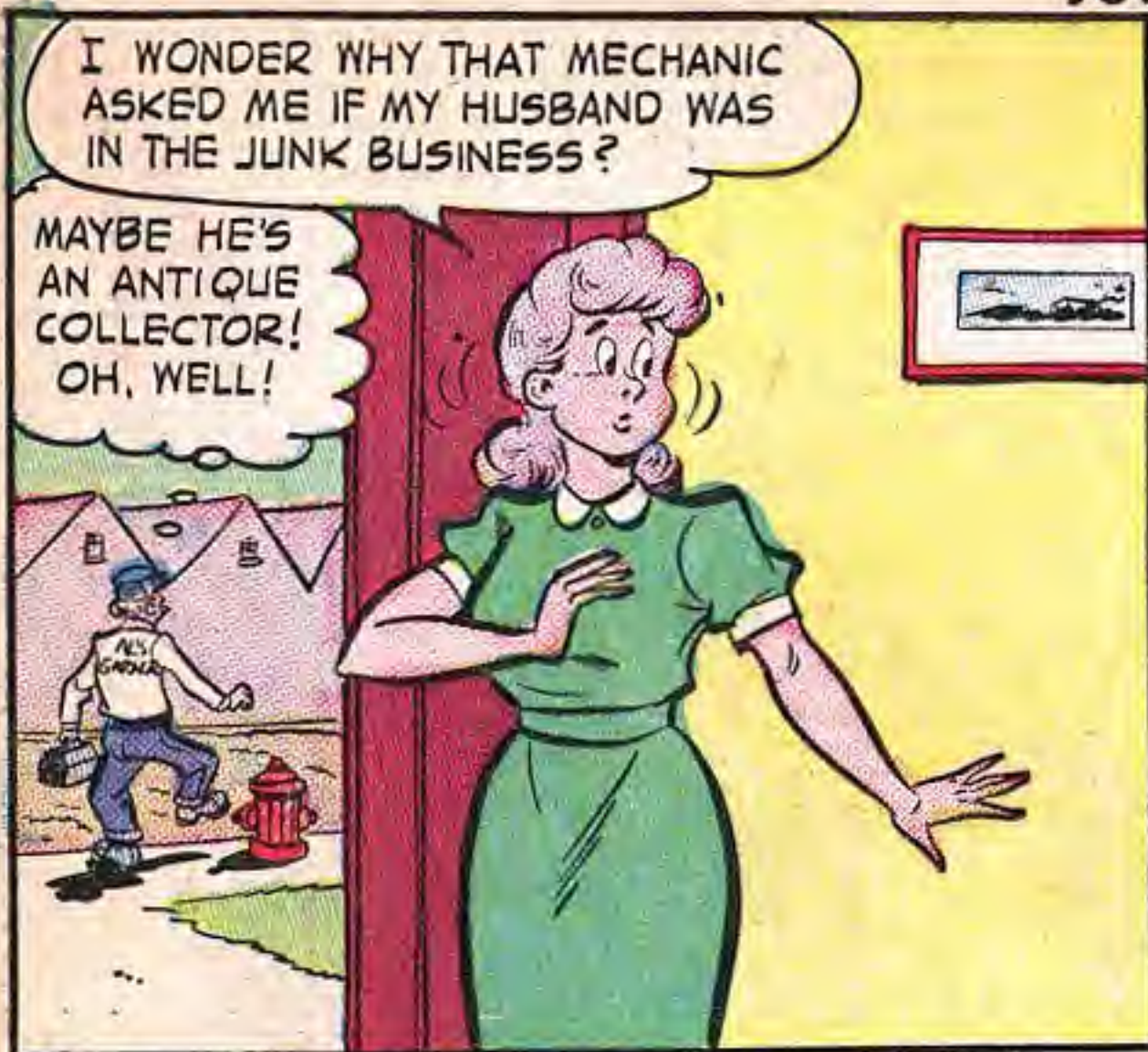
GEE! YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN FIX IT, JEEPERS?

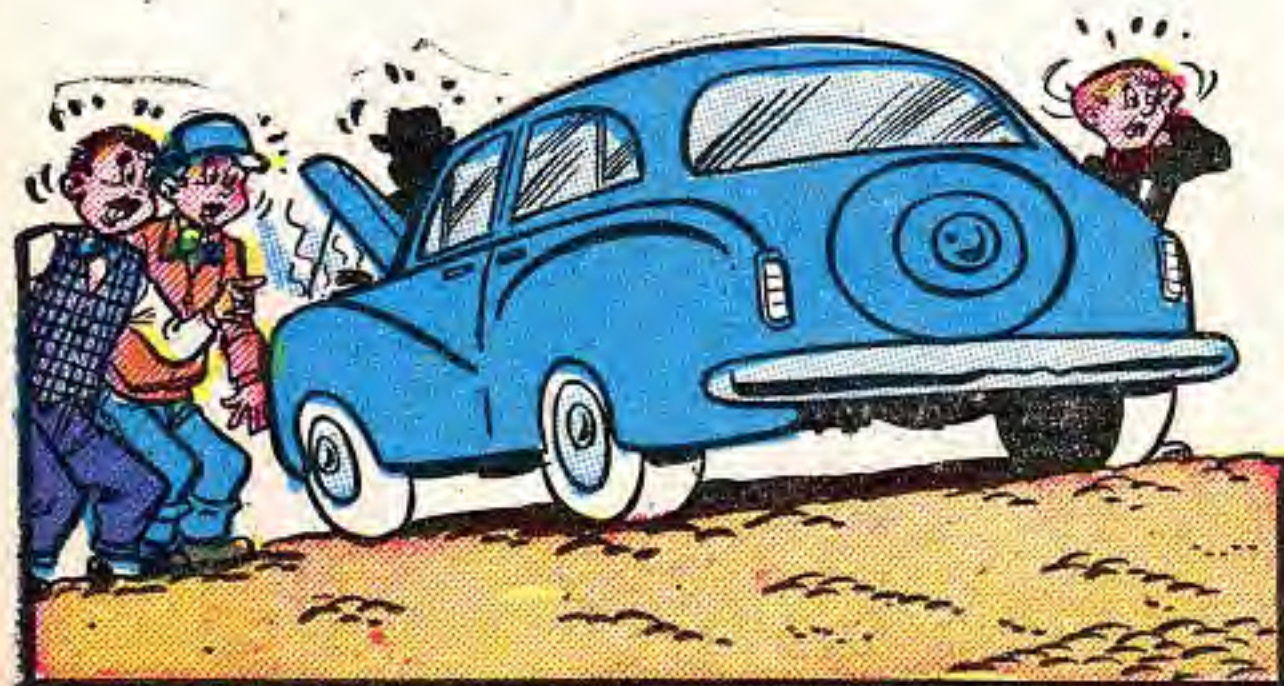
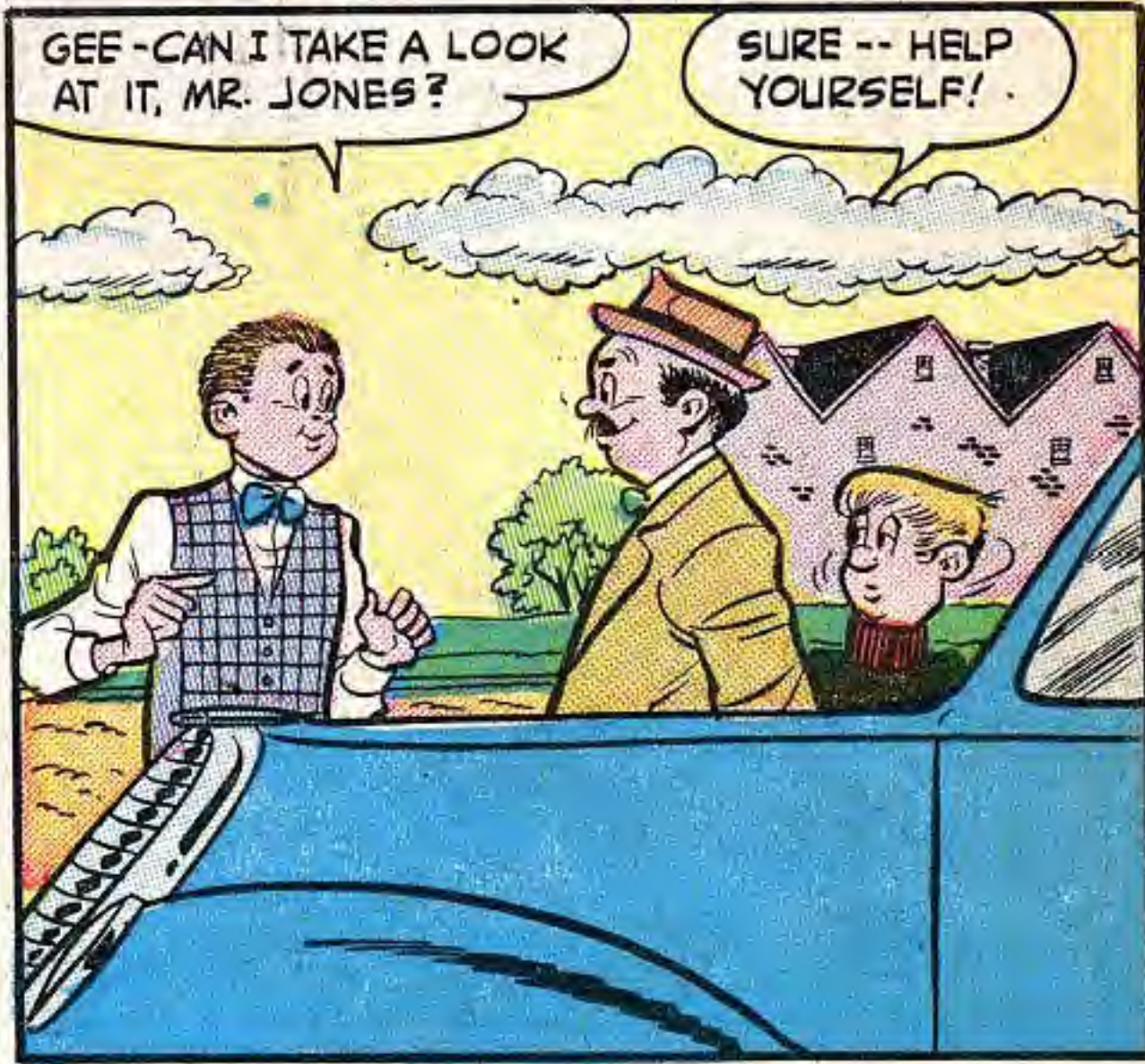
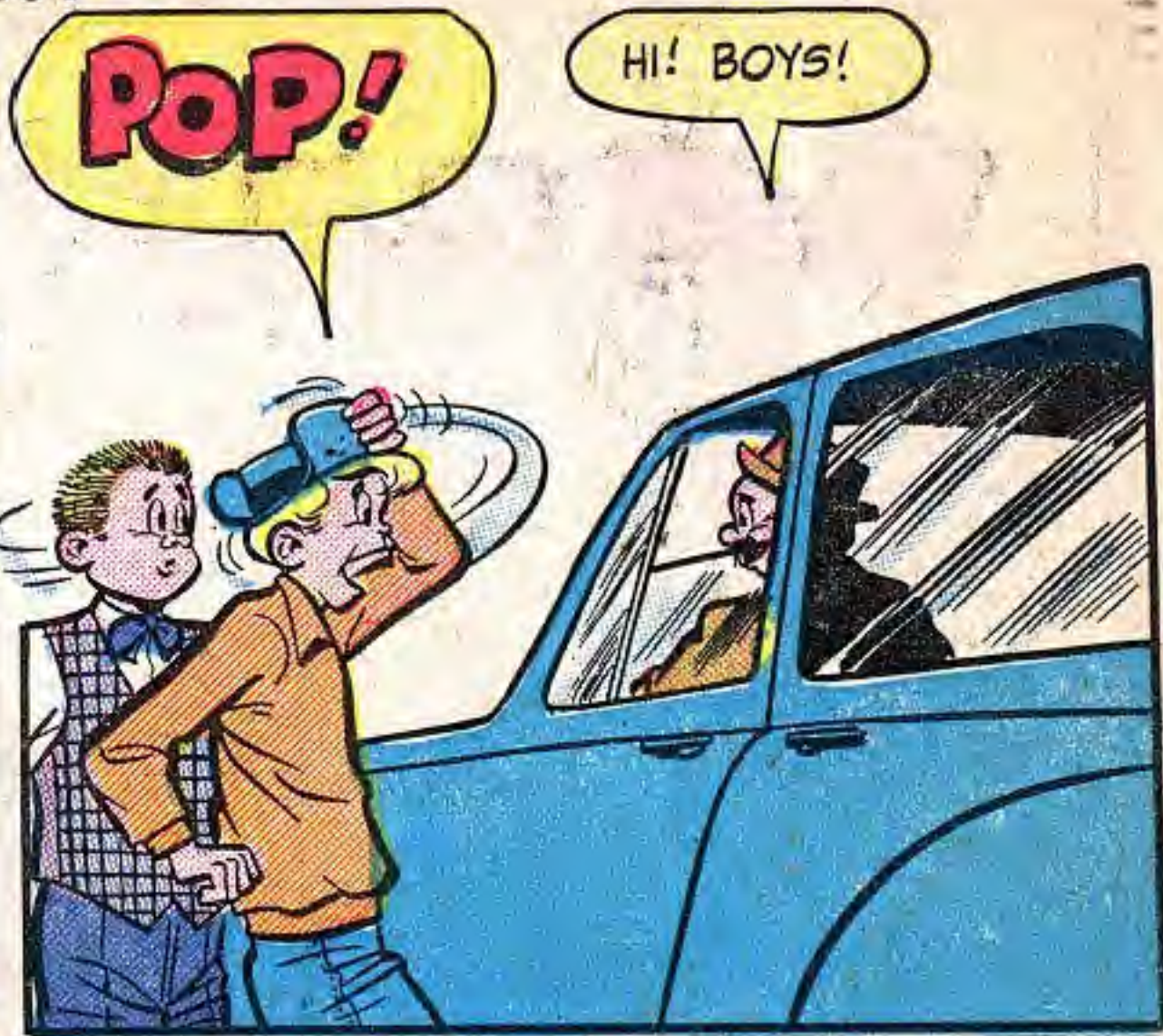
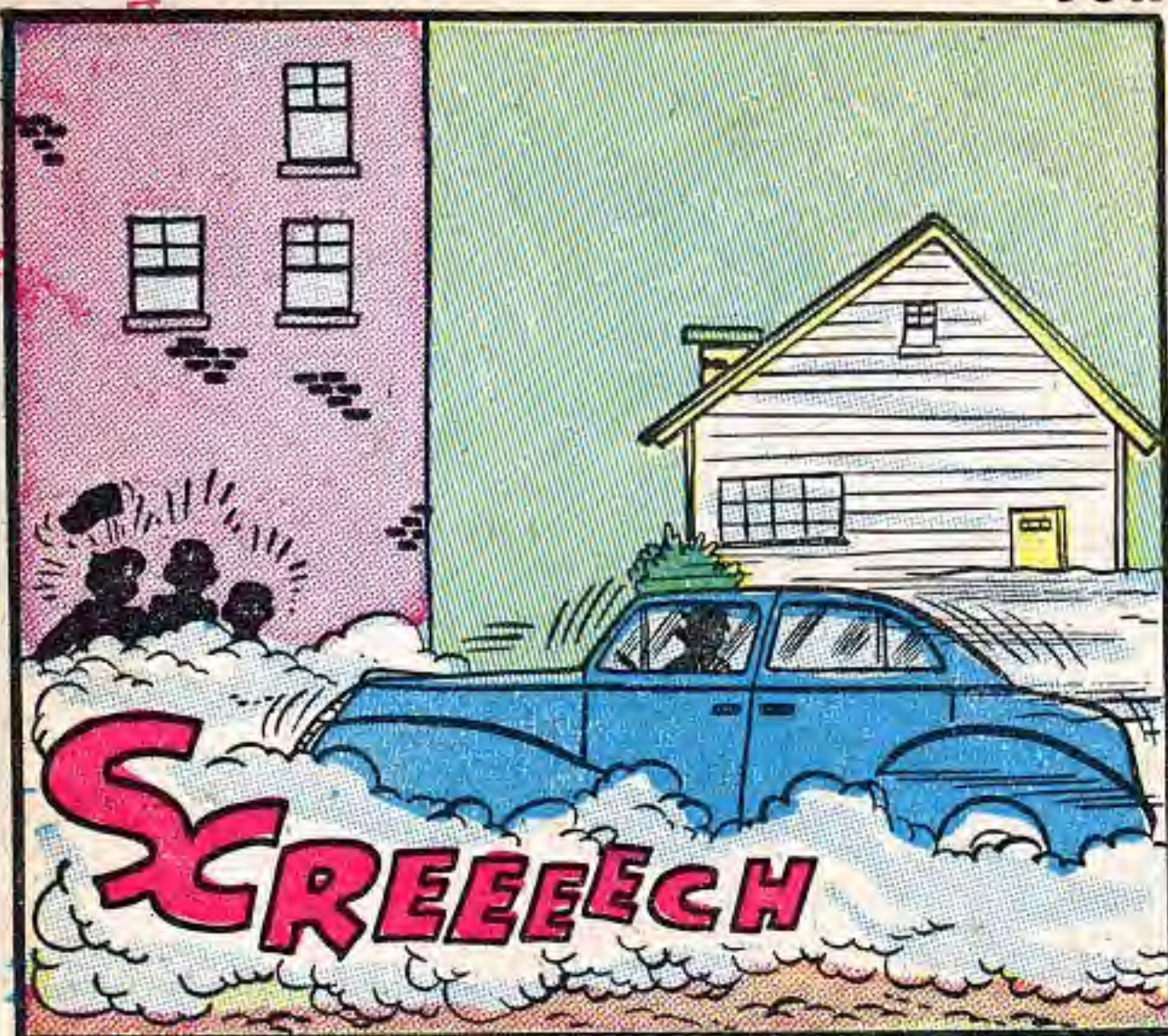
LEAVE IT TO JEEPERS, BOYS! I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU AS GOOD AS **NEW** TOMORROW!





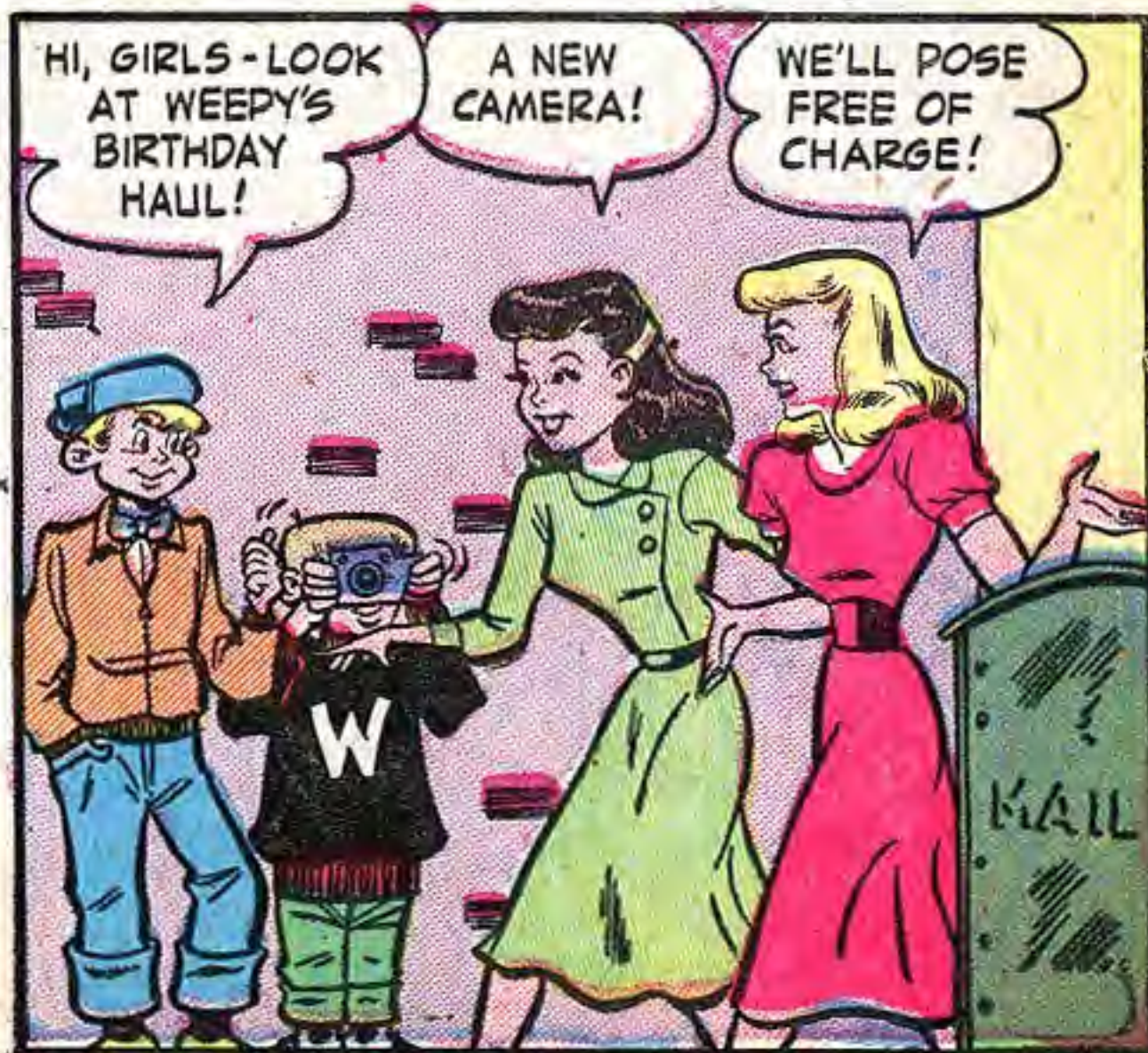
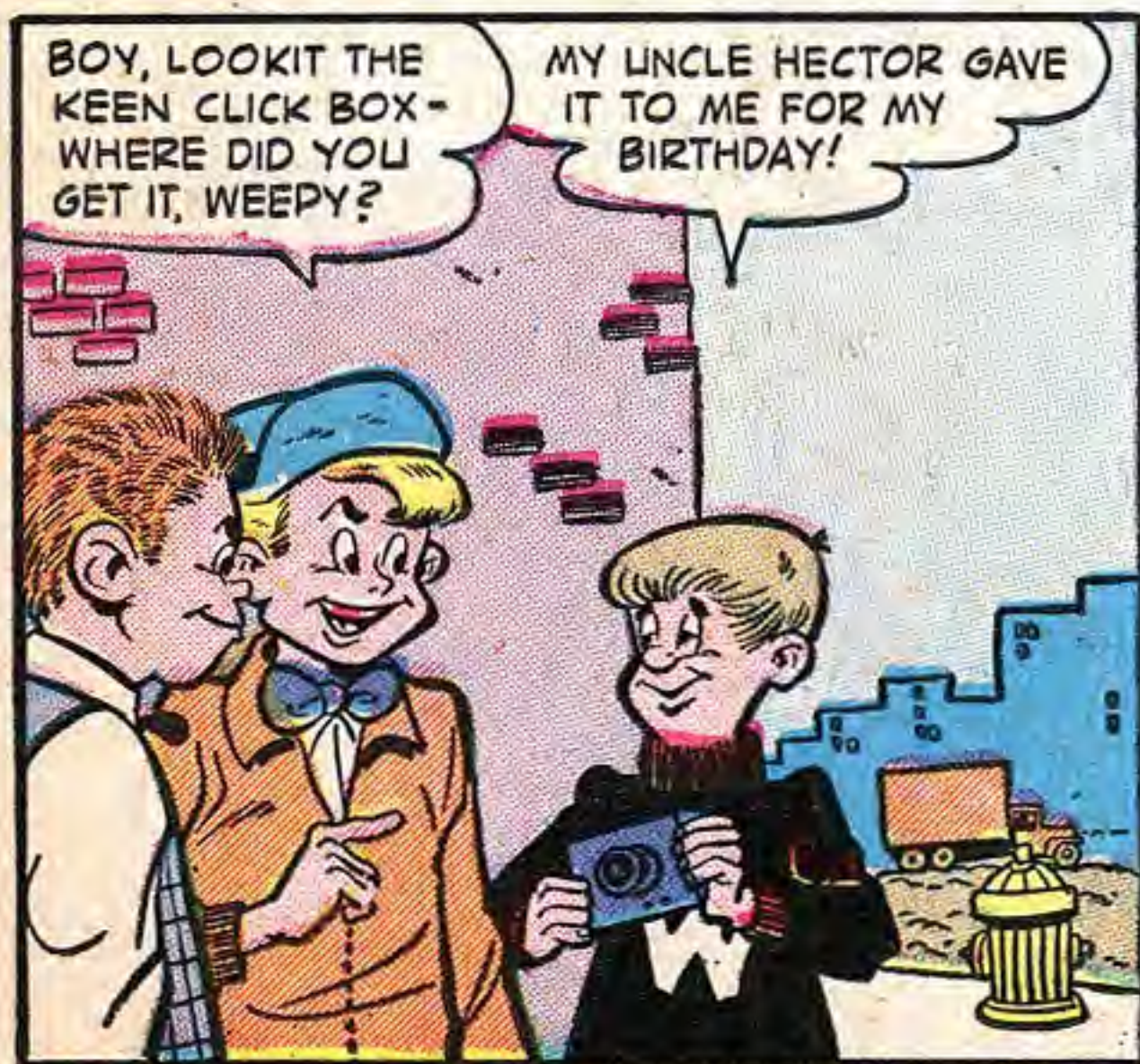
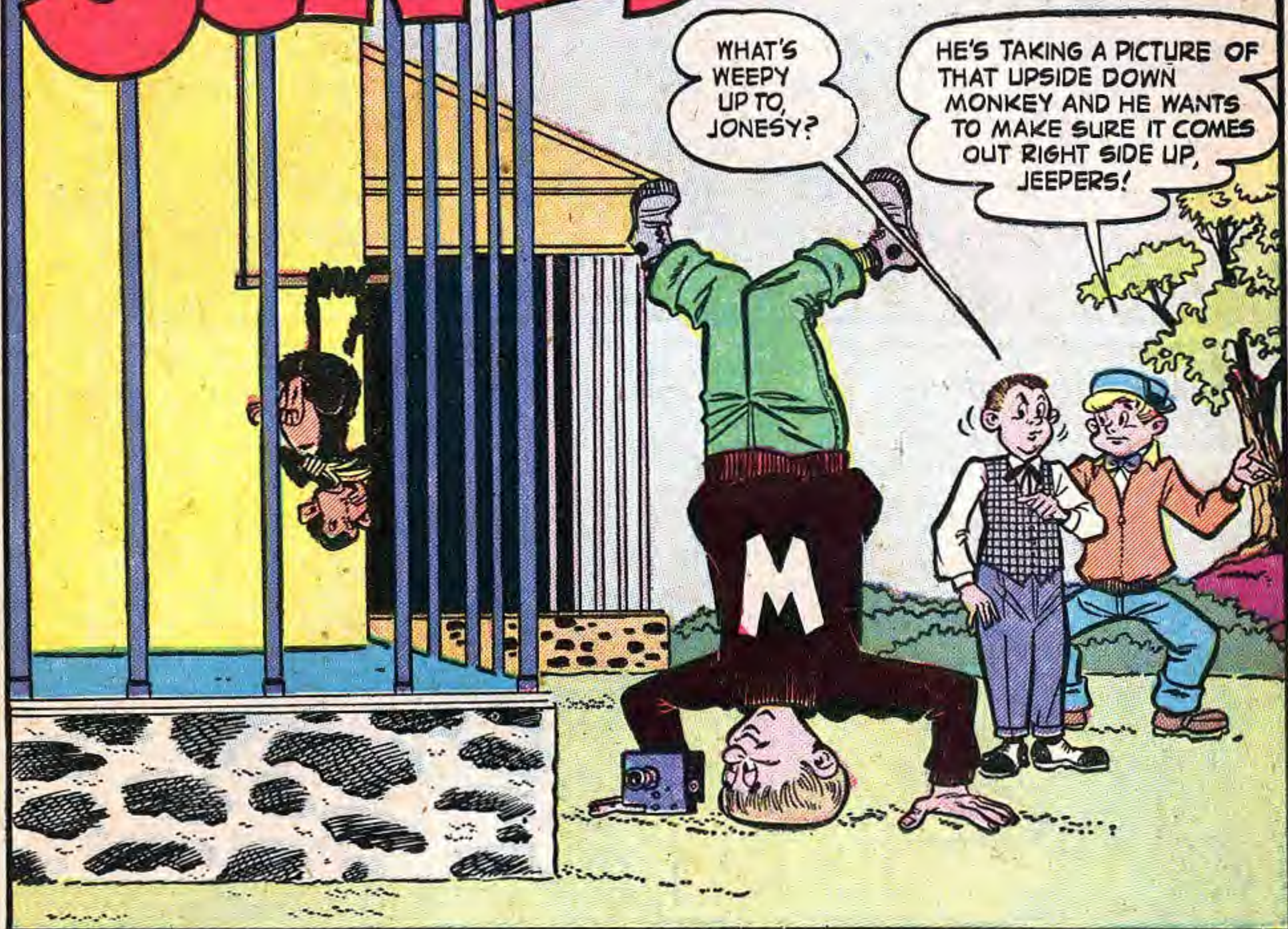


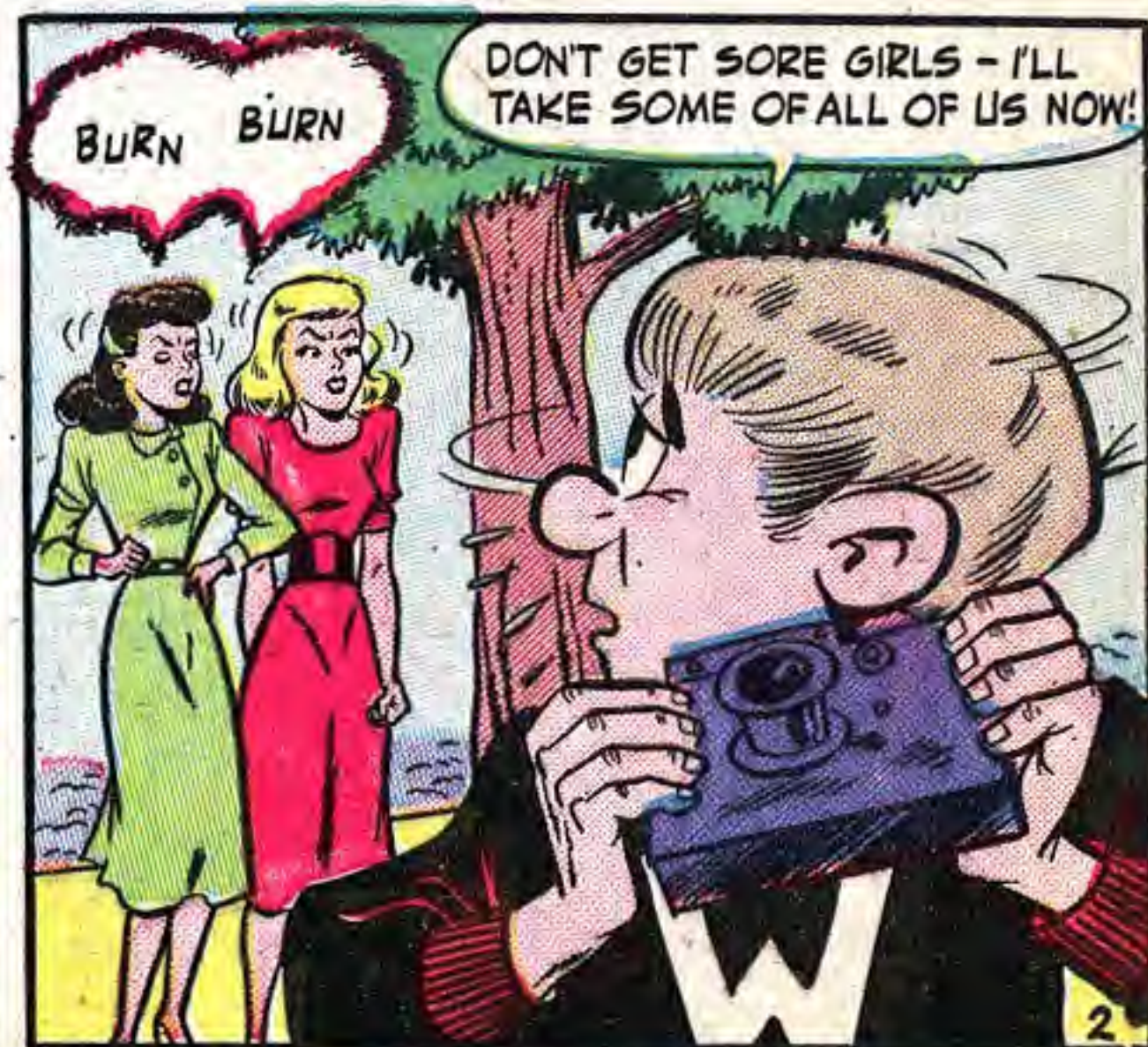
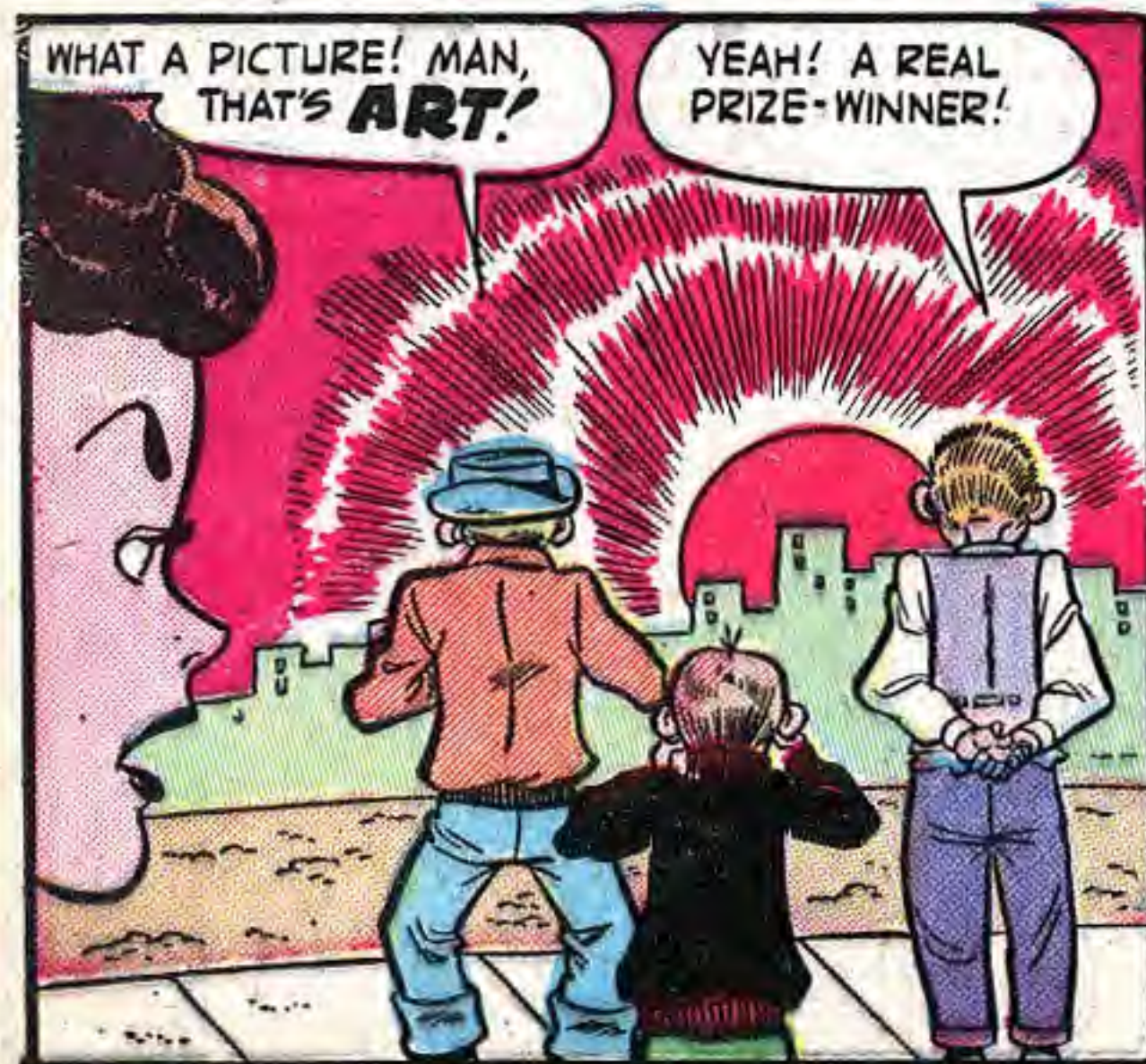
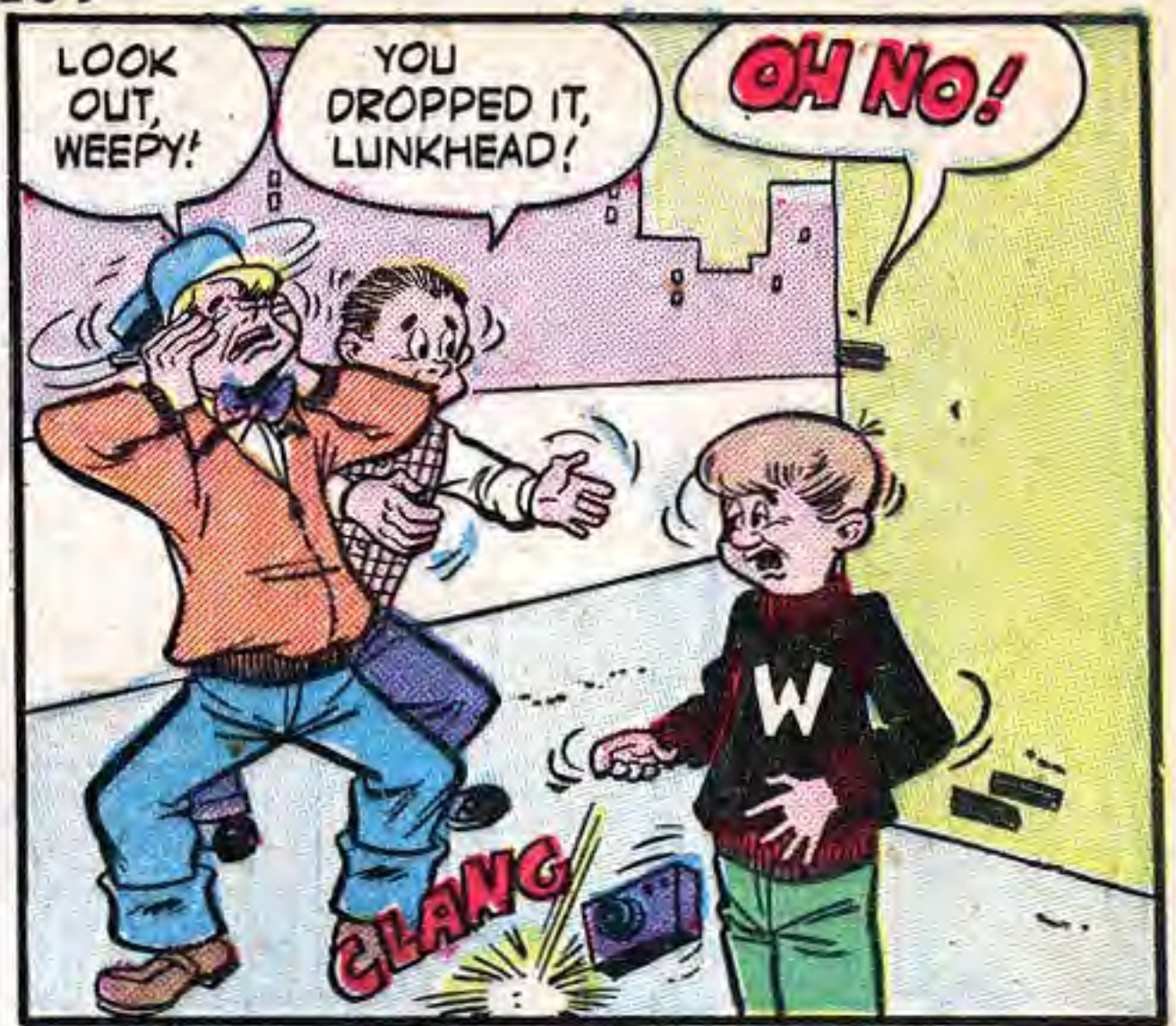




JONESY

in "Camera Comedy"

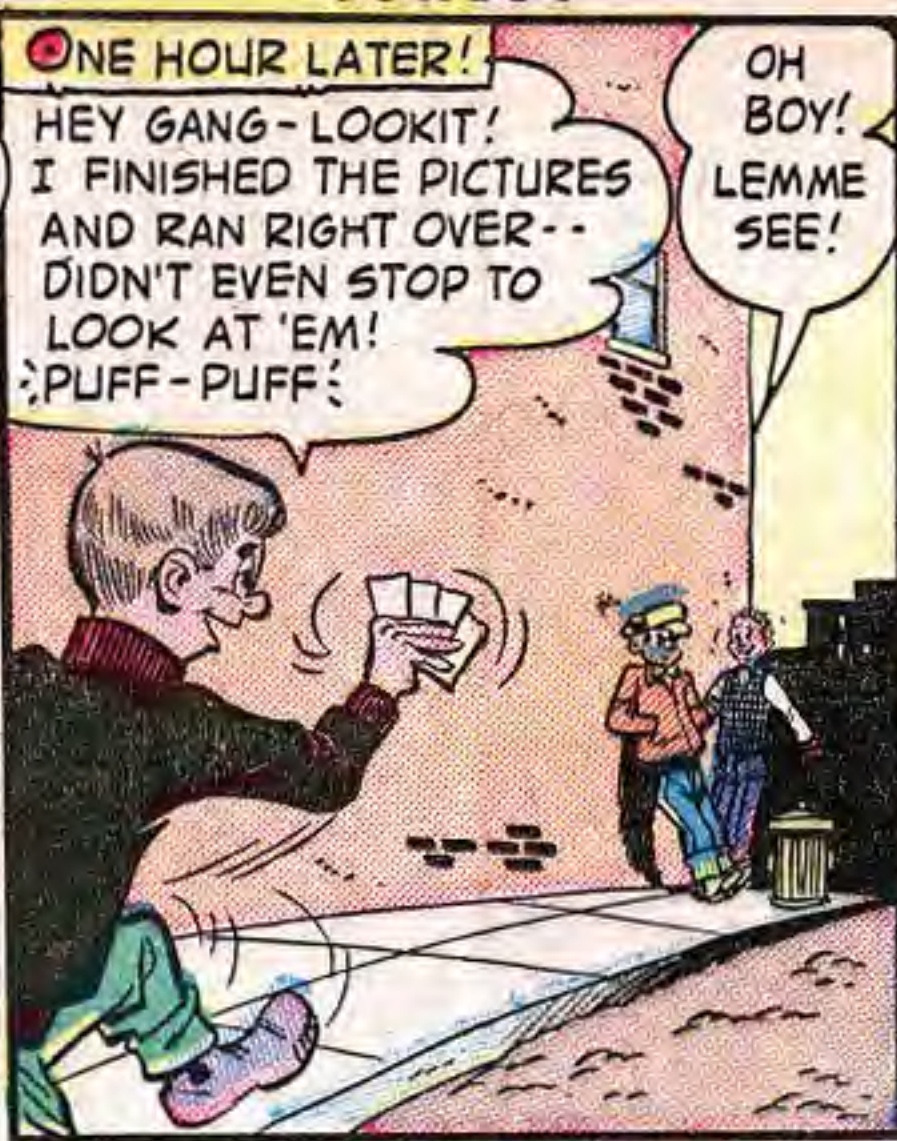






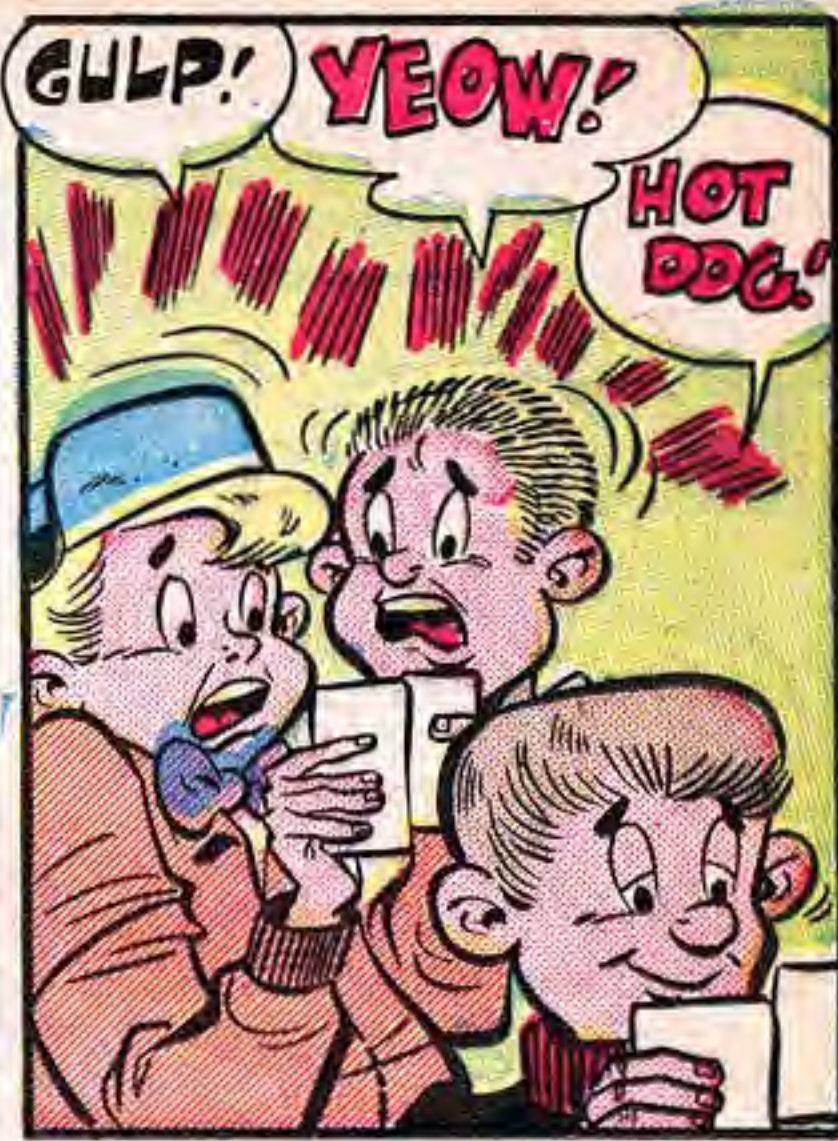
I'LL RUN HOME NOW AND DEVELOP THE PICTURES! HERE, YOU HOLD THE CAMERA, JANE!

YEAH, HURRY MAN! WE MUST HAVE SOME REAL CRAZY GONE SHOTS!



ONE HOUR LATER!
HEY GANG-LOOKIT! I FINISHED THE PICTURES AND RAN RIGHT OVER-- DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO LOOK AT 'EM! PUFF-PUFF!

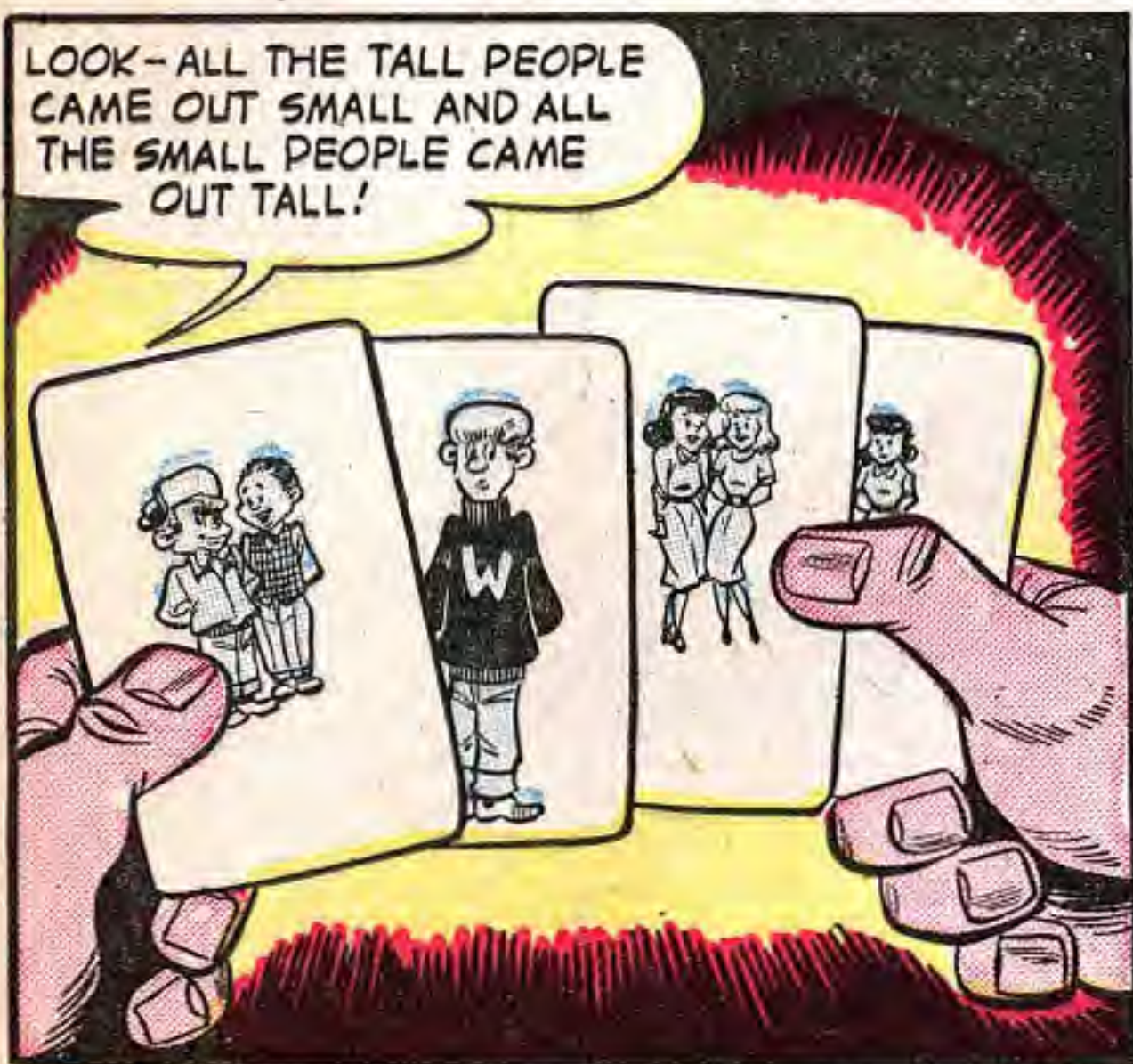
OH BOY! LEMME SEE!



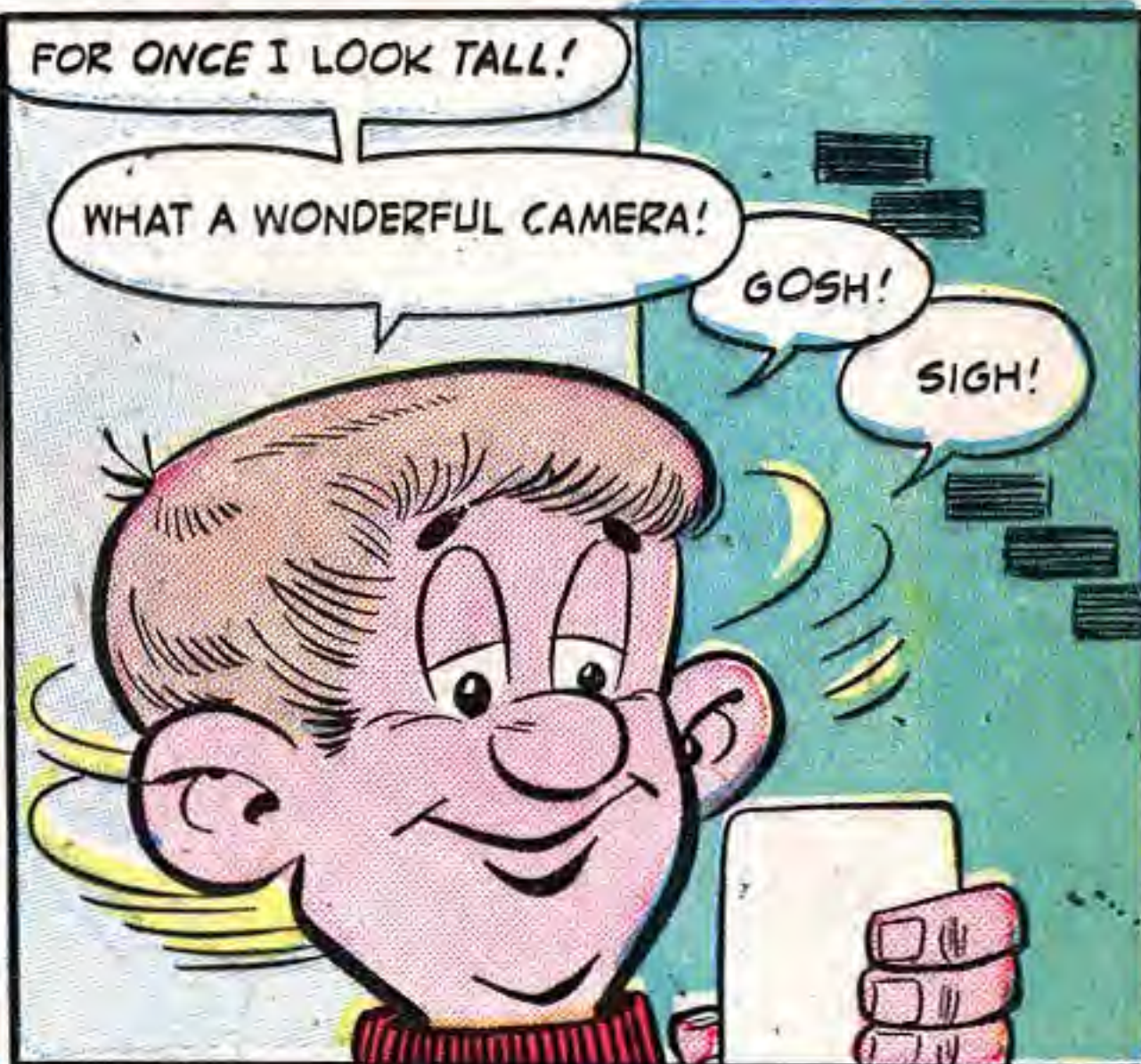
GULP!

YEOW!

HOT DOG!



LOOK-ALL THE TALL PEOPLE CAME OUT SMALL AND ALL THE SMALL PEOPLE CAME OUT TALL!

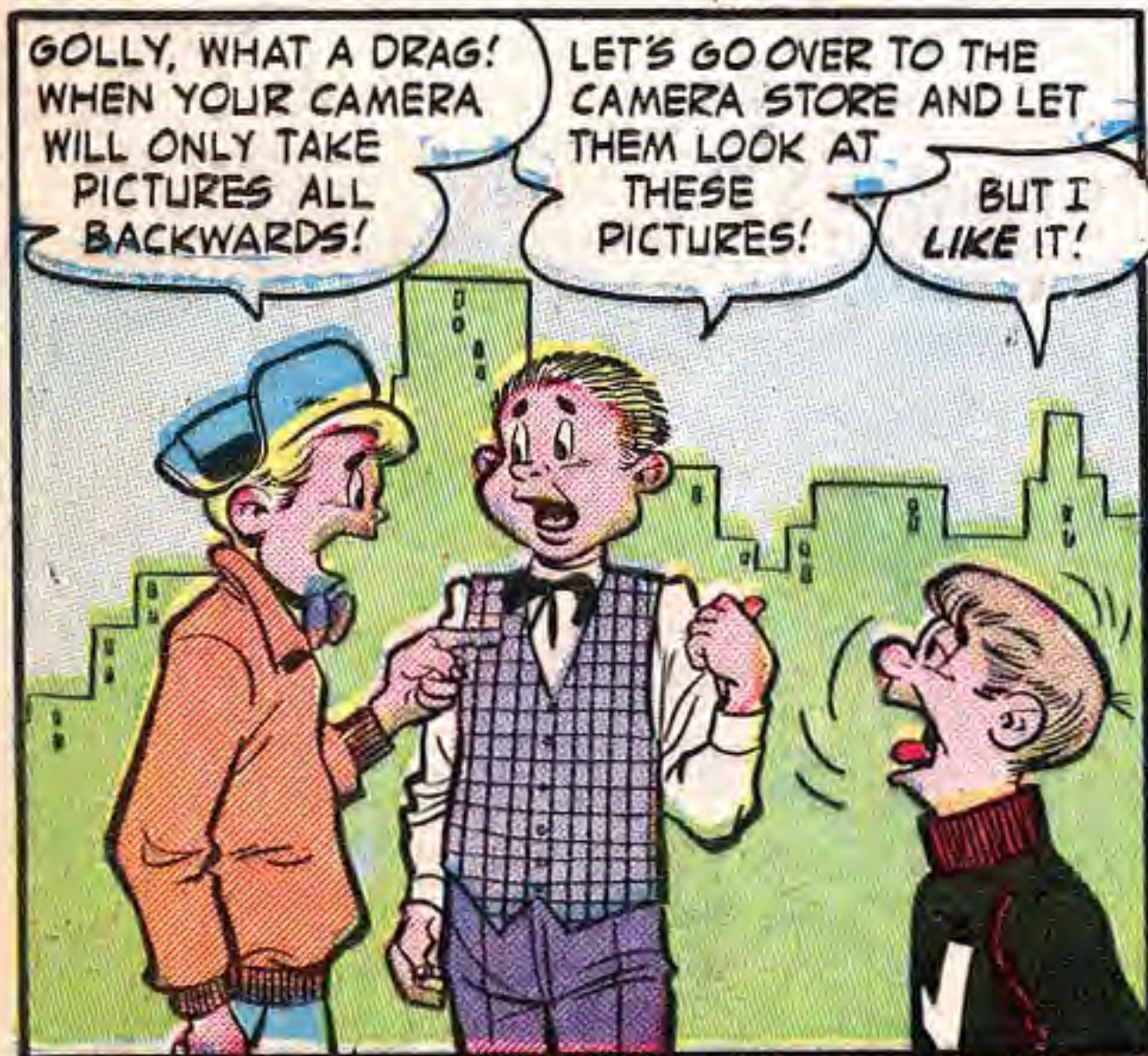


FOR ONCE I LOOK TALL!

WHAT A WONDERFUL CAMERA!

GOSH!

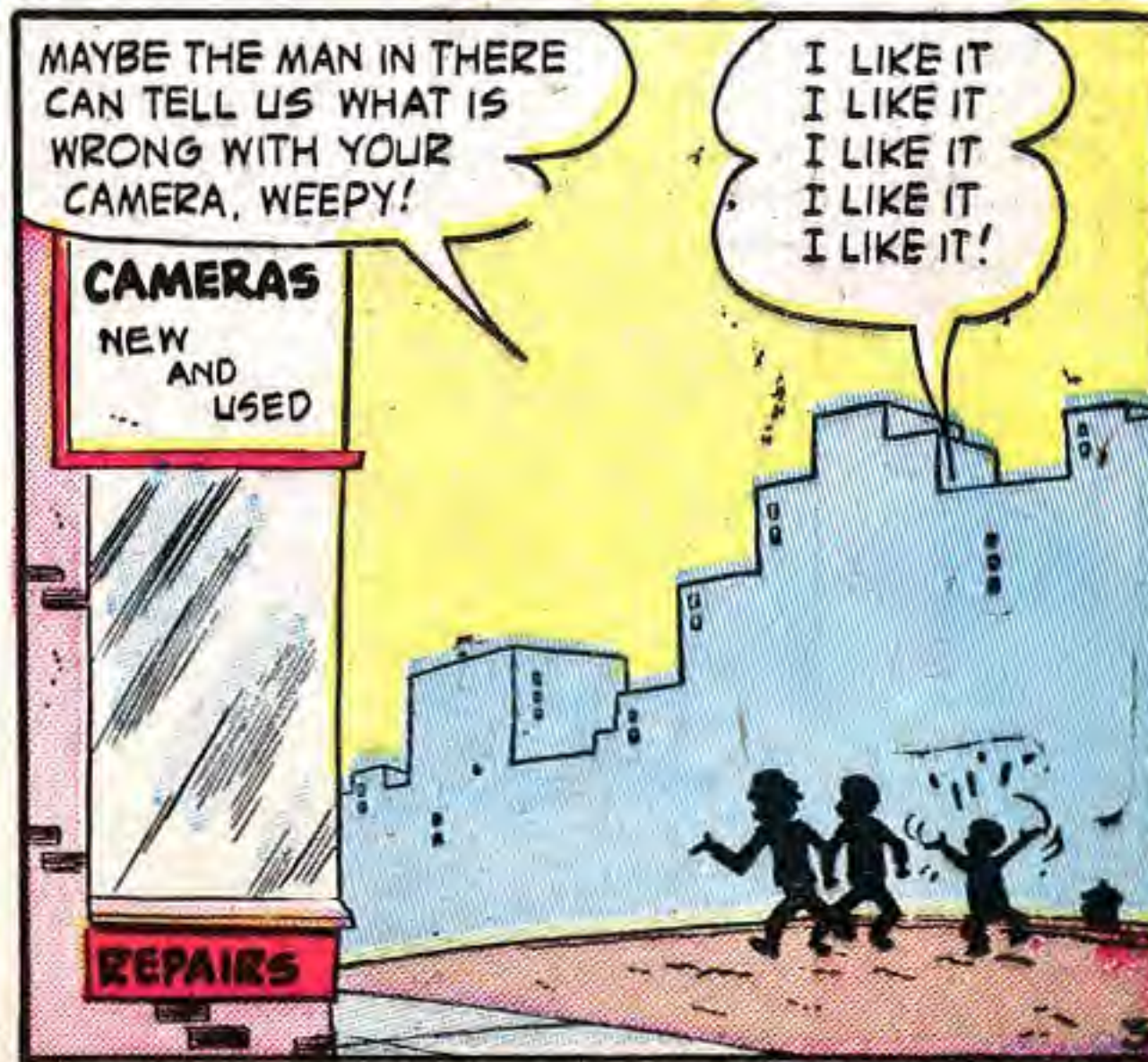
SIGH!



GOLLY, WHAT A DRAG! WHEN YOUR CAMERA WILL ONLY TAKE PICTURES ALL BACKWARDS!

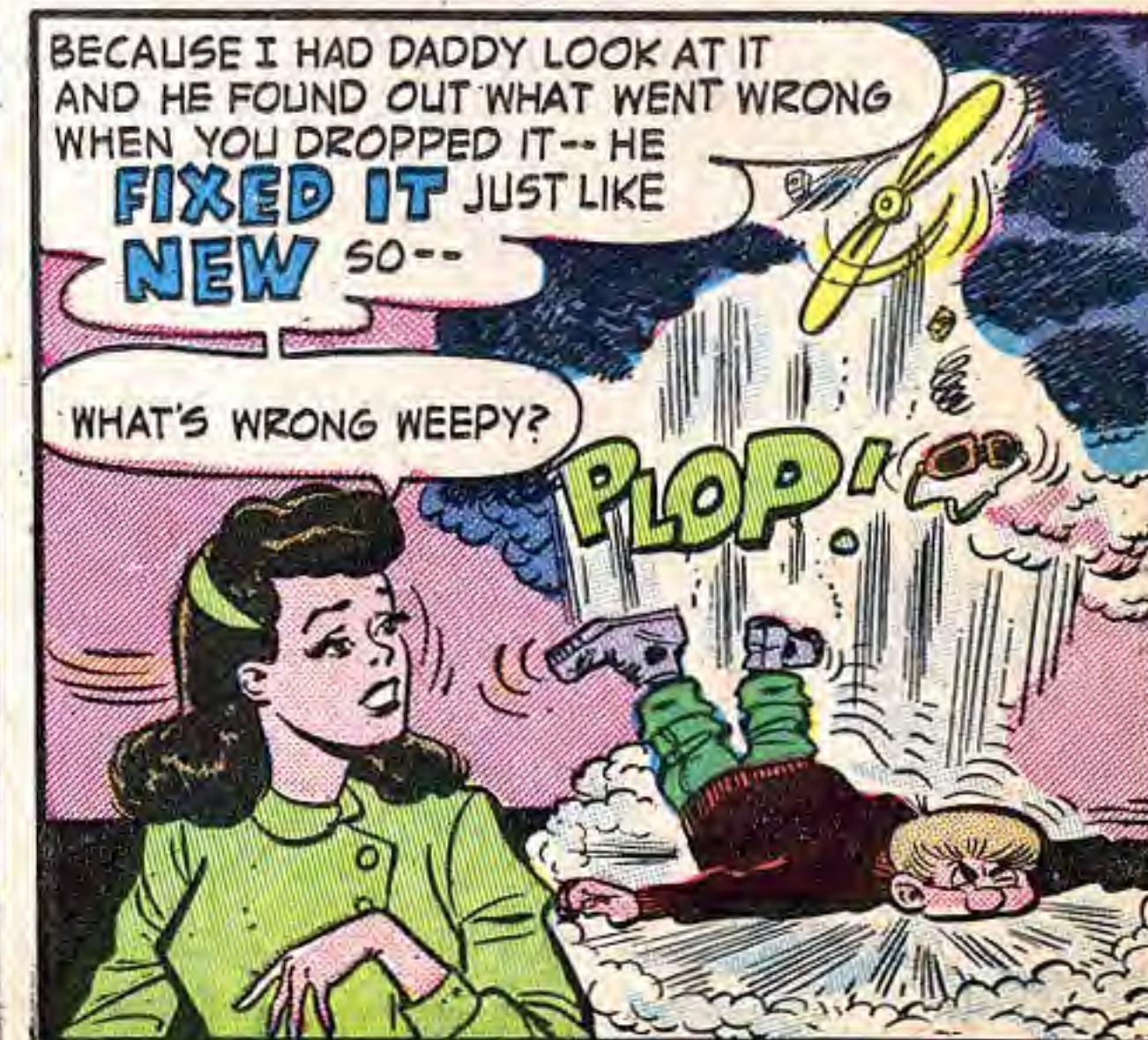
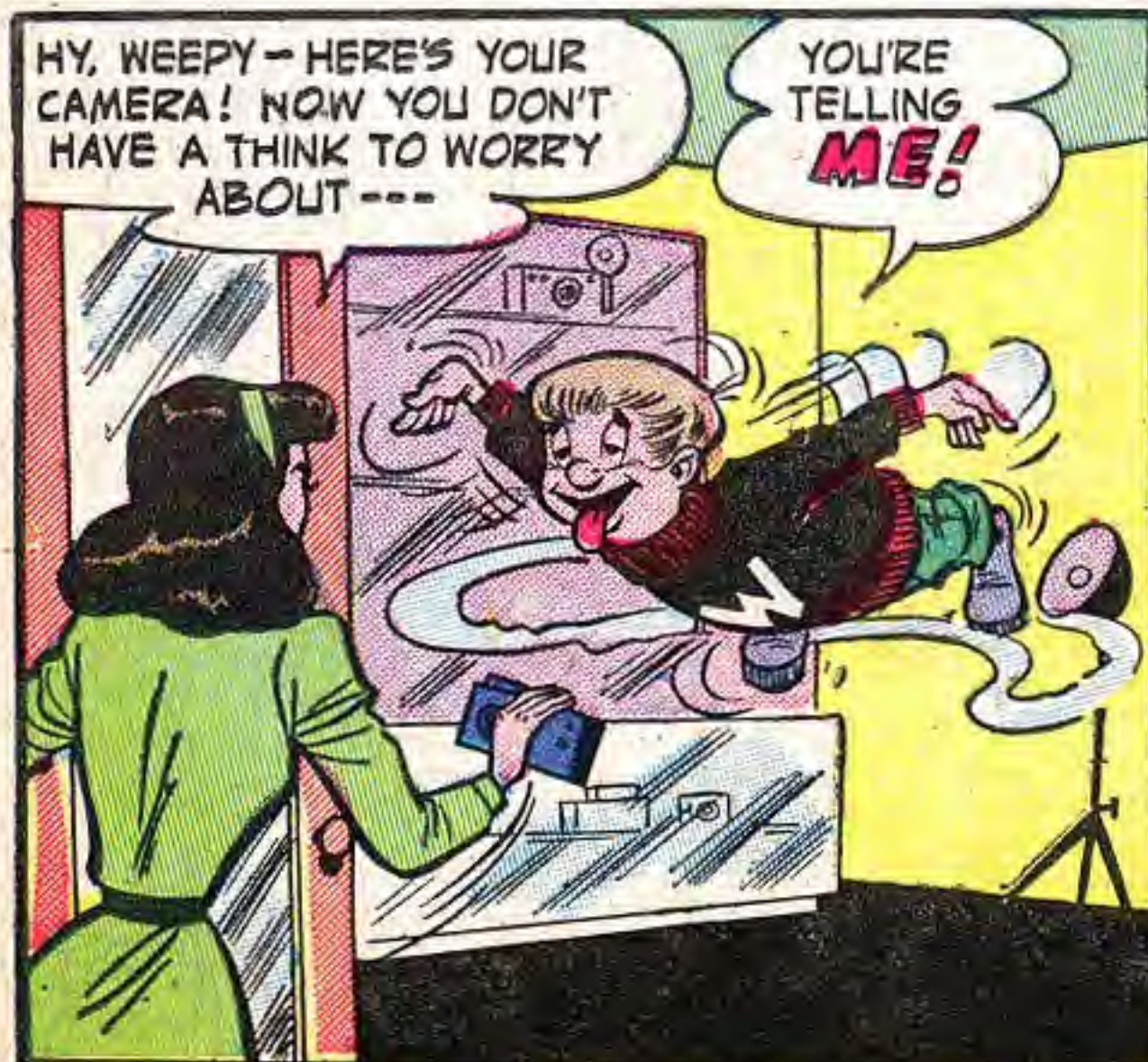
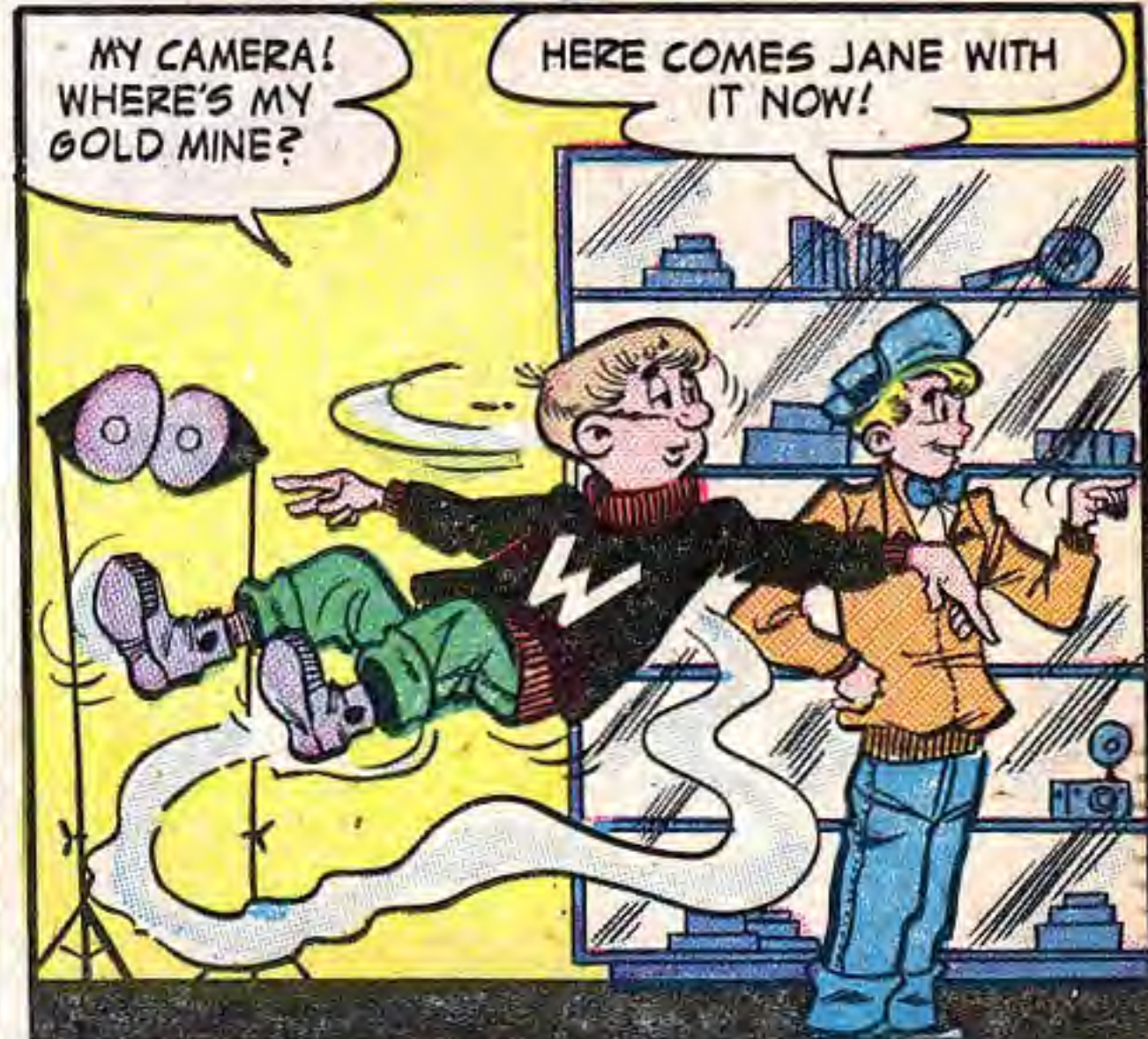
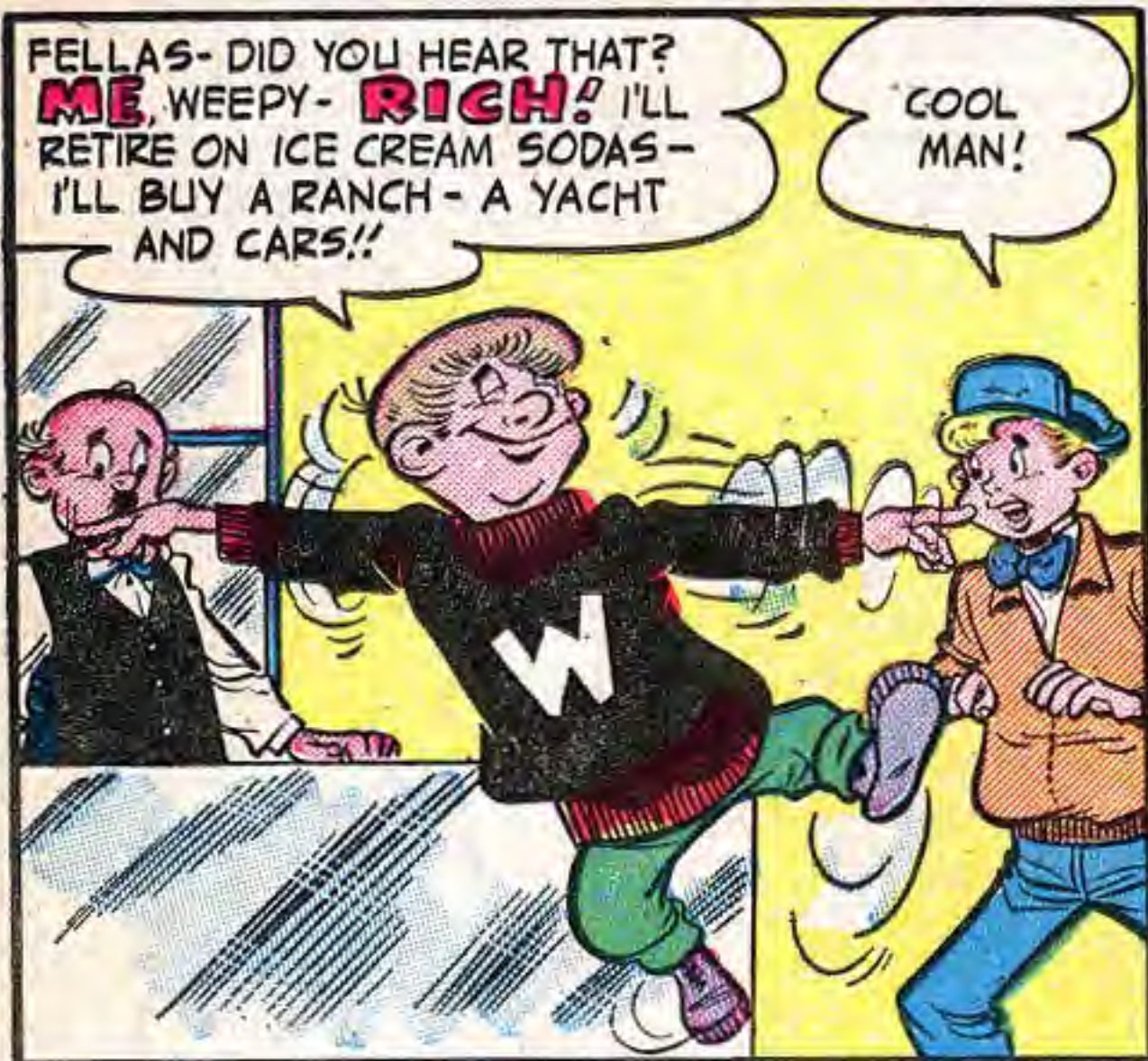
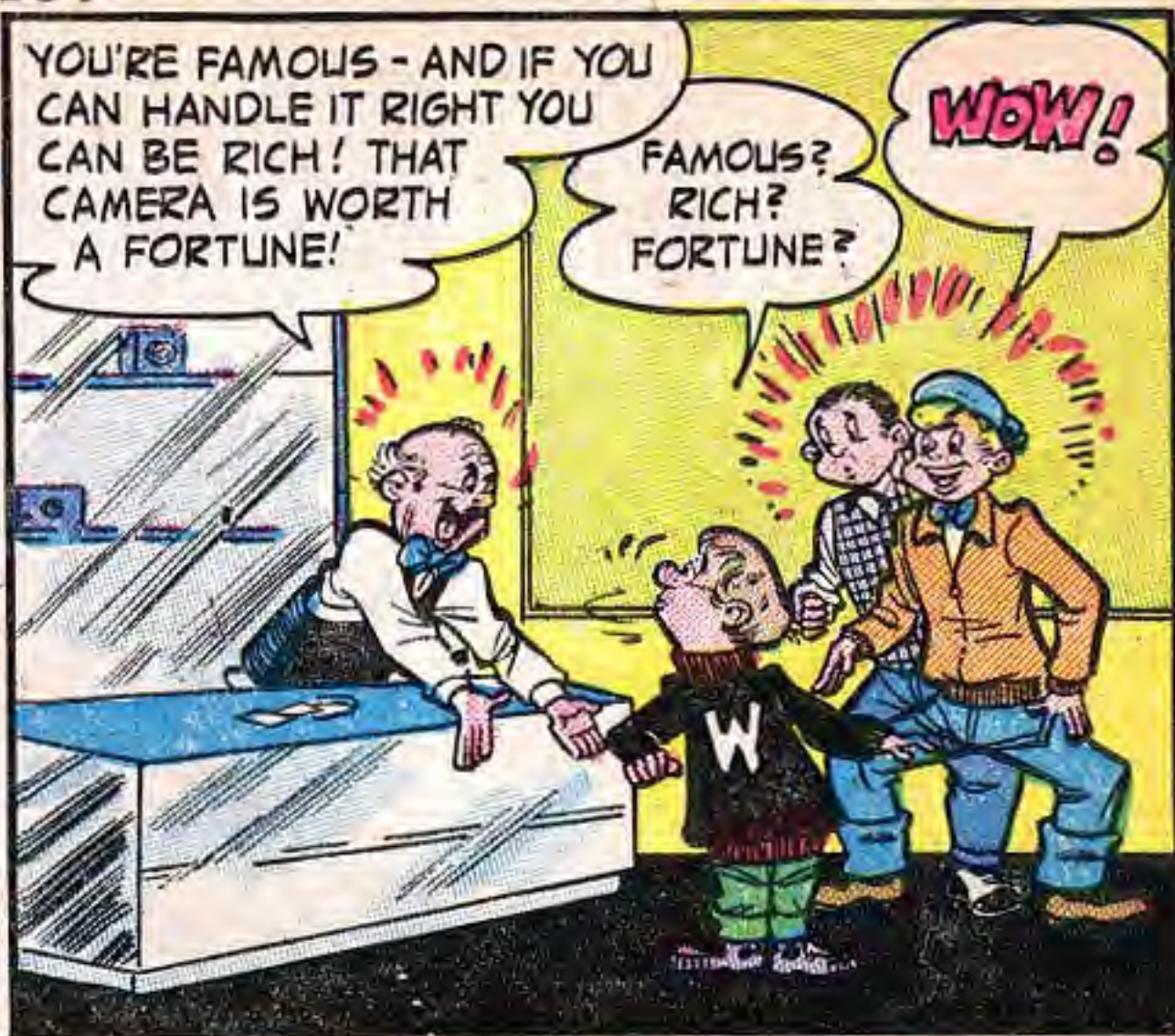
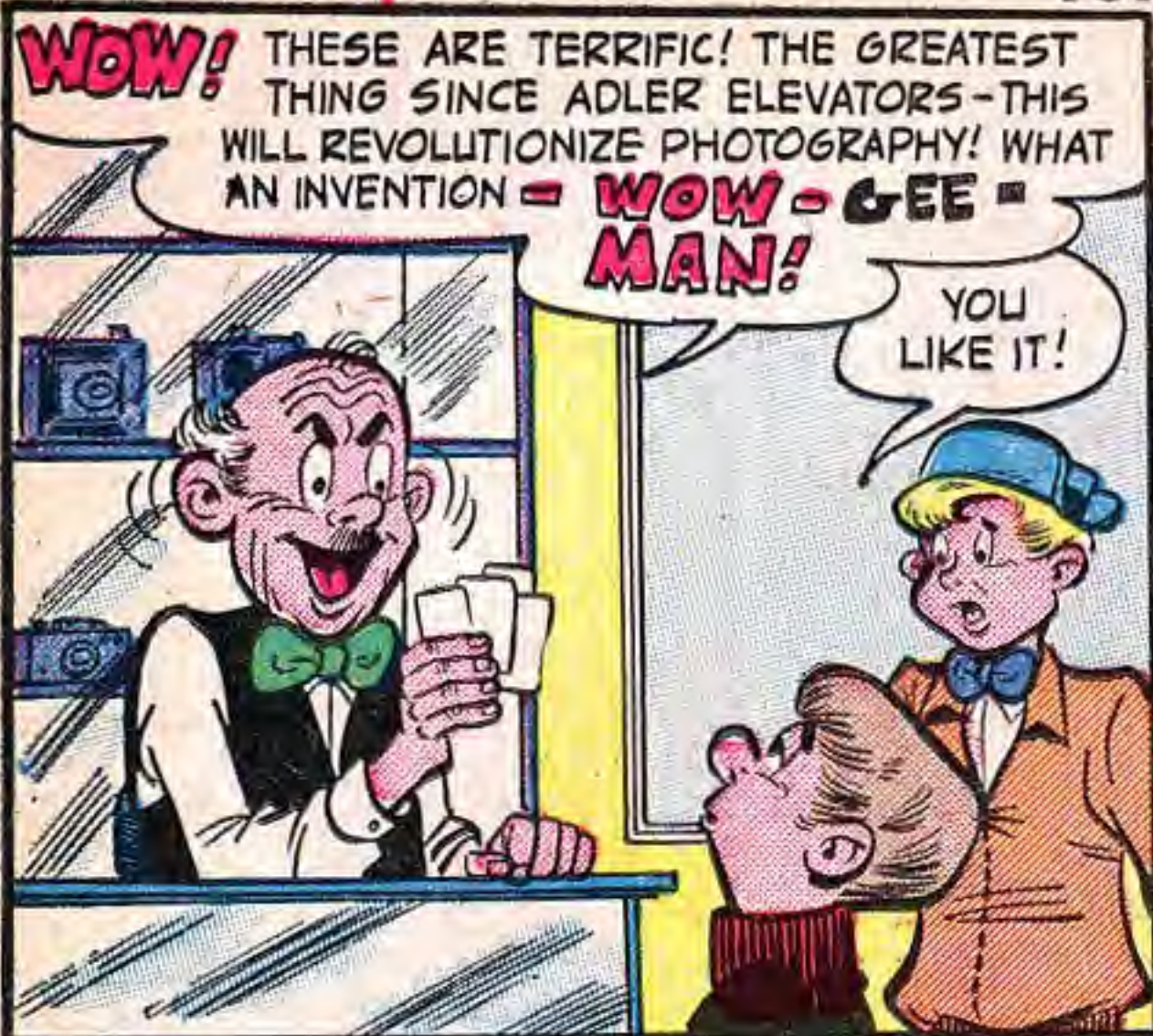
LET'S GO OVER TO THE CAMERA STORE AND LET THEM LOOK AT THESE PICTURES!

BUT I LIKE IT!



MAYBE THE MAN IN THERE CAN TELL US WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOUR CAMERA, WEEPY!

I LIKE IT
I LIKE IT
I LIKE IT
I LIKE IT
I LIKE IT!



OSSIE LEARNS of LOVE

OSSIE MOYER watched Jill Turner, the belle of Hilton High School, surrounded by guys all clamoring for a date. Jill batted her eyelashes, turning on the charm, and Ossie was so entranced that he didn't notice his buddy, Wally Watts, amble up to him. "Break out of it, lover boy," laughed Wally, "that chick's out of your league." "Oh, hi, Wally," said Ossie, "you're right, but I sure would like to be her date for the junior play on Friday." Then he turned to Wally. "Lissen, pal, you live on the same block with her, how come you can't make her aware of my existence?" Wally shook his head, "I wouldn't introduce you to that barracuda on a bet, Oscar, ole' pal. She collects guys like we used to collect marbles. Why don't you date Terry Walsh? She's bats about you and . . ." Ossie turned thumbs down. "She's a nice gal, but no glamor. You know what I mean. Now take Jill for instance . . ." "You take her, I don't want her!" replied Wally. "If you're determined, I'll fix you up with Jill. But I gotta do it my way and as long as she dates you, you can't complain about the system I use." Ossie was so delighted with Wally's offer that he didn't question him further. He just nodded joyously, and left for home.

That night Ossie raced to the phone, and snatched it out from under his father's hand as it rang. "Oops, sorry, Pop, but this is a big moment in my life," he said, and then picked up the receiver. It was Wally, "Okay, fall-guy, you're all fixed up. Just call the femme fatale and identify yourself. If you operate well, you may even get to date her for the play Friday night. Also, I would suggest that you drive your uncle's new Cadillac. You know, make a big first impression, heh heh." Ossie was dumbfounded, "Holy Toledo, Wally, you know he uses that for business. Uncle Mort wouldn't let me latch onto that boat of his." "I'm only tellin' ya, son, you're dating the doll of the year and . . ." "Okay, okay, I'll see what I can do," said Ossie resignedly. Wally interrupted, "Hey, you don't mind if I sign Terry Walsh, do ya? She's my idea of a real dish." "No, no," said Ossie, his spirits soaring, "go ahead, Terry's a good kid."

Ossie called Jill Turner with some trepidation and shock set in when Jill purred into the phone, "Why, of course I know who you are, Ossie. I've been noticing *you* for a long, long time." Swallowing hard, Ossie came up with an invitation to the play. "I'd be just thrilled to go. I know it'll be a perfectly wonderful evening with you as my date," continued Jill. Ossie, practically speechless, concluded the conversation and collapsed into an easy chair. "I must have charm," he mused happily. Then, eyeing his father, he launched on a campaign to get his Uncle Mort's Cadillac for the evening. Mr. Moyer was flabbergasted as Ossie struggled through a feeble explanation about dating Jill, and while his mother looked understanding, his dad proceeded to blow a gasket on the subject of teen-age foolishness. Ossie went to bed . . . defeated. The next morning, however, his mother announced that she had convinced dad to call Uncle Mort and make the plea. Ossie snapped out of his dream world long enough to get the news that Uncle Mort would let him use the car as long as he brought it back directly after the play.

On Friday Ossie blew his entire allowance on an orchid for Jill and went over to his uncle's

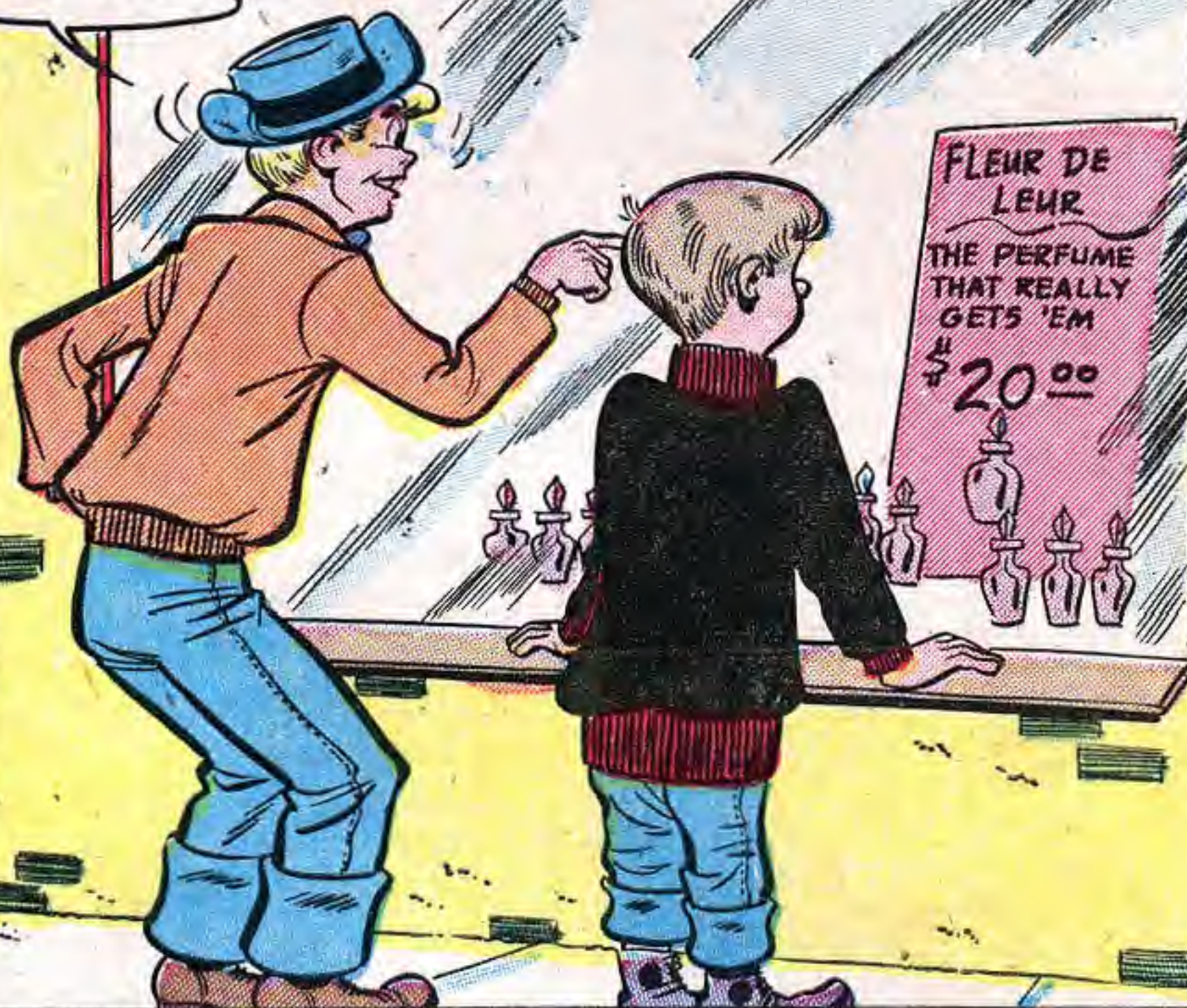
funeral parlor to borrow the long, black car. He drove slowly, feeling Uncle Mort's eyes on his back as he cautiously cruised down the street. At Turner's house his mouth went dry when he spotted Jill, glowing and gorgeous, as she entered the room. She greeted him warmly but she really snuggled up when she spotted the Cadillac. "I had no idea you were such an important boy, Ossie," she murmured. "I know you're going to be mighty important to me, honey." Ossie kept his composure with an effort not quite understanding her comments, but falling for them in a large way. He pulled over at the insistent honking from behind, and let Wally zoom by in his jalopy with Terry Walsh at his side. Wally waved enthusiastically and lurched ahead. Jill laughed, "Wally is such a child. I like my dates to be mature and impressive, Ossie, like you." Ossie was puzzled. "Gee, thanks, Jill," he stammered, "but I never really thought of myself as such a big shot." Jill laughed softly, "But it's so obvious, Ossie," she protested. Self-confidence surging over him, Ossie started to pull into a parking place with bravado and forgetting the length of the car, he nicked a fender as he tried to straighten it out. Ossie was white and shaken as he climbed out of the car and helped Jill to the sidewalk. Wally waltzed by with Terry, "Hey, chum, looks like you creased the cruiser," he twitted. Ossie turned tortured eyes in his direction, "Yeah," he muttered, said hello to Terry and took Wally aside. "I'm really in a jam now, Uncle Mort'll have a fit. And what kind of a line did you feed Jill about me? I can't figure her at all." "Tut, tut," said Wally, squirming away. "This is your idea, friend, carry on." And he was off. Inside the auditorium Jill said casually, "Too bad about the little scratch on your car, Ossie, but it can be easily fixed, I'm sure." "Yeah, he replied, "only it'll cost a pretty buck." Jill smiled at him warmly, "But that shouldn't be any problem for you. After all, when a boy's the heir to a vast fortune, money shouldn't really concern him." Ossie was in a sudden state of paralysis. "So that's the line Wally used to get her to date me," he thought angrily and suddenly she didn't seem quite as attractive as she had been before. During intermission Ossie took Jill aside. "You've got the wrong idea about me, Jill," he explained with some hesitation and then told her that he was not an heir to anything. She protested, "But that scrumptious car . . ." "It belongs to my Uncle Mort," said Ossie, "he's a funeral director. They all have those big cars." He watched Jill's interest wane until they reached her home. "You needn't ask me for any more dates, Ossie," she said coldly, "I simply can't stand a fraud." Ossie gulped, "Neither can I, Jill. I'm glad I found out about you, too."

Later, as he emerged from his uncle's house after agreeing to devote two months allowance to repairs on the fender, he found Wally and Terry waiting for him. "How about tagging along with us, Ossie," said Terry brightly. "Yeah, pal," added Wally, "I got enough cash on me for three hamburgers. We can go over to the lunch wagon and discuss life and stuff." Ossie felt heartened as he climbed in the car next to Terry. "I found out about life and stuff tonight, Wally, thanks to you . . . now I'd like to find out more about Terry." "Oh, fine," roared Wally, as he chugged away from the curb, "I lose on this deal from all angles." Terry and Ossie joined in his laughter as they bumped down the street.

JONESY

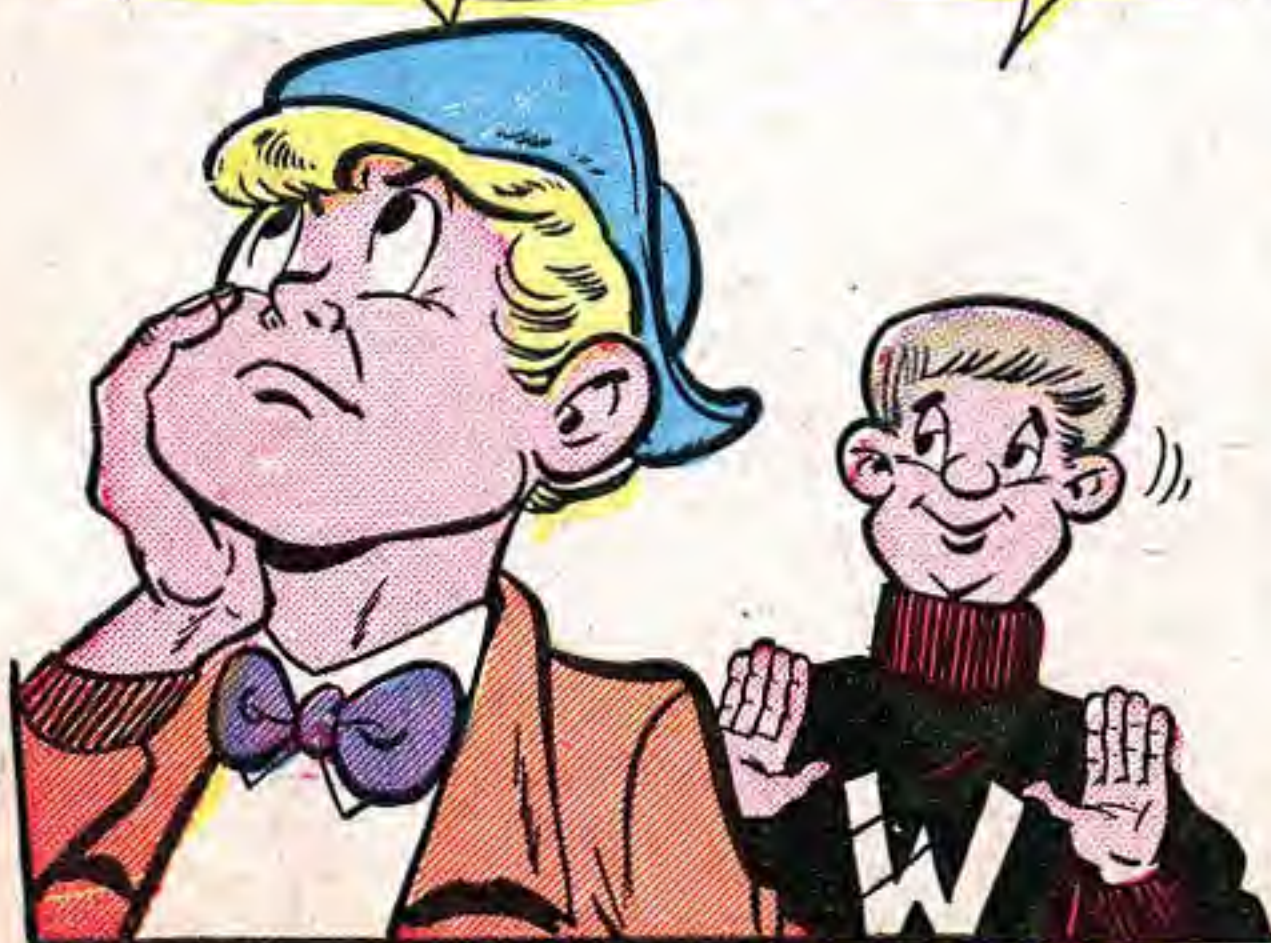
"the
smell
of it"

HOT ZAM! LOOKIT, WEEPY!
JUST WHAT I NEED TO
IMPRESS MY CHICK,
CAROL LYNNE!



BUT MAN! \$20.00! WHERE
WILL I EVER LATCH ON
TO THAT KIND OF DOUGH?

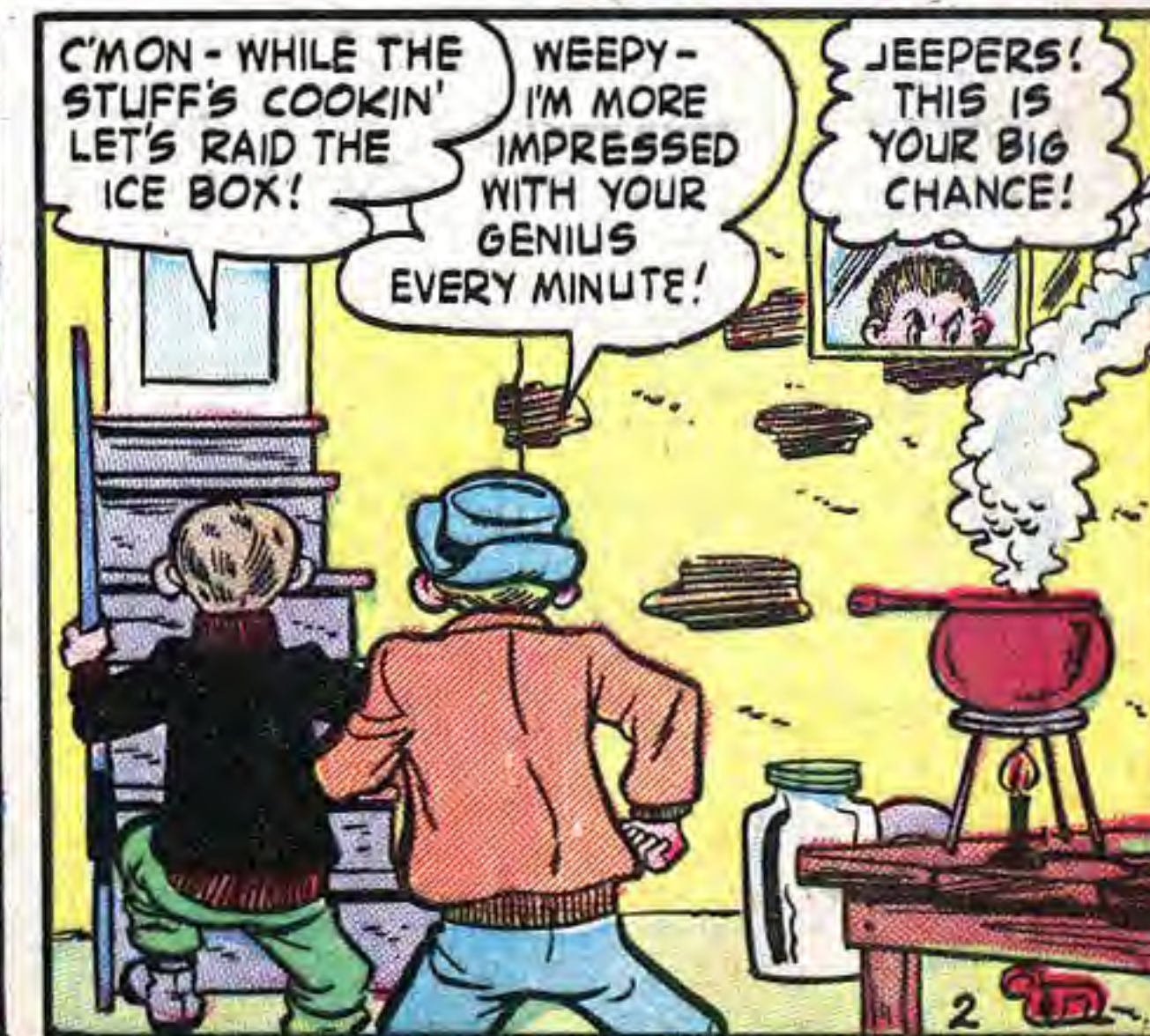
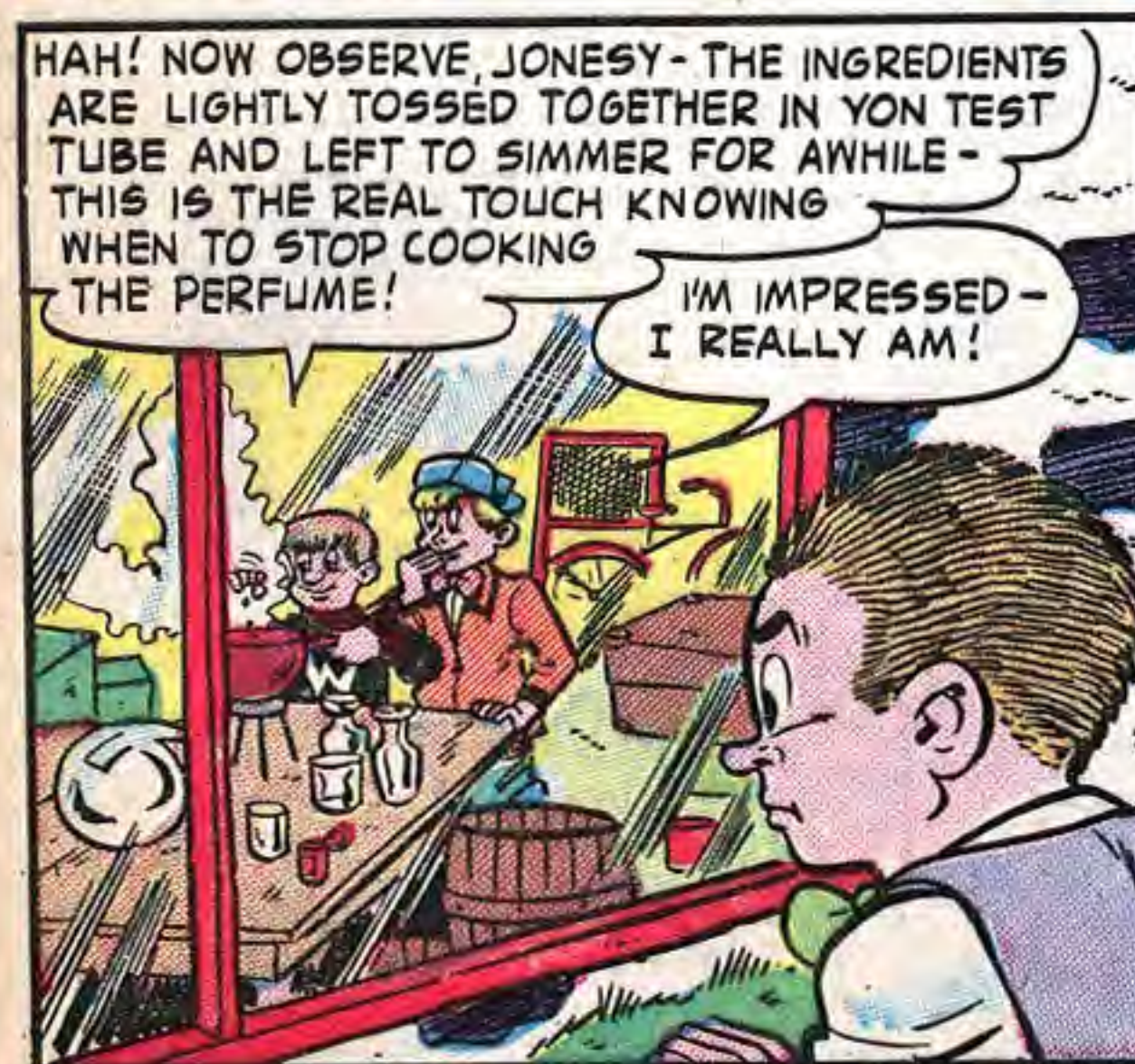
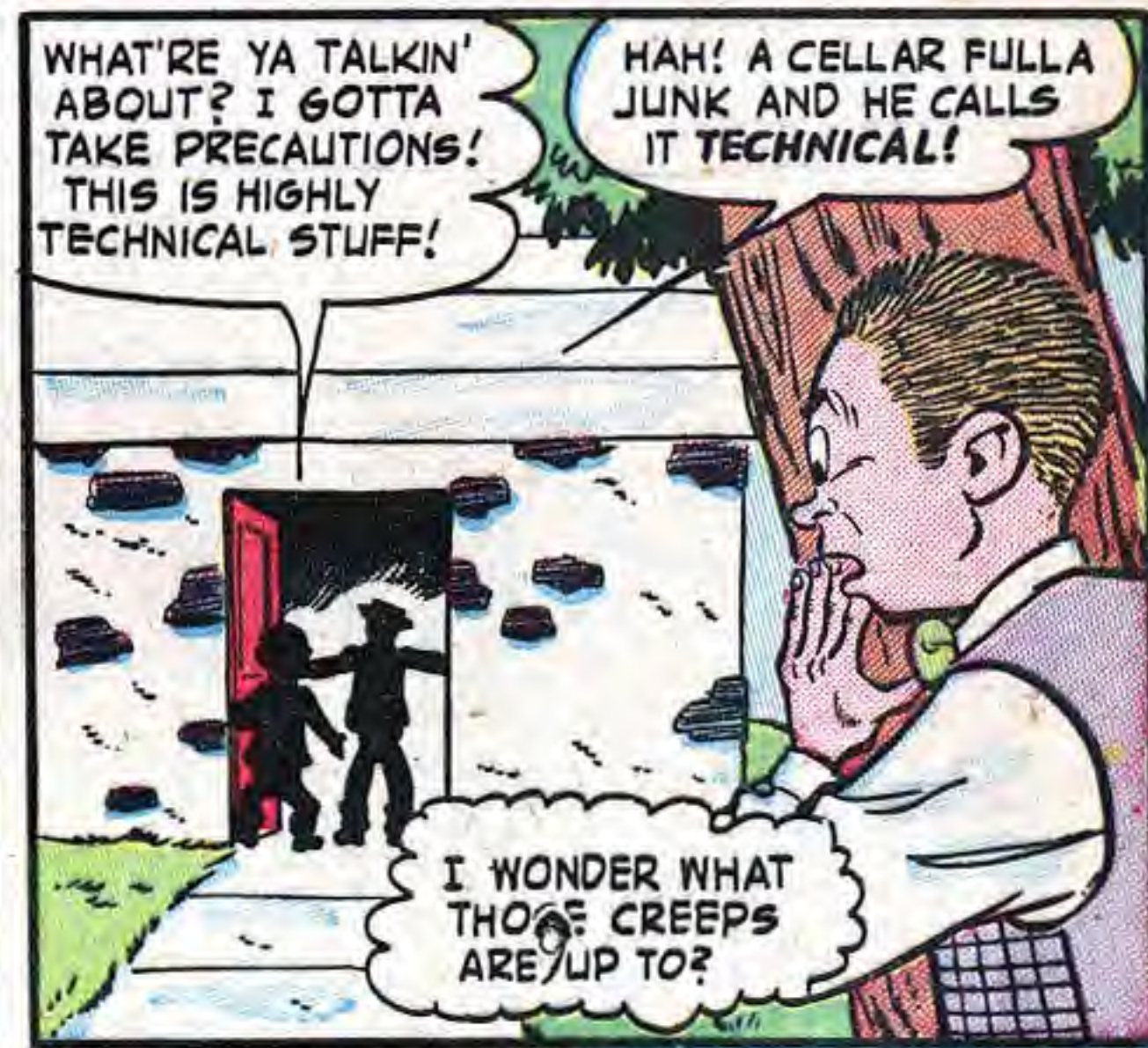
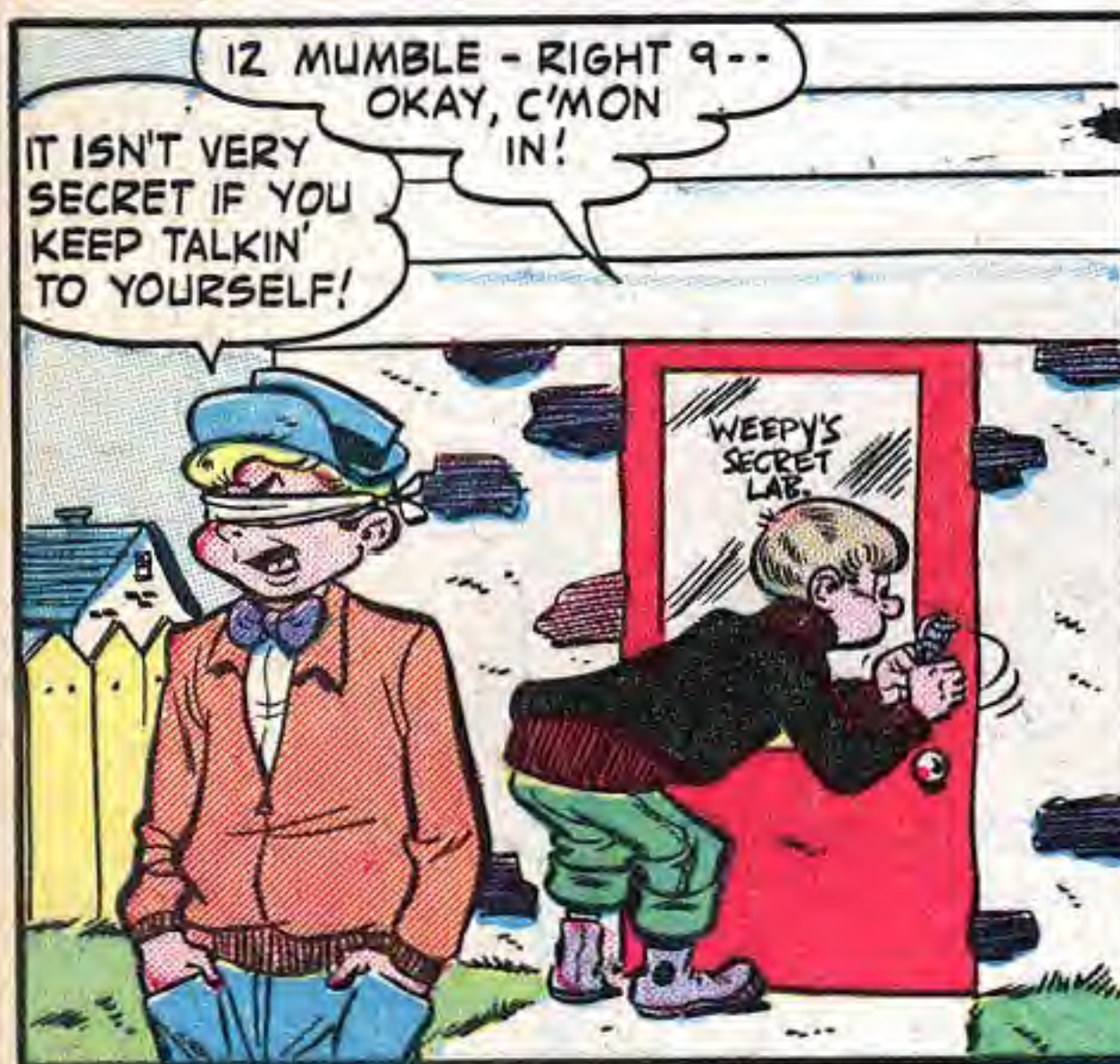
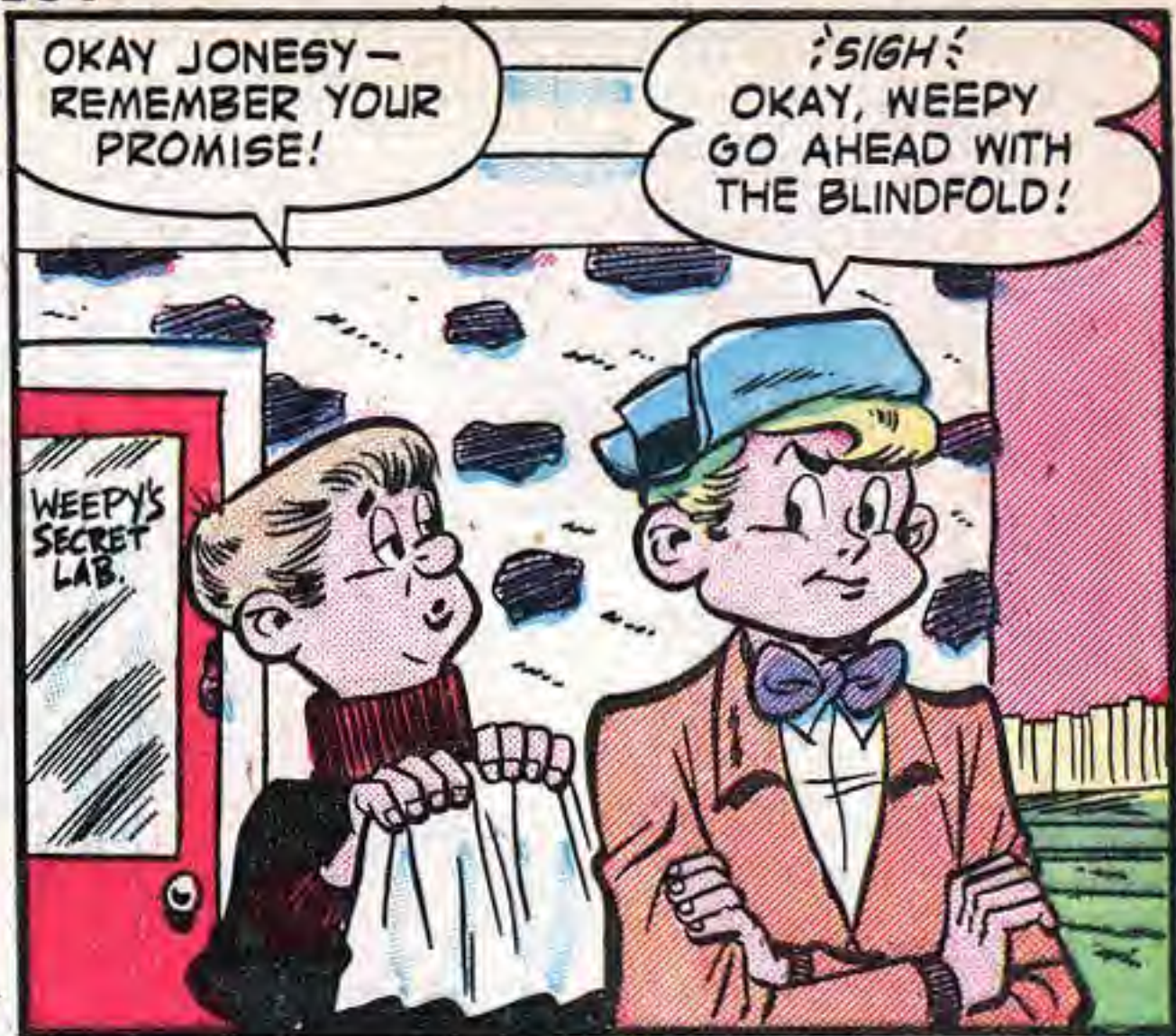
JONESY, OLD PAL -
YOUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER!



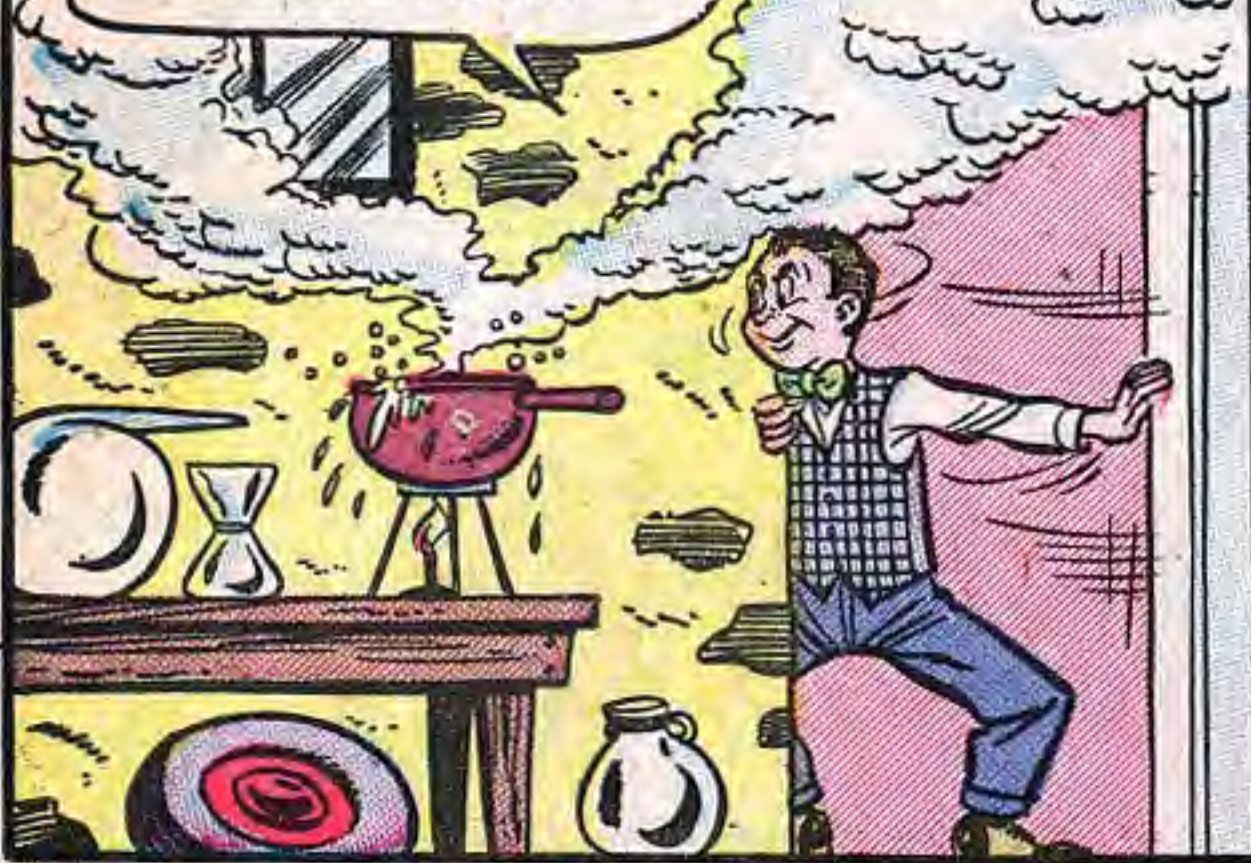
I - WEEPY - BOY GENIUS AND CHEMIST
EXTRODINAIRE WILL COOK YOU UP A BATCH OF
DATE BAIT THAT WILL SET EVERY FEMALE HEART
BANGING AFTER **ONE WHIFF!** FOLLOW ME TO
MY SECRET LAB!

WEEPY, YOU **ARE**
A GENIUS!





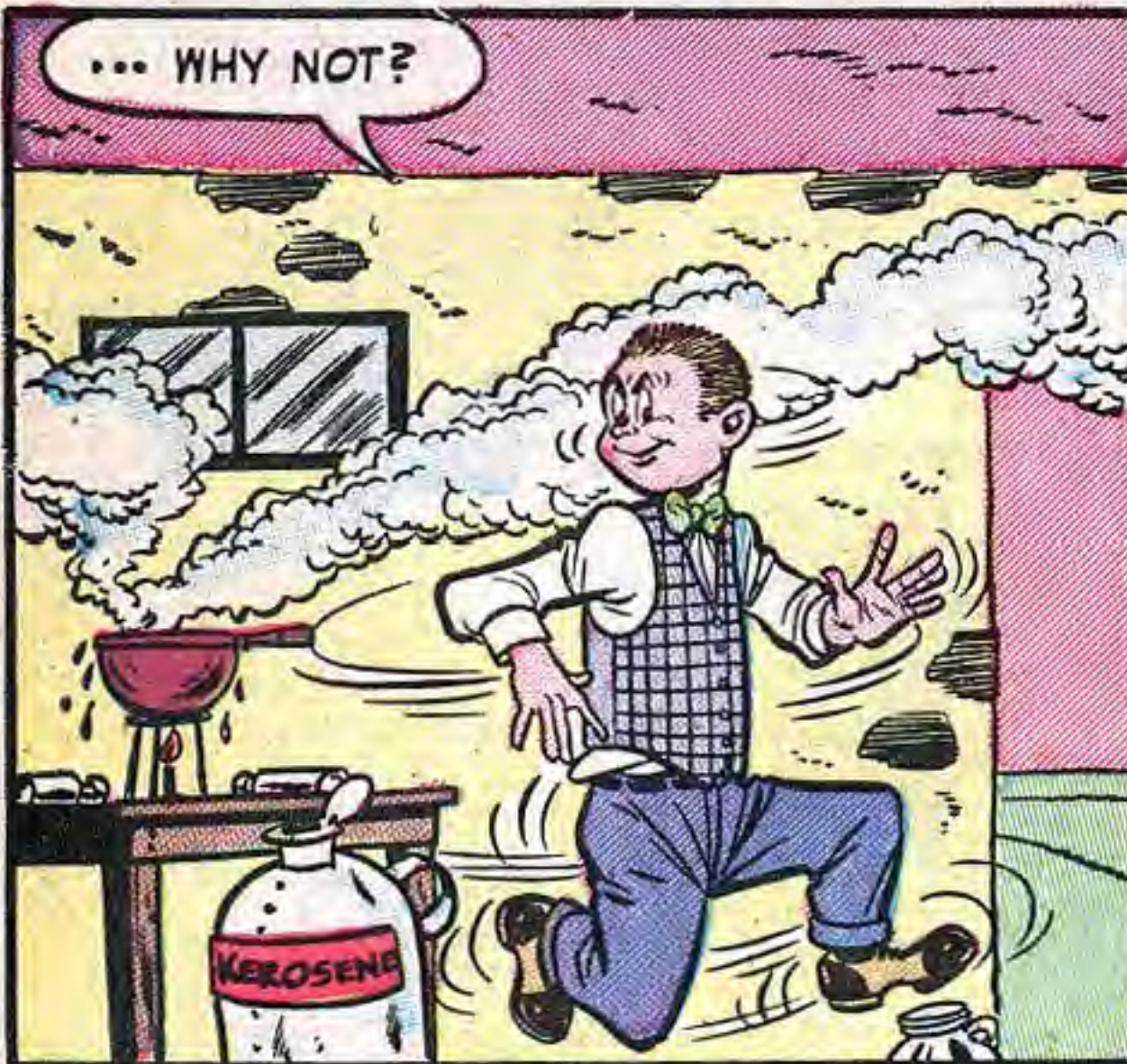
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SETTLE THE SCORE EVER SINCE THOSE TWO KNOT HEADS PUSHED ME INTO THE RIVER AT THE HIGH SCHOOL PICNIC!



LET'S SEE! THEY'RE COOKIN' PERFUME, EH? - WELL, IT WILL REALLY SMELL WHEN I GET THROUGH ADDING A FEW EXTRA INGREDIENTS - THIS - THIS - AND THIS!



... WHY NOT?



THAT DOES IT!! - **PEE-YOU!**
WHAT A SMELL!
SO LONG, WEEPY AND JONESY!
SEE YOU AT THE JOLLY JANES! HEH-HEH!



HI, GALS! - WHAT'S COOKIN'?

HUSH!

QUIET!

SH-HHH! JEEPERS!
CAROL LYNNE IS
READING!

SILENCE!



